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which was his masterpiece, "L'Allée de Dordrecht," five Hobbemas (which already, at this period, represented a sum of twenty thousand pounds), several examples of Pieter de Hoogh and Jan Steen, eleven of Rubens, of which one landscape alone, known under the name of "L'Arc en Ciel," cost eight thousand pounds sterling, a value which might be doubled at the present day. But it would be idle to mention each example of the different schools, for the mere names of the principal works in these collections would hardly suffice to recall them to the majority of our readers. It is quite evident—the great public galleries of Madrid, Paris, London, Dresden, Munich and Berlin excepted—that the collection at Hertford House ranks as one of the finest in the world. But its chief characteristic lies in its variety: it seems as though, with the exception of the Antique, Mediæval, and Primitive Schools, everything were included; for if Hertford limited his choice to the productions of the last three centuries, his successor, Sir Richard Wallace, added to them those of the Renaissance strictly speaking.

All these magnificent objects, furniture, porcelains, bronzes and tapestries, were accumulated in Paris, and stored there until the year 1860, when room was found to put the cases in some empty stables which had belonged to a brother of the Marquess, the late Lord Henry Seymour, who had died young. About this year the contents were placed in some kind of order in the apartment of the Rue Lafitte, but as purchases still went on, and important sales continued to afford opportunities for buying, the collection was ever increasing. This state of things continued till 1870, when, as we have already said at the moment of the declaration of war, the fourth Marquess of Hertford died, leaving the whole of his fortune to Mr. Richard Wallace.

The Marquess leaving no direct personal heir, his title as well as his entailed property, which was not very considerable, devolved upon his nearest relation, a cousin, Francis George Hugh Seymour, born in 1812, General in the British army and Lord Chamberlain of the Household, who then became fifth Marquess of Hertford. The French property, however, as well as the unentailed English property and all his securities, which represented an enormous total, he devised with spontaneous liberality to Mr. Richard Wallace, who, according to the tenor of the late Marquess' will, "had attended him so devotedly during his long illness." The new Marquess, therefore, only inherited the name and title, and the Rock or Tower of Hertford from whence the family originally sprang.

We now enter a new phase. The war of 1870-71 breaks out: Sir Richard finds himself shut up in Paris with his wife and son—the latter a Frenchman, a lieutenant in the Cuirassiers of the Guard, and staff officer to General Vinoy, who commanded the 13th Army Corps, and who, after gallantly striving to rejoin MacMahon before Sedan, escaped the general disaster by his masterly retreat on Meziéres, and returned to Paris, where, on the retirement of General Trochu, he became Governor and Commander-in-chief. Richard Wallace's conduct during the siege of Paris is well known, and has made him famous. He carefully watched events, encouraged and assisted the population, spent a million francs (£40,000) in charitable deeds, and took part in the re-victualling of the capital, earning honours from the Government and the blessings of the people. After the siege, during the Commune, Wallace still remained in the city where he was so universally respected. When, however, after the sanguinary repression was accomplished, the gates of Paris were again thrown open, Richard Wallace crossed the Channel in order to attend to the business entailed by such an inheritance, and the duties it involved. He entered into possession, and, an Englishman by birth, determined to establish his principal residence at Hertford House, and to complete and rearrange the building,

School dominated. Here Sir Joshua Reynolds was represented by works of transcendent beauty: the famous portrait of Nelly O'Brien, which has become so celebrated since the Manchester Art Exhibition, "Mrs. Bradyll," a masterpiece of calm elegance, and the unique "Strawberry Girl," of which Reynolds himself said that, "among the half-dozen original paintings I have produced, it is the one I like the best." Side by side with Reynolds were Gainsborough, Constable, whom the modern French School recognise as the initiator of their School of landscape, his celebrated "Corn Field" opening out a whole programme of a new expression in Art; Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his famous portrait of Lady Blessington,—all contribute to make up a collection, unrivalled in any private gallery, of the English School.

Spain is represented at its best by marvellous examples of Velasquez and Murillo; Holland by Rembrandt; then we find examples of the smaller French masters, from Watteau down to the last of the *peintres galants*, who still smile from the canvas, unconscious of the approaching revolutionary storm, with their merry subjects and dallying loiterers sauntering in ornamental grounds, the "*Embarquement pour Cythère*," the love-making and festivities, painted on the eve of the day when the unhappy Queen of the Trianon stepped into the fatal cart and stretched her neck under the knife of the guillotine. And these graceful delineators of trifles must feel at home, surrounded by the elegant furniture due to artistic workmen (who themselves are also masters in their art), amid the tapestries brought from the manufactories of the *Savonnerie* and Aubusson, the glass cases that reveal all the refinement of the ladies of Louis XV.'s Court; the fans, the comfit-boxes, and the little note-books in which they inscribed the names of the noblemen who invited them to sup at Marly or to grace a garden party at their villas at Louveciennes, or to accompany them on an excursion to the "*Fête des Loges*" (Great Fair) in the forest of St. Germain. Sometimes, indeed, the table itself on which the objects are displayed is not only a work of art, but also an historical souvenir; for we find here the plain but exquisitely-shaped table in the Louis XVI. style on which the famous Treaty of Tilsit was signed.

During Sir Richard's lifetime none but his most intimate friends was admitted into his study, and none even of these chosen few was permitted to cross the threshold of the room beyond. Here he had gathered together specimens of every kind of art, gold- and silversmith's work, Limoges enamels, ivories, miniatures, exceptional specimens of ceramic art — Gubbio, Deruta and Cafaggiolo ware; portraits by Clouet (as, for instance, a certain refined and pale-faced Hertford of the sixteenth century) amid water colours by Turner, David Cox, and Decamps. This latter was an artist well beloved by the fourth Marquess, for there are twenty-six works of his in the collection, amongst which are the "*Sortie de l'Ecole turque*" and the "*Anes de Boulak*," which were purchased for the Baronet at the Paturle sale, some twenty years ago. Next to the "*Sortie de l'Ecole turque*" we must look at Bonington's illustrations of Shakespeare, luminous compositions which the Marquess of Hertford, advised by his friend Baron d'Ivry, patron of the youthful artist, used to buy from poor Richard Parkes for a couple of sovereigns apiece. Amateurs endowed with a gift of discernment often feel attracted towards young artists of promise; this one, however, was more than that: from the age of twenty he realised all expectations, and his work of that period now fetches a notable price. The prophecies of Baron d'Ivry and of the Marquess of Hertford have been fulfilled, for the works of Richard Parkes, better known as Bonington (who was born in 1801 and died in 1828 at twenty-seven years of age), which in his

overcoat, trod it underfoot. This was the picture that Elsie took with her into the dark, unfamiliar entrance-hall. She was shown into an empty sitting-room, and saw once more the typical old-fashioned Dutch parlour; a large table in the centre, chairs stiffly ranged against the walls; good engravings in plain heavy black frames hung on a dark paper. At the farther end of it there was a space free from furniture except for a large red leather-covered armchair.

It struck her that she might be untidy, and she began patting and arranging her hair—hair of that crisp kind which at the first touch of moisture sends out little curls and tendrils in all directions. "Why, he will think I have a fringe!" she said to herself, dismayed. And just then the door of the room swung open noiselessly, and a man entered. So taken by surprise was she that she stood for an instant motionless, looking over her shoulder with wide-open, startled eyes. The lamp on the centre table shone in them, and dazzled their vision.

As the new comer entered its circle of light, he proved to be not the elderly gentleman whom she was waiting for, but a man in the prime of life. He was tall and powerfully built, and by the way in which he moved, his loose swinging walk, she at once recognised him. She had seen him in the street, a few minutes before. He had a broad square-jawed face, close shaven except for the thick light brown moustache twisted sharply upwards *à l'Empereur*: his pale grey eyes were of the kind whose glance easily becomes a stare. They bowed to one another, and she wished him good day.

"Good day, Juffrouw!" he answered: "I think you are one of the young lady candidates for a post at the High School? My uncle will be here presently. Pray be seated. You have come on an unlucky day."

"Do you mean that there is trouble in the house, Mynheer?" asked Elsie. She was tired, and her finely marked eyebrows contracted anxiously.

"No, no," the man answered, smiling, "I only alluded to the weather. Have you found trouble anywhere?"

"Mynheer Epelen was ill of influenza, and all his household. I was a very unwelcome visitor."

"I should not have believed that possible," returned Gert Van Donnop. Neither his words nor the way in which he spoke them were to Elsie's taste, but she had no opportunity of showing it unless her face betrayed her. The slippered feet of Mynheer Van Donnop were already shuffling over the thick carpet.

The master of the house bore no likeness to his nephew, being small and very thin. His hairless countenance was wizened into innumerable fine wrinkles, and his grey head covered with a large black velvet skull-cap. Yet he wore no spectacles, and his small, quick, restless eyes were the life of a face which might have been carved in wood.

He greeted his guest and settled himself in the red leather armchair. They had not exchanged three sentences before Elsie realised that he was extremely deaf.

"And I who can never make deaf people understand!" she thought, half amused, half despairing. "And if I pull my chair nearer to him he will be offended or think me forward!"

It was the younger Van Donnop who saved the situation, by repeating her answers with a loud voice and trenchant utterance.

"Are you related to Van Ermel, the distinguished historian?" asked the old gentleman.

This was not one of the usual questions, since so far no one had shown any acquaintance with her name, though it was honourably known.

She answered, colouring and pleased: "He was my grandfather."

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"He was a most gifted man—but too much of a Cosmopolitan," returned Mynheer Van Donnop sharply. "And *you* do not look Dutch."

"I am Eng . . . I mean I am half English. My grandmother and my mother were both Englishwomen."

"Eh, what does she say?"

"The Juffrouw says that her mother was English," replied his nephew.

Afterwards, on reflection, Elsie knew that he had taken the liberty of modifying, indeed, of slightly altering, some of her answers; at the time she did not notice it. Somehow, none of her interviews with Dordrecht's worthy burgesses had been so interesting as this one, and on the other hand none had finally given her so complete a sense of discouragement.

When she rose and took her leave, Gert Van Donnop opened the door and followed her out into the hall, where a lamp was burning.

"Let me put you into your cab," he said in English.

Together they walked down the long flight of steps into the street.

"Why did you so nearly say, 'I am English'?" he asked.

His blunt frankness stimulated that desire to be her natural self which she had been struggling with through a long afternoon of formal interviews and company manners.

"I think I am English at heart," she said. "I love England, and the happiest years of my life were spent there."

"I also have spent happy years there. I am an Africander, but I am also a Cambridge man."

"Do you come from Cape Colony?" Elsie asked.

"My people live there, but I practise law in the South African Republic. I am not over in Europe for a holiday: I am here on business."

Miss Van Ermel was pursuing her own train of thought.

"Then you are an English subject?" she said.

"Exactly so,—I am an English subject,—'Civis Romanus sum.' Where shall the man drive you?"

He stood for a moment watching the cab turn awkwardly and lumber away. Then he went indoors.

His uncle, still sitting in the red leather armchair, fixed upon him a sharp, inquisitive glance. He met it with a direct question.

"Well, sir, what do you think of the school-vrouw?"

"She has excellent testimonials,"—the old man mentioned the fact slowly and grudgingly,—"but she does not seem to me suitable, not suitable at all. And she does not look Dutch either; she is not like one of our fine, well-developed Dutch girls."

"She must be at least five-and-twenty," the younger man answered, "and in a few years' time she will be skinny and red-nosed and—suitable enough. It is her British blood. The English woman does not expand with years, like her Dutch sister—she contracts instead."

Even as he spoke a picture charmed his mental vision: a girl's face, fresh and sweet and young, delicate in colour, delicate in outline, vivid with quick thought and ardent life.

Mynheer Van Donnop chuckled. "How you love the English! Well, Van Ermel is a good name, and if I give her my vote it will be on her grandfather's account."

Gert was standing behind him. "You will give her your vote," he said, just too softly for the deaf ears to hear, "and you will give it on *my* account."

For he had fallen in love with the "school-vrouw."

II.

They had sat long over dinner, and were still at table: old Mynheer Van Donnop, and Mevrouw Van Donnop opposite him, and a married daughter and her husband, and a neighbour and his wife, and Gert the Africander nephew, and lastly Juffrouw Van Ermel, who for some months past had been English mistress at the town High School.

The bright pale spring evening light streamed in through the wide window, subdued, however, by an overhanging verandah. The dining-room was in the old part of the house, and looked not upon the street, but river-wards. Sitting there, you could see the great sails slip by and the water quiver and glitter, and Elsie watched them furtively in the solemn pauses of the long meal.

Gert Van Donnop rose up, wineglass in hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I wish to propose a toast."

Elsie was watching *him* now. She knew that in his opinion, though in his only, she was the guest of the evening. A sudden absurd hot dread possessed her that he might be about to propose her health, and cover her with confusion before the small sharp eyes of his uncle and his aunt's cold stare. His smiling self-satisfaction—with a touch of suppressed triumph in it—was almost repulsive to her.

"I intend to propose a toast," he pursued. "It will be: The Cape for us!"

All the men present chuckled delightedly—even old Van Donnop expanding in a sardonic grin—and their womenfolk echoed their mirth. Elsie was altogether puzzled. Her vanity, so it seemed, had deceived her. The precious toast was merely a joke, which every one understood except herself. And yet in some mysterious way it seemed to concern her, judging by the significant glances of her companions.

Gert Van Donnop left his seat, and leaning over her filled her half-empty glass.

"Please don't, she said: "I shall not drink it."

"To please me."

He spoke, as she had done, in English, and so quickly that no one caught the words save her for whom they were intended. These two had not become the friends they now were without many little contests of will, for the man possessed an essentially masterful nature, and the girl made a brave though fitful fight against his dominating influence. He returned to his place, lifted his long-stemmed German glass high in the air, and in his clear resonant voice—quite serious now—gave his toast: "The Cape for us!" Mechanically Elsie sipped her wine. Had she been less ruffled she would have noticed that her neighbours, grown suddenly grave, made echo with a slight difference: "The Cape for *you*!"

The little incident brought dinner to a conclusion. The evening being very mild and spring-like, the whole party went out upon the balcony, an adjournment rendered possible by the fact that no one wore evening dress, and that it was not yet seven o'clock. Bright and placid and strong, the river swept past, under a far-away and profoundly blue sky, studded with stately shining clouds. The delicate sinuous line of the opposite shore,—a line so low that a windmill served to break it—was unusually dark and clear.

Elsie stood at one end of the balcony beside Mevrouw Verkade, while Gert Van Donnop talked to the latter of family matters in which she had no concern. On any other occasion she would have been satisfied with what her senses offered her: a delicious freshness made pungent by a faint flavour of tar and ropes;

brown-sailed boats gliding seawards; a big bright green barge moored to the quay side, and deserted save for a small restless black dog, which barked at every passer-by. But to-night a painful self-consciousness stepped in between her and the outer world. How ardently she wished herself back in her own rooms, and regretted having ever accepted the Van Donnops' invitation! "And yet," she thought, "I could not possibly have refused it, any more than I could refuse to drink that stupid toast. "Why, why did he make the old people ask me? Is it possible that he—cares for me?"

During the past winter, week had often succeeded week without their meeting, but this had been owing to the fact that Gert merely made his uncle's house his headquarters, and was often away, visiting—so he told her—the different Continental capitals. These interruptions only stimulated their friendship, and in her case helped to keep unanswered the question which she now asked herself, helped it to grow daily more insistent, till she sometimes saw in it the one question worth finding an answer for.

The rest of the party were going indoors. Mevrouw Verkade, remarking that it was growing late, moved also. Elsie would have followed her, had not Gert Van Donnop stepped between them. "You are not afraid of chills," he said: "let them go."

Elsie thought of the old defiant Greek motto: "They say. What say they? Let them say." They would certainly *say* she was "flirting" with Gert, and his aunt would deplore the insidious progress of a detestable foreign fashion, unheard of in her young days.

"I think I would rather go in," she said.

"I believe you are mistaken about that," Gert answered coolly, "and in any case you will stay here, as you drank that toast just now,—to please me."

Elsie raised her eyes to his full of the intention to resist, but they fell almost instantly under his cool dominant gaze; cool in the sense of mastership of the situation, yet with the underlight of a passionate desire. The colour flickered deeper into her cheeks, and she turned sharply away from him to hide the confusion that grew with each second to an intolerable mingling of joy and humiliation.

She put her hands on the edge of the wide wooden balustrade, and grasping it, looked out unseeingly over the fleeting space of water, that from blue had turned to grey in the gathering dusk. In a minute she would be herself again, and speak coolly of ordinary things. But that minute's grace was what Gert Van Donnop, watching her keenly, had no mind to give.

With one backward glance, to see that no one watched them from the room behind, he put his arm round her and drew her against him.

"I want you for my wife," he said curtly. "No—don't struggle—that's no use," as Elsie made one violent instinctive effort to wrench herself away. "I can hold you any time against yourself—against the whole world. I'll only let you go if you can look me in the eyes and swear that you hate my touch."

His free right hand closed on her left as he spoke—closed gently, yet like a vice. And, thus holding her, he felt her slight body tremble from head to foot, stiffen in his grasp, then shiver, then grow still.

"Look me in the eyes, little one," he said.

Elsie looked up. Her face was very white, but in her dilated glance, despite its anger and its shrinking, was a light that involuntarily and unknown to herself made answer to the passion in his. Gert laughed, a low satisfied laugh, and stooping his tall head, kissed her lips.

Half an hour later a maidservant stepped out on to the balcony. Gert went and spoke to her.

"Tea is ready," he said, on rejoining Elsie, "and our presence is required."

"Oh no," exclaimed the girl, half laughing, half distressed. "I cannot possibly face them! Let me go home."

"Do you think I don't know you? I have told Datje to bring us tea in my study, and I shall leave you there while I go down and 'face the music,' as the Britisher says; though what tune it may please to play is a matter of complete indifference to me."

He got his own way, I need hardly say, and took Elsie up to his study, a small room high in a gable, with a wide view over the fast darkening river. Here, while Elsie poured out tea, Gert sat and watched her, absently eating "bitterküchen," small sharp-flavoured macaroons, of which he was inordinately fond.

"You will be the prettiest woman in Pretoria," he said abruptly.

Elsie looked at him like one in a dream.

"*Must* we live in Pretoria?" she asked.

"We will see about it," he answered, smiling. "My poor old father has an incurable complaint, and when he goes I shall have the farm near Rensberg, and perhaps, if things suit, we will turn into 'Oom Gert' and 'Tant' Elsie.' And now I must go down, worse luck! or we shall have my aunt here."

When his heavy tread had clattered down the steep uncarpeted oak staircase, Elsie got up and went to the window. It was not that she had any eyes for what the river and the night offered her: lights that twinkled, near by, on masts and through stern windows, far off, in the villages beyond the pale reddish glow of the rising moon. Only her inward vision was clear and sensitive.

Reaction—that implacable law—thrust her out of the new world, whose threshold she had just crossed, into a dim place full of doubt and shadow. She recalled how she had said to Gert, "I think I am English at heart." She had been English at heart ever since her childhood, a childhood lived wholly in England, till old Heer Van Ermel offered to take his eldest orphan granddaughter and have her educated for the profession of teaching, and her mother, because the means were small and the children many, gave a reluctant consent. All through the past years happiness had meant for her brief holidays spent in England, and her dreams of what happiness might mean had ever included an English home of her own. Gert Van Donnop had stepped in between those dreams and their possible fulfilment. He would take her away to a far-off, half-savage country. He himself, born an English subject, foster-son of an English university, was wholly un-English, a Dutchman with an alien fierceness and swiftness of impulse, doubtless inherited from French Huguenot ancestors, since his mother was a Du Plessis. How little she really knew of him! Already he had made life without him seem impossible; but what of life with him? Would it hold happiness?

Oppressed by such insistent questionings, she left the window and moved restlessly about the room. Presently she found herself standing beside the writing-table, looking down at the untidy pile of letters and papers which Gert had pushed together to make room for the tea-tray. The uppermost sheet caught her attention. She took it up and looked at it. On it was drawn, in fine, clear, pen-and-ink outline, a long tube tapering towards a point, or rather two tubes, the smaller fitting into the larger. "What is it?" she wondered. The next drawing answered her. Mounted, the long tube had become a cannon,—even to her ignorant eyes.

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The door behind her opened, and on turning she found Gert at her elbow.

"Looking at those drawings?" he said carelessly. "That Creusot gun is a fine big fellow: he fires hundred-pound shells."

Eyeing her steadily, he saw that she was not listening to him, and saw also that he had been away too long.

"Come down," he said: "my uncle waits to give you his blessing, and the others to welcome the future Mevrouw Van Donnop."

If she had ever fancied it possible that she might yet draw back, the gay confidence of his look and tone put the thought far from her. She followed him without a word.

III.

The regular, rapid beat of a horse's hoofs told Elsie Van Donnop that her husband had come home. Very early in the morning he had driven over to the English camp "on business." He visited it fairly often; and she had learnt to dread these expeditions of his, since they always afforded him material for much caustic criticism of English manners and methods, which she could not have answered had she dared, and yet writhed under.

She sat in a room darkened and kept comparatively cool by closed venetians, darning a pile of socks. She heard Gert's voice giving an order to the Hottentot groom, and she wondered what he would do next—whether he would seek her out or his nephew Henricus, the boy whom he had brought back with him from the Transvaal six months ago, and whose presence was the crook in her lot, the thorn in her side, a continual reminder that while three years and a half of marriage had brought her no children, her sister-in-law had enough and to spare.

She rose, and going to the window pushed the venetians a crack apart. The dog-cart was standing in the scant, sharply cut shadow of the pepper-trees, and the horse had not been taken out. While one boy lounged at his head another was fetching water for him. Gert had disappeared. Shutting out the shaft of hot, white light, she went back once more to her darning. She was weighed down by lassitude and discouragement, and the burden of her thoughts was the burden of the old song our grandmothers used to sing when the shadow of "Bony" rested on land and sea:

"Oh, I wish the wars were over . . . !"

The war! Would it ever cease? Three times in the last month the English had suffered disastrous defeat, and yet even Gert did not profess to think that the beginning of the end had come. Outwardly he remained loyal to the powers that were—military powers for the time being in the district where his broad lands lay; at home he indemnified himself for the duplicity, the occasional dissimulation made necessary by such an attitude. This in itself was hard enough to bear; but what was it compared with the perpetual torturing dread lest "sympathy" with the enemy should lead him to do as friends and neighbours were doing daily, lest he should end by enrolling himself in the nearest Boer Commando? And there were moments when she came near praying that he might choose even that way, rather than the safer, baser way of secret treachery.

She, who was English still at heart, had married a man whose strongest impersonal emotion was hatred of the British rule under which he had been born and bred. And all that she felt and hoped and feared she must needs hide, if so be that she might at least save her own small individual share of life's happiness.

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A sense of the danger that menaced it was always with her now. It chilled her when she heard Gert's step.

He came quickly into the room. "I am off again," he said: "I am going to visit Oom Daantje."

"Will you be back by supper-time?" she asked.

"Not I—I shall stop the night." He came close up to the table at which she sat, and leant his hand upon it. "I have been to the camp, as you know," he said, speaking with rather more than his usual deliberation. "On my way there I met a useful person, who told me a piece of news. There is to be an attack on Tafel Kop, to-morrow before dawn. It is a secret, of course, and no one will know anything about it till the column starts—a little surprise for Wolmarans, you understand."

There was a silence between them for about a minute. He began to think—God knows why—of how the last three years had changed her, from a high-spirited, impulsive girl to a rather silent, sad-eyed woman. At first the change was so gradual and subtle that he scarcely noticed it. Besides, what was the use of noticing it? Life on a South African farm *is* lonely for a woman who has not been bred to it, and after all she never complained. He was thinking this when he saw her still face flush, and her eyes—raised suddenly to his—dilate and flash.

"You are going to warn them?" she said.

"They will be warned—you may be sure of that," he answered.

"It will be done through you, but you will let some one else take the risk?"

He was staring at her now in blank astonishment. He laughed. "Oh, you think I skulk and sit on the fence,—is that it? My dear, why do you suppose I am here at all? I found I could serve our cause better here. Just as plenty of men could do the Continental business and choose Oom Paul's guns for him, even so thousands can handle a Mauser better than I can, but very few could hold the position I hold, and shall hold as long as it suits me. And now let me warn you not to be frightened by anything you may hear or see to-night. The attacking force will pass between the hills. Ricus will be watching for it, and at the right moment he will let off a rocket. He will be among the rocks some way from the house, and you must show no lights—mind that! You will be perfectly safe, and if any inquiry is made, is not my loyalty above suspicion? Was not I spending the night at my friend's house, ten miles away? Had I not obtained a pass for that purpose? Is not my friend also a conspicuous loyalist? Now, are you satisfied?"

"Oh yes, I am satisfied."

The colour and light had gone; she listened to him without the least sign of emotion. He made an impatient gesture, then stooped down to kiss her. She shrank slightly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing." She raised her head and kissed him with ice-cold lips.

The hot, silent day lagged on. At twelve Ricus came in to dinner. He was a lad of thirteen, not tall, but wiry and supple as a young wild cat. His rough thick brown hair hung in a forelock, from under which his light brown eyes stared out with that glance, at once restless and abstracted, which is born of hereditary watchfulness in a country of far, clear distances, where danger may lurk behind the nearest bush or hillock. His full-cheeked boyish face was almost childlike; not so his sharply cut nose and small close-lipped mouth. He ate heartily, and silently—so far as speech was concerned. His table manners were the reverse of civilised, and Elsie had given up trying to improve them, since Gert only mocked

at her efforts. For the same reason she had ceased to try to penetrate his stolid, obstinate reserve. Gert had told her, laughing, that the boy despised her because she was not an Africander, and could not ride and shoot as his mother did. His presence was always a burden to her. To-day it made her heart grow cold.

On the level ground to the left of the farm there was an orchard. Elsie loved it. It was the one spot which reminded her of home—of an English apple orchard, dear to her childhood, where the trees grew in set rows with wide green alleys between them. To-day she longed for it as a hiding-place, a refuge from the furies of shame and self-reproach that pursued and tortured her,—only to find that the enclosing walls, the shadowed light, brought her no step nearer peace.

For the hundredth time she saw herself, in fancy, riding over to the English camp, warning the general that his plan of attack was known; and shattered the vision with one unanswerable argument. Gert might be faithless to England, but she could not be faithless to him. Yet again she went through that brief interview with him, and tasted the bitterness of impotent regret. "I was afraid because for once I had betrayed myself. My mouth grew dry and my breath choked, out of mere selfish fear, and Gert pretended to misunderstand me. Ah, how like him! He knew I should never break through that! And I might have begged and prayed and entreated—bah! a brave woman would have said straight out that it should never be. Oh God, what can I do? God, give me one more chance! There will be no fair fight, only a butchery. It will be like Magersfontein."

Across her brain flashed a verse that she had seen quoted in a newspaper. She did not know what it came from, or who wrote it, but when first she read it, it stirred her heart like a trumpet call, and lately it had haunted her with a stabbing pain:

"Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:
'Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown, England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!'"

That would be their part; what of hers? In agony she threw herself on the ground, and prayed that she might die before that hour came; then, quite spent, seemed to lose all feeling, so blank and numb was her despair.

Thus lying, her ear caught a far-off sound, a faint reverberant sound. Instinctively she pressed her ear closer to the earth, and the sound growing louder and nearer became the dull muffled beat of horses' hoofs. She knew what it meant: a troop of soldiers riding back to camp. Almost daily they passed within sight, avoiding the gently rising ground—an outlying fold of a long low line of hills—on which the farmhouse stood, and keeping to the lower level. If she went outside the orchard she would see them now, a cloud of dust, a line of dim dust-coloured figures against blue sky and yellow veldt. Suddenly she sat upright, then clutching a branch which stretched above her head dragged herself up by it.

What she heard now was the slow distinct trampling of horses ridden at a walk over rough rising ground. These soldiers were making straight for the farm. She had never thought of such a possibility, though more than once lately a patrol or a scouting party had ridden up and asked for grapes or a drink of milk. To her it was a miracle. She had prayed for one more chance, and God had sent it.

She saw what she must do, only to recoil from it, wild and desperate, with the

dread of possible danger to the man she loved. She argued: "I can say that Ricus heard it from a Kaffir spy, and that Gert was away; but what if they don't believe me? They will remember that he was at the camp this morning." The trampling was very near, it seemed to shake the ground under her feet, it mingled with a rushing sound in her ears. For one craven moment she thought she would fling herself down once more, and stopping her ears stay there till it had come and gone, and till her God-sent chance had passed by for ever. Then came the sudden, lightning-swift revelation of all that that last chance meant. Thereby God had put into her hand not only hundreds of brave men's lives, and the lives of the women who loved them, but Gert's life also. She would save him from a hideous bloodguiltiness which would be his enduring curse, which would stand continually between her and him, blighting their mutual love.

The mounted infantry patrol—half a dozen men and a lieutenant--halted at a little distance from the house. Elsie, standing on the stoep, watched the officer in command ride towards her.

She saw a slight, trimly built young fellow, light-haired though tanned to mahogany colour, "smart" still in spite of sweat and dust: a pair of blue eyes looked out from the deep shadow of his hat brim, with an eager boyish expression sharply contradicted by the clean-cut hard lines of mouth and chin. The typical young English officer, in short—"typisch Engelsch." How often she had heard the expression of late, and always contemptuously spoken!

"Madam," said the lieutenant, saluting, "I shall be much obliged if you will let my men have a drink. They have had rather a hard day."

Just then Elsie became aware that Ricus had come out on to the stoep and was leaning against one of the doorposts, not a yard away.

"With pleasure," she said, "and I am very sorry we can't water the poor horses, but indeed we have hardly enough for our own beasts; the fountain is almost dried up." She turned to Ricus. "Go and tell the boys to bring out plenty of milk."

"I have given orders already," answered Ricus.

Two or three boys had, in fact, made their appearance, carrying cans. One approached the officer. Elsie bade Ricus go in and fetch "this gentleman" a glass to drink out of. She spoke in Dutch, fearing a refusal; and a refusal, muttered between the lad's teeth, was the answer she got.

She fetched the glass herself, and so lost a few precious moments. That which she saw, on returning, remained with her to her last hour: the young Englishman sitting motionless on his jaded horse, looking straight before him, while Ricus, lounging against the doorpost, watched him, sullen-eyed. A little way off, the grinning natives handing the cans round, the troopers, some drinking, some eagerly waiting for their turn.

The lieutenant had finished his first glassful, and was thanking her with sudden, half shy cordiality. She spoke once more to Ricus, this time in English.

"Please go and see that the men have enough."

"You may wait on them—I will not."

Turning as he spoke, he went slowly into the house. The lieutenant said nothing, except what his boyish eyes said for him. He was sorry for this woman, who was young and pretty, and a lady, and might be English, to look at her. She was speaking now, in a low expressionless voice.

"I have something to tell you—it is a matter of life and death. Go back and give the General this message. His plans are known to the enemy, and they will be ready. Tell him it would be a second Magersfontein."

The lieutenant sat very still, looking down at her.

"I don't understand," he said.

"The General will understand. Promise that you will make what speed you can, and go to him directly you reach camp, and tell him what I have said."

"I promise," answered the lieutenant curtly. "Where is your husband?"

"He has been away all day; that is why I have to act for him. He was at the camp this morning. Now he is visiting his friend Mr. Van der Merwe. I can tell you nothing more; I only pray you to go quickly, for my sake."

"All right," said the lieutenant. He leant forward, holding out a hand, gripped hers hard, then dropped it abruptly.

Three minutes later Elsie watched the patrol ride past the high brick wall of the orchard, and once more the scuffling trample of their horses' hoofs made one with a sound as of rushing waters in her brain. But her heart was at peace. Something she had done for England—her England. Nothing could change that.

IV.

Where the ground rose to a low shelving hillside, Ricus Gertseema leant against a pile of rocks. The night had come, the great night on which he was to take his share in bringing destruction on the enemies of his people. True, it was a small and paltry share, compared to that of other lads scarce older than himself. While he was only ordered to send up a rocket, and so give warning that the "Reds" were passing along the valley below him, they fought the foe like men. They had Mausers and modern ammunition for the asking, whereas he must needs content himself with an old sporting rifle and a handful of cartridges. When the great moment came, and flame spurted from trench and pit and schansje, and the doomed force wavered and broke up and fled hither and thither, there would be stray fugitives stumbling blindly among the bushes and boulders; and bullets that were good enough for blesbok would be good enough for them. "Hope told a flattering tale": he saw himself creeping from rock to rock tracking a "Red," who was no other than the English officer in whose sight he had been ordered about by a woman; he felt the fierce exultation of the moment when he would pause and take aim. That picture of the English officer brought with it a stinging memory. His uncle's wife had successfully humiliated him, and instead of patiently standing his ground, he had done as she wished—gone into the house and left her. He had always known of what stuff she was made, she who went about with a white face and silent tongue whenever news came that the Reds had run again.

Something stirred in the darkness below him, and his thoughts became fragmentary, broken by intervals of intent listening. He did not expect the dull rumble of distant cannon wheels. The enemy, so Uncle Gert had told him, believed Tafel Kop to be weakly held, and would most likely send a regiment or two of infantry, such was their blind folly.

The night was growing chill. Hitherto the outlines of hillside and kopje had been visible in the dim starlight, on either side the blackness which stretched between them. Now a rising fog blotted them out and hid the glittering stars. Fools of rooineks! They were late in starting! Let them wait but a little longer, and the dawn would reach Tafel Kop before them,—and perhaps, remembering Stormberg, they would turn back and so escape their fate.

Not very far from him, another human being listened as he did, but with a yet more torturing eagerness. Elsie had come out while Ricus was still in his

room,—he had pretended to go to bed as usual,—and close hidden in a cranny between the rocks had heard him pass within two yards of her. She crouched there now, feeling neither cold nor weariness. Only now and then her excited brain befooled her, so that she almost believed that the rattle of rifle fire, the roar of guns, echoed from the distant hilltops. And, more swift and silent than any foe, dawn came, and found them still listening.

Black rock after black rock reared its stern head against the paling sky, strange gleams of light shone athwart the breaking mist, and Elsie watched them with an awestruck joy, a wordless hymn of praise and thanksgiving. Gradually, when she knew for a certainty that the night, with its untold possibilities of evil and terror, had gone by, and its last shadow was lifted from her, her strained nerves relaxed, and she became a tired-out woman, craving to go back home and throw herself down, and sleep. She rose up from her nook between the boulders and stretched her cramped limbs. She did not shrink from the chance of meeting Ricus. She had nothing to fear, since before the day was over she would tell Gert the whole truth, trusting in a love which had never wholly failed her yet.

She turned homewards, brushing through the dew-drenched grass. Her eyes, dazzled by the growing radiance of the sunrise, did not see a small supple figure flitting along the hillside, nor guess that Ricus was near her, till his voice rang out sharply: "Stop!"

She stood still, shading her eyes. He had reached the high ground above her, a ledge below which she must pass. She called to him, and her voice was clear and glad:

"Come home, Ricus, and I will make you some coffee."

The voice rather than the careless words hardened his heart to an utter pitilessness. He stepped forward, and the glitter of a sunbeam caught his rifle-barrel. He spoke, and the low, distinct words reached her:

"You gave information to the British officer. That is why they have not come."

"Yes," she cried back joyfully to him,—"yes, I did it, thank God!"

The boy covered her, took deliberate aim and fired. It was quite true, he was a shot worth having on either side, and when he meant to kill, he killed.

For one brief instant yet, Elsie kept her feet, with the glory of the hot red sunrise irradiating her white face and wide grey eyes. Then the slight figure staggered, the eyes grew dim, and she fell forward on the hillside with outstretched arms.

But in her troubled, fast-clouding brain, clouding with the mists of death, stirred a confused memory of half-forgotten words:

"'Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
. . . . . .
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown, England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!'"

SIDNEY PICKERING.

content as I had been for many months. I spent my time in idling by the river wharves, or watching the barges in the lock. Sometimes I penetrated westwards, and walked in the lanes by Osterley, where the spring was showing green within wood and copse. And for the more part I refused to look ahead: I was living, I had food and a bed of nights; and I did not care to confront the future. That must solve itself.

Yet this pleasant sense of ease and safety came to an end naturally with my money; and as these resources gave out I cast about me for some means of livelihood. I begged work in the town from many people, but always without success. I suppose my appearance did not bear out my professions, and, in addition to that, I had no references. As the days moved forward I began to go down again to my old condition of indigence and despair. It was at this stage, and when I was weakened by the ravages of hunger, that I saw the face once more. It was a dark fine night—a Saturday, as I remember, and the streets were running with an unusual flow of people, women at their markets, men from their public-houses, and a stream of carts and barrows. Walking amidst all this traffic, I was arrested by the sight of the man, as he stood watching from under a blazing lamp. In that same instant he saw me, and the evil glitter of recognition, which I had seen before, came into his eyes; he moved from the lamp-post and came slowly towards me. I withdrew, for no reason that I could have given at the time, but, I suppose, out of a mixed feeling of suspicion and distaste. I went down the narrow, ugly road, and mingled with the throng, and soon came out beyond the market-place. I had forgotten the man by this time, and was idly looking at a street juggler, when I became aware of the face again, in the circle of spectators opposite me; and it watched, not the show, but me. I began to grow uncomfortable, and once more I retreated, descending a dark lane which led towards the river. A little distance along it I halted and looked back; and at the head of the lane I beheld the man, stationary, still watching. He spoke to some people that passed by, and pointed down the lane; then three or four of them followed him and came steadily towards me. At this I took fright, I will confess; and, though I was in shadow, I ran fast towards the bottom of the lane, which here was little broader than a footpath. Indeed, it was an alley that led direct and abruptly upon the water. I discovered this in the darkness by the reflexion of a light from a house near by. I came to a stop quickly; in the blackness of the stream a light twinkled from a rushing launch, and died. Behind me drew on the feet of the men from the highway. It was a warm night, and I took my decision at once. I stooped and launched myself softly and boldly on the waters of the Thames.

I was an admirable swimmer, and I felt little inconvenience from my clothes. Moreover, the river here is not too broad—a wide horizon of despair; and I struck out my arms mechanically, in no fear that I should fail to reach the farther bank. But presently something occurred which changed this design; for the darkness was so great that I had no guide except a light shining across the river, and of a sudden this disappeared. Almost immediately afterwards I hit my head against something hard. It took me but a few seconds to make up my mind what this could be,—it was clearly a barge, but whether one at anchor or in motion, I could not guess. Instinctively I laid my hands on the gunwale, and pulled myself up cautiously. There was no light visible on the boat, and no creature was to be seen. I crawled on deck by the stern, and looked about me.

Now, it became evident at once that this was no barge at anchor: it ran; the shore-lights went by swiftly; the tide was drawing underneath, and she was moving for the Pool. When I discovered this I was amazed to find the huge tiller rolling

free. I crept down into the little cabin, and discovered nothing but a small oil lamp feebly burning, a bunk, and some poor remnants of a meal. Not a soul was upon the boat. As I came to this conclusion, I was aware of the necessity of piloting the barge, for an angry oath in the night proclaimed that we had nearly run down upon a launch. I put the tiller straight, and the barge hummed down the tide; Brentford and Strand-on-the-Green moved by, and we drew into the bend by Chiswick.

But here was I at length the prey to various considerations. I was for all purposes master of a lumbering ugly boat, driving I knew not whither, through a black night and upon a swirling tide. What was I to do? There was the choice of jumping overboard into the element from which I had come, and leaving things in their original position, or of continuing to steer the rude creature down the river. In the latter event what should I gain? Indeed, I could see nothing by which I was to be benefited in this voyage; and, upon the contrary, at any moment I might meet with an accident through my lack of experience, and fall within the reach of the law, or, at the least, endanger my own safety. And yet, though all circumstances pointed towards an abandonment of the barge, I did not take the decisive step. The noise of the water below her, the procession of nocturnal lights alongshore, and the sense of power as I swept the tiller about, constrained me. I had a feeling almost of exultation, and I put her round the corner; she rolled broadside, and righted under my hands; and then sliding forward, like a great weight freed suddenly, groaned down the empty river.

The stars came out and shone upon me, but no one questioned me. I was not pulled up with a hail, and a demand as to what I did there. The barge was ownerless, and I was skipper, no one gainsaying. Those stars voyaged with me; they beamed upon me as I dropped down the long reaches to Chelsea, and accompanied me by Westminster and along the Embankment towards the Pool. But when I was a little short of London Bridge I had a gleam of reason, knowing with what a multitude that part of the river by the Tower is haunted. The spars and funnels of many strangers pierced the sky, and, even as I doubted, the tide seized me bodily and dragged me in towards the narrow arches, crying and gurgling under the bows. The barge wobbled from side to side, and it was with difficulty that I kept her nose straight. The water sucked her forward, and, as if drawn by a cable, she ran out upon the crowded Pool. I was committed to the enterprise even against my will.

As she issued from the darkness of the Bridge I noticed a small boat at a little distance; a big steamer moved out from the wharves, and the boat tossed and fell; I saw the sculls dip. The barge ran down and shot into the middle of the stream, and all my eyes were upon the manœuvring steamer, whose lights glowed in her masts. Suddenly I was conscious of a voice calling to me; I turned stupidly, and gazed into the obscurity of the water.

"Is that the *Sarah Champion*?" shouted the voice. "Barge ahoy!" and I beheld the small boat tossing nearer.

I made no answer, for my wits were with the danger ahead, and there was an oath of impatience.

"It's her, right enough—damn it, I know her," said a second voice; and the boat pulled nearer. Simultaneously the stern of the steamboat bulged, as it seemed, towards me, and I threw back the tiller, bringing the barge across the stream. The boat clattered in to the side. "By Gawd, you done that well," said some one; and I became aware of three men that stood on the barge with me.

"Is't you, Bill?" said one.

"No," said I quietly, for I guessed how matters stood. "Bill's met with a little accident."

There was a short silence, while one of the others took possession of the tiller and moved the boat across towards the Surrey shore. I knew not why I had answered thus on the spur of the moment, but I think I had an instinctive fear that my possession of the barge was suspicious, and that any explanations would not be accepted.

After a pause a coarse hard voice asked, "Who are you?" and a light was struck.

"I have taken Bill's place," I said: "he had an accident by Brentford."

The light from a fusee flared on the faces of the three men and on my own. If I saw suspicion in those formidable countenances I read also something more, something uglier.

But the man with the tiller interrupted impatiently.

"It's all right, you fools. Bill spoke of a safe hand. Where'd he pick you up?" he asked me unexpectedly.

"Brentford," said I laconically, but promptly recalling the purpose in those savage faces.

"How much do you know, eh?" inquired the rough-voiced man.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Better put me ashore. That's all I want," I replied shortly.

"No, by Gawd, you don't," was the response. "I know a trick as is worth more'n that. Here you are, and here you stay, till you go out which way we choose. You can do less harm here than anywhere else. I'll take my oath it's a split."

"Well, 'e's all right—'e can't 'urt. We got work without 'im," said the third, spitting into the water.

"Here, down in that cuddy-hole!" commanded the man who seemed to be in authority.

I hesitated just a moment; some guess of what these fellows might be came over me, and I cast a glance at the water. We were close by the Surrey shore, and a plunge might save me; but a hand was on my shoulder, and I turned indignantly.

"What the mischief are you at?" I cried angrily. "Drop it!" and I swore one of their oaths.

"Bet you it's all right," said the man at the tiller. "But you can have your own way just now. Down there, sonny, and I'll speak to you a bit later."

I descended into the cabin, and sat by the faint lantern with very unpleasant thoughts. I had fallen into the hands of a crew of miscreants, but I did not yet understand what sort of rascals they were. I was conscious that the barge was still moving, but that was all; and presently the motion ceased, we struck upon something, and finally there was silence above and below. A little afterwards the man who had been at the tiller descended into the cuddy-hole.

"Well, sonny, we're there," said he cheerfully; "but you got to look after yourself, or else there 'll be mischief. You stay quiet, sonny," and with that he shut the lid upon me, bolted it, and was gone.

Where we might be I had no guess, but I was resolved not to remain in that evil-smelling and stifling hole longer than I could help, and no sooner did I recognise my imprisonment than I began to look for an outlet. I could hear whispering upon the deck, and then a small splash alongside. What could the ruffians be doing? I saw no chance of escape if the lid were secure; but

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fortunately it had been rarely used, and the socket in which the bolt ran home was but loosely attached to the woodwork. My jailer was evidently of a more easy-going character than his fellows, and I owed this oversight to his carelessness. A heavy jerk of my shoulders upwards loosened the lid, and I peeped forth.

The night was now very dark, and darker for a wall of stone that rose on one side of the barge; the river lapped under a row of empty barges upon the other side. I began to see our position, and that we lay against one of the wharves in the neighbourhood of Cherry Gardens. As I made this discovery I made another. A light flashed for a moment between the cracks of the door upon the lowest storey of the wharf. It vanished the next instant, but it set me wondering. I crawled stealthily from the cabin and looked about me. In the body of the barge was a man's figure, which I set down as my jailer, but of the others there was no sign. Were they in the wharf? And if so, what was afoot? Even as the question was framed in my mind it was answered. There could be no doubt upon what these furtive night-hawks were bent: it could be nothing but robbery.

I stood looking up at the black obsession of the wharf, and the silence about me was almost audible. Then I saw a flash of light jump from an upper floor. A little later a slight noise overhead caused me to strain my eyes upwards, and I perceived gradually to emerge out of the night a long chain, rattling weakly as it dropped, and carrying a massive burden. It fell into the hold of the barge, whence I heard noises of the man at work. The bold ruffians were pillaging the wharf under the very noses of the river-police. I now had time to devote some thoughts to myself. The barge lay close to the wharf, and it was probable that I might drop into the water without attracting notice; but the darkness prevented me from seeing more than a few yards on either side, and there might be no access to the land—nothing but an unbroken wall of houses for some distance. I did not like the thought of groping in that water, waist deep (it might be) in the mudbanks, with no certainty of finding firm ground. The pictures of the mud flats at low tide, as I remembered them, rose in my fancy, and made me shudder. I dismissed the thought, and looked up at the wharf again. By this time the chain had descended two or three times, and each time the man in the barge had relieved it of its load; and now it swung idly, waiting to be hauled up by those above, not more than an arm's length from the edge of the cuddy-hole. It was the plan of desperation, but I made up my mind: I reached over and drew the chain to me, tested it softly, to see if it would support my weight, and swung gently into the air.

I climbed hand over hand as fast as I could. It was no design of mine to mount to the floor in which the two scoundrels were no doubt arranging their plunder; but I trusted to reach the lowest door, and find some way into the building. Yet I was pursued by one great fear—that the noise of the chain might attract the attention of the man below, and I should be discovered. Luckily the lowest door was not far above the water-line, and by a twist I succeeded in reaching it, the chain left me with a loud clank, and I was clinging to the ledge with my hands, fearful of an alarm. Yet none was raised, and I at length mustered courage to work myself higher until I sat upon the ledge and had a chance to examine the door. And now I found Fortune befriend me in earnest for once; for it must have been by this door that the thieves had made their entrance,—the sliding doors were apart, and by pushing them softly wider I could pass into the interior with ease. I paused on the threshold, and cast down a glance to see if my absence had been noticed. The barge was silent, but I could make out a black figure working, and the chain was slowly descending

again. My gaze went out across the river, and I thought for a moment that I saw something darker than the darkness fall into the grave shadows under the wharves. But I could not be certain, and in any case if it were a boat from the river police it mattered nothing to me. I was in transit, and I had no doubt that I should soon be out at some back door, and safe in the maze of streets in that dismal and disreputable region of the Surrey side.

I pulled-to the doors and turned towards the blackness of the interior; but ere I had gone a dozen steps I had resolved that it was not wise to explore these unknown recesses without a light. Then again came the fear that this might attract attention from the floor above, and I pushed on, feeling my way among the barrels and sacks as best I could. At last I came to a stop against a wall, and, composing my resolution, I pulled out my matches and struck one. The first thing my eyes lighted on was the figure of a man, stretched upon some sacks, a rug rudely cast over him. Whether it was the noise of my progress or the sudden light, I know not, but the man's eyes opened, he stretched himself, sat up, and his glance fell on me.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked abruptly. At the same moment my match went out. I lit another, and regarded him. He was about my age, a well-dressed, strongly-built and handsome fellow, clearly of a superior station.

"Are you the watchman?" I asked in my turn.

He was standing now, with a stern, regarding face; but at this a sardonic smile passed across his features.

"You may call me that," said he. "May I repeat myself and inquire who you are, and what you are doing here?"

"This place is broken into," I exclaimed eagerly: "the thieves are gutting it."

"It is obviously broken into," he said with sarcasm.

"You mistake me," I replied sharply; "I am here to warn you."

He hesitated, and my match flickered towards its end. "Excuse me," said he: "I have a candle here. Perhaps that will enable us to shed light on the situation," and he stepped into a small boxroom with glass walls which stood near—the cabinet of a clerk or foreman. When he came forth he had a lantern in his hand. "Now, sir," said he, "I have no doubt I owe you an apology. Will you be good enough to explain?"

"There is nothing to explain more than I have said," I answered shortly. "The wharf is being looted. I don't know who you are."

"You may take it from me that I am a responsible person," he said coolly. "My name is Parton, and I am one of the owners of this wharf—Cherry Wharf." He considered. "What you say interests me. We have had a valuable consignment only to-day. Clearly information . . ." He paused and regarded me. "Your friends are in the upper floor?"

"They are no friends of mine," I said angrily, conscious of my poor clothes.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "the question is what are we to do. The watchman was there; he must have been overpowered."

He was silent, pondering, and I spoke hastily. "If I may advise," I said, "the best thing seems to be to run for assistance. The police can be summoned easily, and the thieves surprised."

"That sounds good advice," he replied, but still had the air of thought. "You look a fairly strong man," he went on, scrutinising me. "How many are there?"

"Two in the wharf and one in the barge," I replied.

"Barge!" he echoed, lifting his eyebrows. "Well, if they have dared so

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greatly, there is no reason why we shouldn't. Indeed, that is why I am here to-night."

He beckoned me to follow him, and, not realising what he was about, I obeyed his gesture. We passed through the room and ascended softly to the loft above. It was in the floor above this again that the two thieves were at work by a dark lantern, and we could hear their feet moving overhead. What Mr. Parton intended I do not know, but he was already making his way up the ladder with his lantern when a groan caught our ears. Parton stopped and threw his light upon the floor towards a heap of sacking.

"Underwood, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, and quickly descended again. It was the watchman, bound and gagged, and just recovering his senses from an ugly knock-down blow. We released him from bonds and gag, and Parton gave him a nip from a flask he carried.

"You solve our difficulties, Underwood, poor chap," he said. "If we two keep guard here, you can run for help. I don't like to miss 'em; by Jove, I don't want to miss 'em!"

The watchman stared at him, struggling with his returning wits. Suddenly Parton uttered an exclamation, and with a stroke of his arm knocked over the lantern. The room was plunged in darkness, but a thread of light came from the direction of the ladder. I heard the breathing of several men, of whom I was one. Parton's hand went silently down to my arm in a pressure of warning. Upon that I caught the noise of swift feet coming in a rush. I stood up and backed away. A cry and a groan came from near by, and after that a scuffling noise, and then silence. This lasted for the space of two minutes or more, and then a light flared from a match. I cowered underneath the bags which hid me.

"By Gawd," said a horrid voice, which I recognised, "the watchman's gone: this isn't him. It's another bloke." He swore foully. "We must mizzle with what we got."

A moment later I heard their feet above, and a rattling of the chain informed me that they were descending to the boat. When I was sure of that I came out of my hiding-place, and, groping for the lantern, lit it. It illumined faintly the body of Mr. Parton curled in an awkward heap upon the floor. . . . He had been struck through the vitals by a knife. I gently composed the corpse and knelt over it, fingering the heart. . . .

A light step struck on my senses, startling me; but I reflected that the murderers were unlikely to revisit so dangerous a spot, and I turned my head with the expectation of meeting the police, for whom Underwood had, no doubt, gone when he made his escape. But out of the shadows stole a solitary figure, light-footed, thin-jowled, and hooked of face. I gazed in amazement and in terror, for I knew it. It was the face that had so constantly observed me.

I gave a start, but the stealthy eyes were fixed upon me, whilst the coarse lips parted in an ugly grin.

"What is it you want?" I managed to ask, scarcely conscious what I said.

He pointed a finger to the body beside me. "This is very awkward," he said, with some strange accent in his voice. It was English no more than was his appearance, and his race was apparent in both. I followed the direction of his hand, and looked back to him, waiting. Something there was in the air, something in my secret and instinctive abhorrence of this creature, that warned me. I held my courage tightly; I even contrived to meet his gaze with indifference.

"Yes," said I simply; "there has been murder done."

"So I perceive—so I perceive," said the vulture, rubbing his fingers together. "I came too late, but just in time—just in time." He looked at me with meaning. I rose to my feet.

"A party of thieves, dangerous criminals, have attempted to loot the wharf," I explained, "and though I was able to warn this gentleman he met his death at their hands."

"No doubt, no doubt," agreed the vulture pleasantly; and then approaching he whispered at my ear, "I have had my own ideas about you. That was why I watched you. It's a comfort to find I was right."

I knew what he meant—it was a menace. I turned on him with all the coolness I could command, and surveyed him from head to foot.

"Who may you be?" I said. "Are you the police?"

"Ah," said the vulture, smiling, "I have not that honour; but I know the police. Oh yes, I know 'em well: they are very good friends of mine. I work with them."

"You are an informer," I said bluntly.

He grinned. "I belong to the honourable profession of the law," he said; "I am on the rolls. There is few people know so much as I of what goes on—oh, very few."

I saw now with what sort of man I had to deal. He was the modern representative of the thief-taker, the Jonathan Wild of to-day—the medium between crime and the law, and one making his money out of both. There was no other type of human creature that could have filled my soul with such loathing; but I let nothing appear in my face. I studied him attentively.

"Well," said I, "what are you going to do? It seems to me that you had better turn your mind to the perpetrators of this outrageous crime."

He shook his head. "My friend," he said, "there is no good to undertake such perilous risks. I know the gang, and can put my hands on them. 'Tis you that interest me."

"I am deeply obliged," said I, with what nonchalance I could muster. I knew my danger, and that for some reason this foul creature would have me in his toils. I met his eye boldly. "Come," I continued, "if you will step to these doors that open on the river I will show you something."

He did as I asked, keeping his distance now, and holding a hand within the breast of his coat, no doubt upon the haft or butt of some weapon. I threw open the doors, and the stars were shining. The river blinked faintly from below and lapped among the anchored boats.

"Your boat lies yonder" (for I remembered of a sudden what I had thought I saw), "and if you are not gone into the darkness whence you arrived within three minutes it will be the worst act of your evil life."

He grinned abominably, disclosing a fang. He withdrew his hand, and the lanthorn lighted up a revolver.

"I am always prepared for that," he said harshly. "I don't think I make many mistakes."

I surveyed him calmly. "You misunderstand," I answered: "I am not given to encounters with people of your class. But still I warn you. You say that you know this gang. I have no doubt you do: it may be that the relations beween you are more intimate than might appear. What do you here?"

"I came for you. I have a use for you," said the vulture. "I like picking up men. I have many."

"Quite so," I answered, "and yet from your trade I should have thought you

Macdonald slogan—once owned by the Lords of Lorne, and granted to Macnaghten by Alexander III.

That long, low-lying green island is the sacred Innishail, "the kneeling isle," which has witnessed many a weird, impressive scene, when Macarthur chiefs have been borne thither at night from Ardconnel, for burial by torchlight. The buildings of the Cistercian monastery have long disappeared; but there remain the crumbling walls of a small chapel—its interior crowded with grass-grown tombs, with a weathered old cross sticking up curiously in the middle. In the burial-ground outside, one at least of the Macarthur slabs may be observed; its moss-covered sculpture is interesting, if barbaric. The figures, all one size, are arranged in a row from end to end of its horizontal face. In the centre is the Crucifixion; and on either side are ranged some Campbell men-at-arms with plumed helmets, between two of whom rides the Galley of Lorne, which the Campbells got by heiress-marriage from the Stewarts, as the Stewarts had got it, in the same way, from the Macdougals.

To the left of this island, from our present standpoint, the indentation just at the foot of Cruachan shows where the loch runs in to meet the gloomy, sterile Pass of Brander, where Bruce fought the Macdougal.

As a whole, it is a splendid panorama; and may well, as is supposed, have inspired Burke for his "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful." Given a clear day—or better still, one a wee bit soft, but with rapid alternations of sun and shower, to give an ever-changing play of light on storm-brushed mountain and cloud-flecked foreground—and it will be no effort at all to *Speak weel of the Hielands*. In winter's rigour, no doubt—when rabbits peel the young trees, red deer rind the rowans and come almost to hand to be fed, and the gulls alight on Inverary's window-sills, clamouring for food—this Argyll country will be stern and desolate enough. But it is not always winter; and consequently on the propriety of the advice tendered in the rest of the proverb, *but live in the laigh*, there may be room for some difference of opinion; as there is, indeed, on almost all things—even on the identity of the Scottish bluebell.

A. H. Malan.

SONNET.

WHAT can I sing to you, who will not hear?
What song shall turn to mine your dreamy eyes,
Whose white lids droop like tired anemones?
Is there no song, no word, however dear,
To reach your wounded heart and draw you near?
Oh! could I sing, ere this sweet summer dies,
One song to touch you, my impassioned cries
Should never cease till I had gained your ear!

But this, at least, I know can never be.
What could I sing to one so proud and cold?
With lips that smile, and calm averted eyes,
Like one grown weary on a throne of gold
You sit, and in your voice's melodies
Beauty lives conquered for eternity.

Anthony Kirby Gill.

THE LIKENESS.

ROBERT MARSTON was enchanted with the Neckar Valley, and settled with his wife to spend at least ten days more in the comfortable hotel where they were established, at the foot of the Heidelberg Castle hill.

It was a brilliant afternoon at the end of August, and Robert was starting out from the hotel soon after luncheon.

"I am taking my painting things up to one of the terraces," he said to his wife. "If you are tired you might join me up there in the evening,—I shall be on the terrace near the band-stand."

"Very well, Robert dear," she replied; "I'll come up about five, when it's cooler. Mind you don't get too hot trudging up that steep hill, or you will catch cold when you sit down and paint."

"Oh, don't you bother: I shall be all right," he answered.

"Are you going to make a picture of the whole of the front of the Castle?" she asked: "that will be nice, Robert dear."

He laughed. "Like a print in the guide-book, and on the railway posters? No, my dear girl, I've found a pretty little corner, and you will see whether you like it when you come up there."

"All right: good-bye, Bob."

Taking up his box, camp-stool, and easel, Robert started off. Up through the steep paths he climbed till he found himself in the courtyard of the Castle, where silence reigned, only disturbed by the occasional clatter of the hoofs of the cab-horses, which were waiting restlessly in the sun while their drivers dozed in a shady corner. The blazing glare of the August afternoon showed up every detail in the elaborately carved façade of the old castle; and Robert, seeking shelter from the heat in the shadow of an archway, took off his hat and contemplated for some moments the glorious ruin of the palace of the Electors.

Robert Marston, as he stood there leaning against the stone wall, hat in hand, was not an impressive figure. He was tall, but lanky, and he stooped; his face was too small for so large a head; and yet, to look closer, the expression in his eyes was bright and intelligent; he had a firm, expressive mouth, with regular white teeth, but it was partly concealed by a somewhat ragged, fair moustache. His gestures were more foreign than effeminate, and although he was not yet thirty-five, he gave the impression of being some years older.

After resting awhile, he left the courtyard by the portcullis and bridge, and wended his way into the cool shady walks behind the Castle. Here his attention was drawn to a knot of tourists, who were emerging with their guide from a small low building which lay bedded in the trees on his right. This roused his curiosity, and he descended the staircase from which the people had emerged, only to find a narrow, dark vault, half of which was caged off by rusty iron bars. Close to the foot of the staircase he could hear the gurgling of a spring of water, which, as it sparkled in the light from the entrance, appeared on this hot afternoon exceptionally cool and refreshing. He returned up the stone staircase just in time to catch the end of the guide's discourse: ". . . . . and the prisoner was then locked in behind the bars, and a loaf of bread was given him every morning, but never anything to drink, and with the sound of splashing water in his ears he slowly died of thirst."

"A cigarette while it dries," he said to himself. He leant back and smoked, and, looking along the terrace walk, he watched the figure of a woman approaching from the distant corner of the shrubbery. "Why, it's Winifred already!" he exclaimed to himself. "How well I know her walk! She does look pretty: her form against the dark green foliage is really lovely. Why, she's got a new hat!—pretty one too; she never could have bought that here. I suppose it's some surprise for me. Why, she is turning up that other path! I expect she hasn't seen me."

"Winnie! Winnie! here I am: come round here," he called out. He cut across the grass, and approaching the tall graceful figure from behind, called out again, "I say, Winnie, where are you off to?" The lady turned round, and it was not till Robert came quite close up to her that he realised he had made a mistake. It was not Winifred Marston, but a stranger. What a remarkable likeness! It struck him quite dumb, and it was a few seconds before he could recover himself sufficiently to stammer out an apology.

The lady laughed good-humouredly on seeing his embarrassment, and said, "It must be a strong likeness if you should take me for your wife."

"Yes," he answered shyly, "it is indeed positively extraordinary. Please excuse my having called after you like that, but—er—well, you see, it was a mistake."

With this somewhat lame apology he took his hat off and returned to his seat. "Quite astounding! She is taller, I suppose, and slighter; but the expression of the face and colour of the hair——why, it might have been a twin sister, 'pon my word it might," and chuckling to himself he resumed his painting.

A few moments later the clocks were striking five, and Winifred Marston herself appeared at the end of the terrace. Poor Winifred was very hot from climbing up the steep path: her hat, a well-known one, was crushed from the packing, and altogether there was rather a bedraggled look about her. Perhaps it was her hair, that seemed to be having one of its rebellious days. Robert looked up from his painting, and saw his wife approaching along the broad gravel walk. "This is she; and, by George, there isn't really much likeness after all!" he exclaimed, with a short laugh. He related his adventure with the strange lady to Winifred, and she was amused—amused in her way, and her way was to laugh when she knew a thing was considered funny and when the laughter of others gave her the cue, but she was incapable of being really tickled herself by humorous situations or anything indeed short of broad farce.

On returning to the hotel in the evening Marston discovered that the lady whom he had accosted on the terrace that afternoon had rooms there too, and by questioning the porter he learnt that she was a Mrs. Lawrence Bayford, from London. That night after dinner he noticed her, as he passed through the hall, having her coffee at a small table. Looking up with a smile, she asked if he had found his wife all right on the terrace.

"Yes, thank you," he answered; "soon after I left you she came up."

"What a lovely spot that is up there! Ideal for sketching, I should think."

"Yes, indeed it is. I really cannot leave Heidelberg, there are so many lovely corners."

"I'm glad to say I haven't got to leave for a fortnight yet," continued Mrs. Bayford. "I am waiting for a friend, who is to meet me here," she added, after a pause.

Winnie came out from the dining-room and joined them, and soon all three were talking together, laughing about the comforts and discomforts of hotel life, and discussing expeditions in the environs. Mrs. Bayford was full of fun: she chaffed Marston about his ignorance of the dates of the various historical incidents connected with the castle, and compared notes with Mrs. Marston about hotel prices,

journeys, and luggage, and all such things, in fact, as she appeared in a few short moments instinctively to have concluded would be of interest to the artist's wife. The stranger's extreme charm of manner seemed to captivate both Marston and his wife, and before long a friendship had been struck up between them.

"I like that Mrs. Bayford, Bob," Mrs. Marston remarked on their way up to their rooms, "but I really can't see the likeness to me."

"Can't you, my dear?" he answered, with a laugh. "Yes, she is a pleasant woman, I think. I remember now hearing of Captain Lawrence Bayford: he was killed out in Egypt seven or eight years ago."

Mrs. Bayford was a great addition to the expeditions on the river or up on the hills which were arranged during the next two or three days; and Robert found that by rising early in the morning he was usually able to get the benefit of her company for his stroll by the river. After breakfast the two ladies would go out in search of curiosities and mementoes of Heidelberg, and the afternoons which were not devoted to expeditions were occupied by Robert in painting up at the Castle, where his wife and Mrs. Bayford would join him and read out or talk till sunset.

A week was passed pleasantly in this way, and the trio all seemed delighted with each other's company. Robert would talk of his art and his travels, and Laura Bayford showed the greatest interest in all he said, encouraged him by appreciative remarks and intelligent questions to talk more, and was ever a sympathetic and charming listener. Winifred on her side was glad that her husband, who was naturally reserved, should get an opportunity of talking of what he cared most about, and in her pride for him and her affection for Laura she sat contentedly with her needlework, watching the progress of the painting. At the end of the week came a clouded day. They were unwilling to put off a trip up the river, and consequently on their return in the evening they were caught unawares in pouring torrents of rain, and returned to the hotel all three drenched to the skin. It was not surprising on the following day that Winifred Marston was laid up with a severe chill and could not leave her room.

"Don't let me prevent your going up to paint, Bob," she said to her husband in the afternoon. "Mind you go. Laura will read to you; she has been so good looking after me this morning, but now I want nothing more, and I am quite happy here with my work and a novel. You must both go just as usual."

So they went that afternoon, and the next as well; and on the third afternoon Winnie was still too ill to go out, and again Robert asked Laura Bayford to sit with him while he painted in the shady corner of the Castle terrace. The novel they had taken up had not been much read. "I don't think I can go on reading this out," remarked Laura; "it really seems so dull. I wish we had something more amusing."

"I agree with you. I don't think it's worth going on with," he replied.

After several minutes of silence Laura said: "I don't think you are in a mood for conversation either. I shall just go for a little walk by myself, and listen to the band."

She rose, and turned down the path towards the café, and Robert gazed after her intently. No, indeed, he was not in a mood for ordinary conversation, or rather he did not dare trust himself to speak at all, the struggle within him was too intense. He had associated with this woman incessantly for more than a week. Never would it have entered his head to compare any one with his wife; but in this case the strange and startling likeness had suggested it to him, and seeing them so constantly together the comparison had inevitably been forced upon him. At first he attempted to avoid the thought of it, but it was useless. He felt the danger. He knew it must be faced. It was as if he had come across a more perfect specimen of the same genus; as if he had been shown a perfect

prettier curls and waves above the small shell-like ears; it was more carefully and artistically arranged, and somehow made more effect. Her eyes shone larger and darker, and were certainly more full of expression than Winnie's. Winnie had hardly avoided the dull, freckly pallor that goes with red hair, while it would not be [illegible] to say that the complexion of the other was absolutely perfect. But it was Laura's mouth that was the telling point: it was not pretty or really correct, but it was full of humour and merriment, now smiling, now pouting, now opening to show the even white teeth and let the ringing laugh escape; and then he glanced at Winnie's mouth, which was more correct, but being the most tell-tale feature in a face, it betrayed the absence of humour, and showed a certain primness. Their figures were almost the strongest point of likeness, except that Laura was slightly the taller and slimmer; and as for their voices they were identical. It would be cruel, perhaps, to say that Winnie was a second-rate likeness of Laura, but when he analysed it he was forced to own that Laura was a glorified edition of Winnie. Laura, too, besides being kind and warm-hearted, was intelligent and amusing, with a highly developed sense of humour, and, best of all, sympathetic. Was she perhaps too sympathetic? No, he thought, that could hardly be possible. Thus, as he studied her day by day, and point by point, he found himself confronted with a very formidable danger. He was obliged to admit to himself that he really preferred this charming widow's company to his wife's: he could talk to her by the hour and never tire, and all the time the subtle likeness helped to delude him into a feeling of perfect security, and encouraged him in an unusually rapid development of intimacy. Confidences were exchanged: she spoke simply and without affectation of the loneliness of her widowhood, and of her love for her two children; he of his life and its limitations, of his hopes and his ambitions. And now, as he sat there listlessly gazing at the distant hills, he knew that he had already made the great confession to himself: he loved her with a love that was new to him. The gap in his life seemed filled, the craving satisfied. Love it was that had filled the blank. Admiration and respect he had always felt for Winnie, and this, combined with the intimacy of childhood, he had not unnaturally mistaken for true love. And now he felt that, like the prisoner in the cell, he had the loaf of bread before him, but the sparkling, cooling water with which to quench his burning thirst was outside the bars, in sight but out of reach. While unformed resolutions were still rising in his thoughts, he saw Laura returning to her seat by his side.

"The orchestra is playing too beautifully this evening," she said enthusiastically. "I have just been listening to a Hungarian rhapsody: it quite thrilled me."

"I too have been thrilled." The remark escaped him, as he looked up at Laura, who was standing by his side.

'What by?" she inquired.

"Why, by my own thoughts," he replied; "they always afford me endless distraction. I let them run wild as I paint, and the consequence is sometimes sorrow and pain, and sometimes joy and delight."

"And which was it this time?" she asked.

"Both," he answered, "both in the greatest intensity; and like you I was thrilled."

"Ah, how well I understand what you mean!" she said softly, with a sigh, as she sat down by his side. It struck Robert that he had been talking nonsense, and that if he continued he would run the risk of saying something which he would deeply regret later. He attempted, therefore, to recover himself by an allusion to his sketch; but Laura seemed more inclined to go on in the vein he had started in, and there was a moment of embarrassing silence.

"Do I," she inquired, "do I give you the impression of a cheerful, thoughtless person?"

"No, not thoughtless at all," he interrupted.

"My cheerfulness is superficial," she continued;—"if I give myself up to reverie—which I try all I can to fight against—my thoughts inevitably get into a melancholy vein." After a pause she added, "You don't know how lonely and aimless my life seems to me."

Again Robert felt that they were on dangerous ground, but this time it was not his fault, and he hesitated before answering this last remark. Looking up at the inexpressibly sad and lovely face near him, "Sympathy is asked of me," he thought: "why may not I give it just as I feel inclined?" And then she turned towards him and smiled, and the likeness to his wife flashed vividly across him, but it seemed this time like a warning to him.

"Life is hard for us all," he murmured, and resumed his painting, hoping that his remark had been sufficiently banal to damp the progress of the conversation. Seven o'clock struck, and this was the signal for returning to the hotel.

The following day Winnie had recovered sufficiently to accompany them as usual. Robert went up to the Castle first, and the two women joined him later in the afternoon.

"I've been telling Laura that she really must go to Italy," Winnie began, as they arrived on the terrace. "Just fancy never having seen Rome, and that lovely palace I adored so! What was it called, Robert!"

"The Vatican, dear."

"Yes, the Vatican, Laura; it is too sweet for anything. But I tell you what: there is a delightful French book you ought to read about Italy called 'Sentiments d'Italie.'"

"'Sensations,' my dear," corrected Robert patiently.

They then began to discuss whether it was preferable to read about a place before you went there or after you had been there. Winnie did not join in, as she said she couldn't see what difference it made. The conversation passed on to other subjects, and Winnie ventured occasional remarks, but she found they were not listened to—the other two appeared to be so intent on their talk. Gradually it dawned on her that she was *de trop*. Needless to say, Robert and Laura had felt this at once—the more so now that they knew what it was to be alone together. So she got up and walked slowly away, and as she did so she heard no pause in their conversation, and knew that she was not missed. She made her way up the incline behind where they were sitting, and resting on a rustic bench, she gave herself up to sad thoughts for a few minutes. But hers was not a nature that gave way to morbid depression, and, as if shaking the thoughts from her she rose and went down the hill again. At a bend in the path she caught sight of them below her, Robert leaning over his picture and Laura standing by his side with her head bent down near his. There was nothing startling about it, but it made her shudder, and, turning her head away quickly, "I won't spy on them," she thought—"I trust Robert absolutely," and she continued her way down the hill. Her approach was the signal for the return to the hotel. The silence that prevailed as they walked down the hill was unusual, and they each of them were aware of it, but Winnie was the only one who had the courage to break it.

"I do love that *Lohengrin* March the band is playing," she ventured; as a matter of fact it was *Tannhäuser*, but this time Robert had not the patience to correct her. Her remark passed in silence, so she did not attempt another.

Laura Bayford did not dine with the Marstons that night, but on coming down they found her already established at a small table with a middle-aged military-looking man, who, though handsome in a somewhat obvious way, presented rather a

striking figure in the hotel dining-room. They appeared to have a great deal to talk about; and most of it, judging by the frequent outbursts of laughter, must certainly have been very amusing. Laura went up to the Marstons directly after dinner.

"I must introduce you to Colonel Larcom," she said: "he has just arrived this evening. And now let's all four go into the salon, and when the other people have gone we might have some music, Winnie. Colonel Larcom loves it."

After talking for a quarter of an hour or so, during which time Laura by her vivacity and charm seemed to put every one at their ease, they found that they had the salon to themselves, and it was again suggested that Winnie should sing. The latter complied somewhat reluctantly, and went to the piano. She had a fine voice, but her singing was entirely expressionless and uninteresting—so much so that in some passages, which obviously needed expression, the entire absence of it and the utter lack of musical intelligence amounted almost to being ridiculous.

During the first song Laura and Robert had whispered together while the Colonel read the newspaper. But it was a passage in the second song which set Laura off laughing: she couldn't repress it, and it was impossible not to notice that it was Winnie's singing that was the cause of her merriment. But this was not all. She turned to Robert with a look as if she thought their intimacy sufficiently advanced to warrant his joining her in laughing at his wife's singing. Robert looked away without a smile on his face, and at the end of the song called out,—

"Winnie, you're tired to-night: don't sing any more."

The tears were in Winnie's eyes as she rose from the piano; she murmured something about having a headache, and left the room.

To have seen the party the following morning at breakfast, no one could have guessed that there had been anything of an unpleasant nature between them overnight. They were all in the best of spirits; for Winnie would never have magnified the importance of any small contretemps, nor would her good-humour and amiability have allowed her to resent any little affront for long. The Colonel had noticed nothing. Indeed, he appeared to Robert to be a person with but small powers of observation and of a very elementary order of intellect—a conclusion which he reflected on not without pleasure, when he attempted to account for the Colonel's friendship with Laura. He had gathered, however, from Laura's remarks, that their meeting had been entirely a chance one.

On the evening of that day, which was a Sunday, there was to be a "Schloss Beleuchtung," the illumination of the Castle of which they had all heard so much. They decided to drive over to a café on the opposite side of the river, where they would get a good view of the Castle. After an early dinner they started out in two victorias, Winnie and the Colonel in the first, Laura and Robert following behind. Never had Laura been so delightful as she was that evening. She talked of leaving places, of the weird atmosphere they had sometimes, of the power of association, how far stronger it was than artistic appreciation, of the sadness of past memories,—and all this without a vestige of sentimentality or self-consciousness. The drive was all too short.

"Bother the fireworks! why couldn't they drive on and on, away from the noisy crowd?" thought Robert; but they were already at the gate where they had to get out.

In the crowd that was mounting up the terraces of the café, Robert got separated from his party, and found himself crushed into a corner of a verandah at the top of the garden, from which he had a perfect view of the river, the lights of the town, and the great black hill looming above them on the other side. He saw it was useless to look for the others in the dark, so he settled himself in a corner on the edge of the railing. The people gradually found their seats; and soon, amidst the hubbub of

"Why, my dear Claud," she answered, "of course you know . . . ."

Robert Marston, with a strange feeling of sickness, struggled in vain to turn into the throng that pressed round him, so as to hear no more of this conversation; but at that moment a loud report echoed through the mountains, and as if by magic the old Castle appeared glowing red-hot on the hill opposite, while a shower of rockets came sparkling from out of the ruined tower. There was a murmur almost amounting to a cheer all along the river bank, and the songs of the students were heard on the water, where the procession of illuminated boats now came in view. Robert, who could not alter his position, was obliged to wait where he was, and listen to the guttural ejaculations of those around him, as they exclaimed: "*Wie reizend! aber prachtvoll! Das ist ja colossal!*" etc. The faces of the crowd were lit up by the blaze from the glowing Castle; and Laura, glancing round at this effect, caught the gaze of Robert Marston fixed upon her. There was a reproachful sadness in his face, which was given an unnatural and ghastly pallor by the light of the fireworks. Laura's face as she turned round appeared to Robert to be the image of his wife's, and again he muttered to himself, "They are not really much like, after all." He hurried out, and found his wife by the gate, also struggling in the crowd. The two drove home together in the first cab they could find. Winnie talked the whole way of how she got lost and could not find the Colonel or any of the party. Robert appeared to pay no attention at all. Suddenly he interrupted her.

"We shall leave Heidelberg to-morrow," he said in a peremptory way. "I shall not wait till Tuesday." Something in the tone of his voice told her that questions would be unnecessary.

It poured in torrents the next day, and the Marstons were occupied with their packing and the final arrangements for their departure. Laura expressed great sorrow at their going to Winnie, whom she met in the passage, and told her she would certainly come and see them off at the station.

Their train left in the evening. Laura kissed Winnie effusively on the platform.

"Good-bye," said Winnie, in a cheerful voice. Her spirits had risen at the thought of their departure.

"Good-bye, dearest," Laura answered. "It has been so delightful. We really have had a charming fortnight, except for that little chill you had."

By a dexterous management or rather mismanagement of rugs and bags and umbrellas, Robert Marston avoided shaking hands with her; and with a polite lifting of his hat from the carriage window and a wave of the handkerchief from Laura the train steamed out of the station. Robert watched the figures of Laura and the Colonel leave the platform together, and then sank back in his corner-seat and stared out of the window. The sky was still overclouded, and the setting sun was shining beneath the grey clouds, and once more he gazed at the old Castle as it stood gorgeously illumined in the golden brilliancy of evening. Winnie watched him, and there was a long heavy silence as the rumbling thuds of the train came faster and faster.

"Bob," she began suddenly, with a slight catch in her voice, "you're in love with that woman."

"Yes," he answered slowly and seriously—"I was."

"Oh, Bob!" she exclaimed, with a pitiful cry.

But he interrupted her.

"I loved her, I think, because she was so much like you, Winnie; and I ceased loving her when I found she was a humbug—when I found she was not the least like you."

With a cry which seemed the outlet for her pent-up doubts and fears, Winnie threw herself in his arms and sobbed as if her heart would break.

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

ME AND HIM.

I WUZ out in the medder
Pickin' danderline roots,
When I heard the chumpin'
Of Jim's big boots;
My heart mos' stopped beatin',
But I tossed my bunnet brim,
We wuz thar by ourselves,—
Jes' me an' him.

Says I, "Howdy, Jim?
How's yer par an' mar?
He didn't do nothin', 'cep' grin,
An' run his fingers through his har;
Then he comes up clost,
An' I says "Jim!"
An' blushed,—though thar wuz
Jes' me an' him!

Terrectly he put his arm
Roun' my waist,
Sassy like,
Turned me roun', till we faced,
Then he kissed me—did Jim,
But nobody wuz thar—
Jes' me an' him.

LULU COOKE DON CARLOS.

CHIFFON.

"MY dear Rosanne, why *don't* you marry?"

"My sweetest Olivia, shouldn't you rather ask why men are such bores?"

"All men are not bores," returned Olivia, with dignity; and Rosanne laughed. At the same time she put out a lazy hand and lifted a miniature, which, set in a narrow band of gold, hung from a chain round the neck of her friend.

"He is quite beauteous to behold, I admit," she said. "And you've been married three months. Oh! I own you must allow a decent interval to elapse. In fact, it would neither be pretty nor becoming in you to talk of bores just yet; I should certainly disapprove of you if you did."

Olivia settled the cushions behind her head.

"I constantly disapprove of *you*; indeed, if I didn't know that you never by any chance mean a word you say, I should be angry," she returned.

"There you mistake," observed Rosanne calmly. "I have become a very serious woman lately. I have, in fact, put away childish things."

Olivia examined the lace on her friend's tea-gown. "So I thought," she said; "and a glance at your wardrobe confirms my suspicions. There is solidity and real worth in that chiffon blouse on the chair, for instance; and is the gauze parasol with the rosy lining a symbol of your grasp on the deep realities of life?"

"Yes," observed Rosanne, taking the parasol from the bed, and twirling it meditatively, "the handle is certainly decorative."

Candles were lighted on either side of the looking-glass; but the room was bright with firelight, which flickered on the drawn chintz curtains at the window, on the rose-garlanded curtains of the bed, on the silver-backed brushes and cut-glass bottles of the dressing-table. Chairs, sofa, tables, were strewn with great store of raiment of silk, of chiffon, of cloudy gauze. Its owner lay in a capacious armchair by the fireside, her feet encased in the daintiest of slippers, the rest of her person enveloped in cascades of silk and lace. Her friend and hostess, who was still wearing her dinner dress, sat opposite, on the sofa.

"Yes, it's a nice handle," repeated Rosanne; "and, as you say, it is well to grasp the realities of life."

"I thought you had become a serious woman?"

"Am I not proving it? What is more serious than clothes and the chances of an unbecoming hat?"

"And the childish things?"

"Oh!—men, and trifles of that nature."

"The frocks puzzle me, then."

"Olivia, you are vulgar! In choosing a becoming gown a woman merely obeys a deep seated, sacred instinct of her nature."

"Isn't it strange that the more sacred womanly instincts are invariably expensive?" observed Olivia. "But to return. Seriously, you *must* marry, Rosanne. It is ridiculous of you not to. Here you are, a young——"

"Fairly young," interrupted Rosanne, looking into the fire.

"*Young*," repeated Olivia firmly. "I am two months older than you."

"I beg your pardon," murmured her friend,—"young, then. Go on."

"Young, pretty, charming, clever——"

"The stupid man with a faculty for self-effacement which amounts to genius. There's no use in trampling on the worm that never turns, is there? And personally I dislike trampling. It wears out my shoes. The really clever woman, of course, carefully disguises her cleverness, but——"

"It will out," sighed Olivia. "No, the mistake *you* make, my dear child, is in being so abominably critical."

"Ah! would some power the giftie gie us, to see men—as they see themselves, for instance. It's all I ask," said Rosanne, in a tone of gentle resignation. "How we should bow the knee!"

Olivia laughed. "You're unjustifiably hard on the poor creatures," she remonstrated. "But now, seriously, Rosanne. What sort of man *would* you marry? There must be some one."

"Yes, but then he wouldn't marry *me*."

"Why not?"

"Oh! he'd say I was flippant, that I had no heart, that I was a flirt, a trifler—Heaven knows what!" returned Rosanne, with a little airy movement of her hands. "He would find me amusing, you understand, an entertaining companion, an agreeable rattle—isn't that the phrase? Probably when he had married his good, earnest, serious, steadfast little wife, he would come to me to escape from all the capital letters—the Good, the True, the Right, and the Deadly Dull; and then—oh! why, then the fun begins, you know!"

"I don't call it fun at all!" cried Olivia indignantly.

Rosanne broke into a laugh. "Take care," she said: "matrimony is an insidious evil; it has robbed many a woman of her sense of humour ere this."

"It's the principle I object to."

"Olivia," Rosanne groaned, "friend of my vanishing girlhood, spare me one last illusion. To think I should live to hear *you* condescend to abstract principles!"

Olivia smiled. "I'm sorry," she said. "Go on. You haven't yet described the sort of man who wouldn't marry you. What would he be like?"

"To look at? Oh! not much. So that he has a decent figure and the ordinary features, his eyes may be of what colour it please God. But I think they're blue."

"I thought you didn't like blue eyes?"

"There are blues—and blues."

"Yes: I've noticed that. Well?"

"In the first place, he must be very silly."

"But I thought——"

"My dear Olivia! Before you married you knew the difference between stupidity and a silliness which is not only divine but 'gleg in the uptak' as well as I do. For instance, when I say that, if you want a woman to love you, you must butter her feet, a *silly* man will grin appreciatively, a *stupid* one will laugh the wild, mad roar of total incomprehension. Now do you understand?"

Olivia nodded. She began to look interested. "Yes, quite. And besides being thoroughly silly?"

"Well! he must be able to perform the quick change turn with lightning speed, or else he is in danger of laughing in the wrong place. You will agree with me, Olivia, that one could *not* marry a man who laughed inappropriately."

"No—but then you prepare many pitfalls for the unwary," returned Olivia.

"I cannot stop to analyse that sentence, so I don't know whether it is meant malicious. To continue. Besides his silliness, his ability to become *quite* serious on less than half a second's notice, he must take care of me all the time—do you understand?—so that I never feel out of his thoughts."

Olivia nodded again, with brightening eyes. "But you are exacting," she declared. "He must be a clever man, well versed, I fear, in the deceptive arts."

"What do I care?" said Rosanne, stamping her foot. "Isn't all life a deceptive art? All I ask is that the deception shall be well sustained, the illusion preserved, at all events while the curtain is up. Remove the honest man. Set him far from me—I will none of him. Give me the man of guile and subtlety. I shall observe his guile, of course. I shall unravel the subtlety, but I shall love him for trying to spare me."

"By all means," said Olivia; "but don't marry him."

"Ah!" replied Rosanne quickly, "but he is *essentially* trustworthy, you understand. In all the things that matter, he is like the British Constitution for stability."

"I understand. A butterfly, with a dash of the serpent, and a Nonconformist conscience. Well?"

"Then—well, then he must be able to make love—oh, delightfully!"

"Anything else?"

"He must dress well, of course. There is no such check to emotion as the wrong necktie. And that he should always notice and approve my new frocks goes without saying."

"And you would marry a man like that?" asked her friend, leaning forward breathlessly.

Rosanne nodded.

Olivia clapped her hands. "I know him," she declared. "I know the very man! You shall meet. No! I will not even tell you his name. If I did you would criticise the number of its syllables, or discover some sort of hypercritical objection to it, which would presently be transferred to the owner."

Rosanne regarded her excited friend with a smile. "Present him by all means," she assented. "To know quite how badly one has described any one else it is only necessary to be introduced to the person answering to the description."

"No matter; you shall meet!" declared Olivia, rising.

"Besides, I am curious to know how you recognise some of the peculiarities of my ideal," Rosanne went on, looking up from the depths of the chair. "For instance, his method of making love——"

"It was before I was married," returned Olivia hastily, "and it was necessary to be able to compare Bernard's way with—with others, wasn't it? And besides—of course, he didn't really; and, moreover, every man of understanding gives one at least a *hint* of his method."

"You explain the situation with admirable point and clearness," observed Rosanne, getting up lazily to return Olivia's farewell. "*Look* at the state of this room!"

"Never mind; Burrows shall tidy it to-morrow before you are up," said Olivia, kissing her hand at the door. "Good-night: sleep well. You promise to marry him?"

"If he is all my fancy painted; but he won't have *me*, remember," said Rosanne, folding her arms over the bed-rail and smiling.

"Oh, he's not quite a fool," returned Olivia calmly, as she disappeared.

Rosanne's smile went out suddenly before the door closed. She turned again to the fire, and stood a long time with her elbows on the mantelpiece, her chin on her clasped hands.

She raised herself presently with a jerk. She hastily blew out the candles on the dressing-table, carefully refraining from a glance in the mirror. The fire had sunk low, but she undressed hurriedly by its light, and crept into bed, where she lay with wide-opened eyes till long after daybreak.

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"There's something the matter with Rosanne," said Olivia, brushing her hair absentmindedly.

"She seems lively enough," remarked her husband.

"You speak as a man," answered his wife tolerantly, "not knowing that, if Rosanne were going to be executed and the hangman said a good thing, she would laugh."

"Let us hope she will never be put to the test."

"I don't know," said Olivia doubtfully. "At all events I'm going to ask Richard Anstruther to dinner."

"By way of precipitating matters?"

"Perhaps."

"And will she laugh?"

"I hope not. She laughs too much."

"I see. Meet your executioner with becoming gravity and he will flee from you."

"You don't want him to *flee* exactly. You might find out that hanging wasn't so bad after all."

"Ah. Well, Anstruther wouldn't make a bad hangman."

"No, but he's difficult," mused Olivia. "And *she's* impossible."

"It doesn't seem as if this execution would come off quite, does it?" observed her husband with an impartial air.

"What are you going to wear to-night?" asked Olivia, as she regarded Rosanne with critical eyes.

"I don't know. My white silk, perhaps; it's easy to get into," Rosanne listlessly replied. She had been out all day, shopping, walking, picture-gazing, with apparent tireless energy.

"I can't keep up with Rosanne, and I'm fairly energetic; *you* must take her about," Olivia had long ago told her husband. "She seems possessed with a very demon of restlessness. I can't think how she lives. She'll kill herself."

At the present moment, as she lay on the sofa for ten minutes before dressing, it looked very much as though her friend's prophecy might not after all be the mere figure of speech into which most assertions resolve themselves.

"No, not the white gown," begged Olivia rather too hastily. "It's—it's rather trying when you feel tired. Why not the rosy silk?"

For answer Rosanne sat upright on the sofa and looked long at herself in the opposite mirror. "You're quite right. Not the white dress, I think," she observed, with a laugh which expressed most things except mirthfulness.

"I want you to look particularly charming," Olivia went on. "*He's* going to take you in."

"The Embodied Ideal? I am really to meet him? *Schweig still, mein Herz—schweig still!*" She put her hand on her heart. "It's no use, Olivia. There isn't the faintest flutter. But then,"—she rose, and coming to the dressing-table nodded toward the looking-glass,—"a woman who has a face like that and a fluttering heart, owns an anachronism, which is absurd. And let me not be absurd, sweet Heaven! whatever else I may be."

"I don't like you when you talk in that way," returned Olivia severely; "and I'm going to send Burrows now to do your hair."

"No—really! I'd rather not. I can do it better myself. Oh! go away, little friend! Put on your kittenest frock. *You* can—it becomes you; but leave to me the sere and yellow leaf of carefully selected clothing."

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The rose dropped from her hand, and catching a moment in the gauze flounces, fell shattering to the floor.

There was a long strip of glass above the fireplace, and for a second Rosanne's eyes met the eyes of the man who was smilingly shaking hands with his hostess.

She stooped, gathered up the pinky petals at her feet, carefully placed them on the mantelpiece, and turned, as Olivia murmured: "Rosanne—Mr. Anstruther—Miss——"

Rosanne held out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Anstruther?" she said, with a brilliant smile.

"Mr. and Mrs. Neville; Mr. Howard; Miss Howard," announced Jepson mercifully; for Olivia, the accomplished hostess, had gasped undeniably, and exchanged glances with her husband.

"Really?" said Rosanne, as she went down the lighted staircase on Anstruther's arm. "And have *you* been trying experiments?" As an accompaniment, her words had the soft swish and rustle of skirts and the murmur of conversation.

"Oh! I am always trying experiments," the man returned, as they found their places at the table.

"What is the latest?" asked Rosanne, unfolding her table-napkin. A passing servant brushed one of her gloves from the table. Anstruther stooped for it.

"I've been trying to forget *you*," he said in an ordinary tone, putting the glove beside her glass.

Rosanne's spoon rattled suddenly against the soup-plate.

"You are generally successful with your experiments," she said.

"This one didn't come off."

"Are you—er—interested in Egyptian remains?" said a voice at her other ear.

"Oh, not at all!" exclaimed Rosanne hurriedly: "I don't like the remains of anything; do you?"

"Er—well!—perhaps——" began the professor, fidgetting with the wineglasses as Rosanne launched one wild remark after the other into space, and filled the gaps left for his replies with laughter. Not till the fish course was a memory did she turn to her left-hand neighbour.

"I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Anstruther," she began stiffly, looking past him.

Anstruther paused, his glass half-way to his lips. "Neither have I," he said, putting it down untasted.

Rosanne helped herself to salt with some deliberation.

"By the way, you have not called upon Mrs. Trevelyan, I hear," he observed, before she could speak. "Miss Dobell, you know—she married my old chum Trevelyan. Why don't you call? She admires you greatly, I can assure you."

"I didn't hear—I've been away. Really? Mrs. *Trevelyan*?—she was always too good to me," replied Rosanne a trifle incoherently, taking, by mistake, a savoury she detested. But as she was passing all the courses, merely putting her knife and fork mechanically on her plate as a sort of symbolic recognition of the dinner-rite, this was of no great consequence.

The archæological professor's innings had begun, and he talked a great deal.

"Doesn't Rosanne look beautiful to-night?" said Olivia, in a low voice, to the old friend on her left. "Great heavens! What's the matter with her? She isn't talking. She's smiling into her plate in a mystical manner instead!"

"When does the execution take place?" asked Olivia's husband, as his wife returned from Rosanne's room in the small hours of the morning.

"At the end of May," returned Olivia ecstatically; "at St. Margaret's, Westminster!"

NETTA SYRETT.

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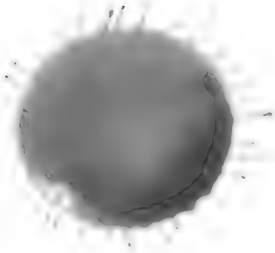

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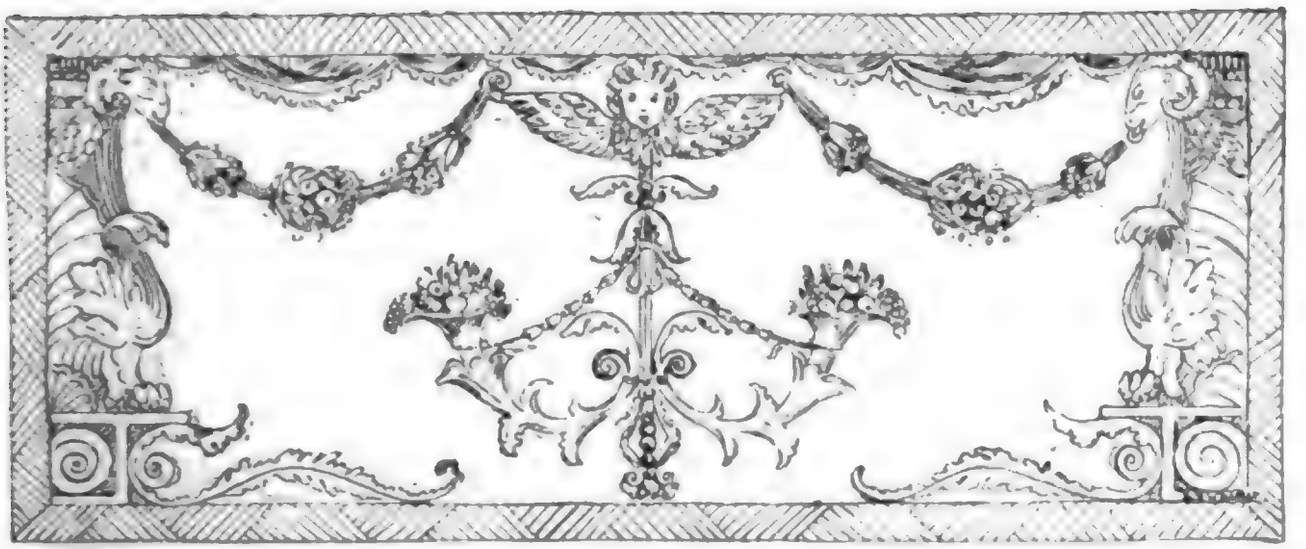

JUSTICE TO ENGLAND.

ON June 7th, 1899, Mr. Balfour spoke at the dinner of the National Union of Conservative Associations, and in his speech he uttered a prophetic warning to the effect that the Home Rule controversy is not dead, but that it sleeps awaiting a favourable moment for wakening.

Mr. Balfour said on the above occasion:—

"I deduce . . . the conclusion that, however dead the cause of Home Rule may appear at the present moment, it is from the nature of the case predestined to revive under the very laws which govern our Party system in this country, and that we shall require in the future, as we have required and successfully used in the past, the whole organisation of the Unionist Party successfully to resist this new invasion of the unity of the Empire,"—

when one reads these words, it is almost impossible to avoid the consideration of the matter of the existing over-representation of Ireland in the House of Commons and the allied under-representation of England. One wants to ask, in this matter, for Justice to England, and at the same time to show reasons why possible future danger to the Empire and to the Union between Great Britain and Ireland should be materially lessened by the lopping of Ireland's excess of representation in the House of Commons.

Bearing in mind that Mr. Balfour himself considers that Home Rule is not dead as a matter of practical politics, let us look at the over-representation of Ireland from a practical point of view, and see how the thing shapes.

Table A shows the population of the three parts of the United Kingdom in 1881, 1886, 1891, 1896, and in 1901. The figures for the two census-years, 1881 and 1891, can be checked by reference to Volume IV., "General Report of the Census of England and Wales," page 123. The figures for the years 1886, 1896 and 1901 have been computed by the method explained on pages 6 and 7 of the same volume; and as regards the population in the year 1901, it is probable that the results of the forthcoming Census for 1901 will prove the present estimate to be sufficiently near the truth for our present purpose.

TABLE A.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM AT FIVE DATES, FROM 1881 TO 1901.

April 6.	*England and Wales.*	*Scotland*	*Ireland.*	*United Kingdom.*
1881	25,974,439	3,735,573	5,174,836	34,884,848
1886	27,447,000	3,877,900	4,934,200	36,259,100
1891	29,002,525	4,025,647	4,704,750	37,732,922
1896	30,648,000	4,178,900	4,486,100	39,313,000
1901	32,390,000	4,337,000	4,279,000	41,006,000

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From the facts in Table A we compute those shown in Table B, which gives the proportional distribution of the population in the three parts of the United Kingdom in 1881, 1886, 1891, 1896, and in 1901.

TABLE B.

PROPORTIONAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM WHICH IS GIVEN IN TABLE A.

April 6.	*England and Wales.*	*Scotland.*	*Ireland.*	*United Kingdom*
	per cent.	*per cent.*	*per cent.*	*per cent.*
1881	74·5	10·7	14·8	100
1886	75·7	10·7	13·6	100
1891	76·8	10·7	12·5	100
1896	78·0	10·6	11·4	100
1901	79·0	10·6	10·4	100

This Table B, while it shows to us how the population of the United Kingdom is distributed in the three parts of the Kingdom, also tells us that, during the twenty years 1881–1901, the English and Welsh proportion of the whole population has increased from 74·5 per cent. in 1881 to 79·0 per cent in 1901, and that during the same period the Irish share of the whole population of the United Kingdom has decreased from 14·8 in 1881 to only 10·4 per cent in 1901. Scotland's proportional share of the whole population has remained almost constant during the twenty years 1881–1901.

The facts in Table B will now be used to compute the respective shares of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, in the 670 members of the House of Commons. These shares are stated in Table C, and, side by side with them, are given the actual number of members of Parliament who now represent each of the three parts of the United Kingdom.

TABLE C.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—I. ACTUAL DISTRIBUTION; II. DISTRIBUTION ON PROPORTIONAL-POPULATION BASIS SET OUT IN TABLE B.

April 6.	*England and Wales.*		*Scotland.*		*Ireland.*		*United Kingdom.*	
	I. Actual Number of Seats.	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Population Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Population Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Population Basis.*	*I. Total.*	*II. Total.*
1881	493	490	60	70	105	98	658	658
1886	495	507	72	72	103	91	670	670
1891	495	514	72	72	103	84	670	670
1896	495	522	72	72	103	76	670	670
1901	495	529	72	71	103	70	670	670

The comparison that Table C allows us to make shows that the division "England and Wales" has been under-represented in the House of Commons to a degree that increases from twelve seats too few in 1886 to thirty-four seats too few in 1901. In 1881 the division "England and Wales" had three seats too many, and the under-representation probably began in 1882 or 1883, and this under-representation has continued in growing proportions ever since.

Scotland has been justly represented from 1886, for we see in Table C that the figures in columns I. and II., for Scotland, are identical for 1886, 1891, 1896, and nearly identical for the year 1901. In 1881 Scotland had ten seats too few on this basis of Parliamentary representation in proportion to population.

Coming to the facts for Ireland in Table C, we see that Ireland shows an over-representation in the House of Commons during the whole twenty years 1881–1901. The excess of representation in 1881 was seven seats, and during 1886–1901 the excess is as follows:—

In 1886, Ireland's excess = twelve seats.
„ 1891, „ „ = nineteen seats.
„ 1896, „ „ = twenty-seven seats.
„ 1901, „ „ = thirty-three seats.

Now, Table C shows that the deficient representation of England and Wales in the House of Commons during 1886–1901 is as follows:—

In 1886, England and Wales' deficiency = twelve seats.
„ 1891, „ „ „ = nineteen seats.
„ 1896, „ „ „ = twenty-seven seats.
„ 1901, „ „ „ = thirty-four seats.

A glance at the statements just made as to Ireland's excess of representation, and as to the deficient representation of England and Wales during 1886–1901, will show that Ireland's excess is identical with the deficiency of representation for England and Wales, the only divergence from absolute identity being for the year 1901, in which Scotland's excess of one seat has to be added to Ireland's excess of thirty-three seats in order to make up the deficiency of thirty-four seats for England and Wales in the year 1901. In the other years, 1886, 1891, and 1896, Scotland has been accurately represented in the House of Commons, and thus the whole of England's deficiency of representation is seen to arise out of Ireland's excess of representation.

Why should this anomaly continue? Scotland, who does not bother the partnership, is content to go on year after year with a representation in the House of Commons that is, as we see from Table C, justly proportioned to Scotland's population. But Ireland, who *has* bothered the partnership, and who may bother it again, Mr. Balfour says, has had and has a degree of representation in the House of Commons much in excess of the just amount. And England pays the piper for Ireland's excess, being now under-represented to the extent of more than thirty seats in the Commons! Even in the year 1891 Ireland had nineteen seats too many and England nineteen seats too few.

We have seen that, basing the Parliamentary representation of the three parts of the United Kingdom upon their respective populations, while Scotland is justly represented, there is need for an important measure of redistribution of seats as between Ireland, and England and Wales.

* * * * * * *

Let us now look at the matter upon the basis of the number of electors on the Parliamentary Register. For this purpose I will use the most recent return now to be had, that for the year 1899, and I will also show the facts for five years ago—*i.e.*, for 1894. Table D contains these facts.

TABLE D.

THE NUMBER OF ELECTORS ON THE PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER IN FORCE, IN 1894 AND IN 1899.

Year.	*England.*	*Wales.*	*Scotland.*	*Ireland.*	*United Kingdom.*
1894	4,629,769	275,443	625,628	737,951	6,268,791
1899	4,917,980	290,157	671,128	721,018	6,600,283

We have now to use Table D for the purpose of ascertaining the respective proportions of electors of each of the four parts of the United Kingdom, in the total number of electors in the Kingdom, and so we turn the figures in Table D into percentages of that total number of electors. These percentages are given in Table E.

TABLE E.

PROPORTIONAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTORS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM SET OUT IN TABLE D.

Year.	*England.*	*Wales.*	*Scotland.*	*Ireland.*	*United Kingdom.*
1894	73·8	4·4	10·0	11·8	100
1899	74·5	4·4	10·2	10·9	100

We see from Table E that during the five years 1894–99 the number of electors on the Parliamentary Register for England increased from 73·8 per cent. to 74·5 per cent., that the percentage of Wales remained constant, that Scotland's share of the total number of electors in the United Kingdom slightly increased, and that Ireland's share fell from 11·8 per cent. in 1894 to 10·9 per cent. in 1899.

Very well. We now use the facts in Table E to compute the respective shares of England, of Wales, of Scotland, and of Ireland, in the 670 Members of the House of Commons. These shares are given in Table F; and, side by side with them, are stated the actual numbers of Members of Parliament who, in 1894 and in 1899, represented each of the four parts of the United Kingdom.

TABLE F.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—I. ACTUAL DISTRIBUTION; II. DISTRIBUTION ON PROPORTIONAL ELECTORAL BASIS SET OUT IN TABLE E.

	England.		*Wales.*		*Scotland.*		*Ireland.*		*United Kingdom.*	
Year.	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Electoral Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Electoral Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Electoral Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on Electoral Basis.*	*I. Total.*	*II. Total.*
1894	465	495	30	30	72	67	103	78	670	670
1899	465	499	30	30	72	68	103	73	670	670

Thus, basing the Parliamentary representation of each part of the Kingdom upon the number of electors on the Register, we see from Table F that in 1894 England had thirty seats too few and in 1899 thirty-four seats too few. Wales has been accurately represented; Scotland had five seats too many in 1894 and four seats too many in 1899. Ireland had twenty-five seats too many in 1894 and thirty seats too many in 1899.

Here again [as we saw when we made in Table C a comparison similar to that in Table F, but upon the basis of Population instead of upon the basis of Number of Electors as in Table F] we see that Ireland's excess of representation is practically identical with England's deficient representation in the House of Commons,—and again one asks, Why should this anomaly continue?

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We will use a third basis of comparison—the basis of Contribution to Imperial Services. For this purpose I take up the Treasury Return dated July 22nd, 1898, No. 313, entitled "Revenue and Expenditure (England, Scotland, and Ireland)," which is the most recent Return published when I write. It relates to the financial year 1897-98. Here is the gist of it in Table G.

TABLE G.

CONTRIBUTION TO IMPERIAL SERVICES MADE BY ENGLAND, BY SCOTLAND, AND BY IRELAND, AFTER DEDUCTING FROM THE TOTAL REVENUE CONTRIBUTED BY EACH, THE AMOUNT OF THE LOCAL EXPENDITURE OF THE THREE PARTS OF THE KINGDOM.

Year 1897-98.	*England (with Wales).*	*Scotland.*	*Ireland.*	*United Kingdom.*
	£	£	£	£
Total Revenue as contributed	94,191,000	11,874,500	8,114,500	114,180,000
Local Expenditure	31,921,500	4,582,000	6,134,500	42,638,000
Balance available for Imperial Services	62,269,500 or 87·0 per cent. of the available Balance.	7,292,500 or 10·2 per cent. of the available Balance.	1,980,000 or 2·8 per cent. of the available Balance.	71,542,000 or 100 per cent. of the available Balance.

We see that, after deducting the Local Expenditure for each part of the Kingdom from the total Revenue contributed by each part of the Kingdom, the Balance which remains available for Imperial Services is made up in the following proportions:—

CONTRIBUTION TO IMPERIAL SERVICES.

		£	
Financial Year 1897-98.	England (with Wales)	87·0	per £100 available for Imperial Services.
	Scotland	10·2	" " " " " "
	Ireland	2·8	" " " " " "
	United Kingdom	100·0	" " " " " "

Applying these percentages to determine the share of Parliamentary representation that each part of the Kingdom should possess upon the basis of its Contribution to Imperial Services, we get the results set out in Table H.

TABLE H.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—I. ACTUAL DISTRIBUTION; II. DISTRIBUTION ON "CONTRIBUTION TO IMPERIAL SERVICES" BASIS, SET OUT IN TABLE G.

Years.	*England (with Wales).*		*Scotland.*		*Ireland.*		*United Kingdom.*	
	I. Actual Number of Seats.	*II. Proper Number of Seats on "Contribution" Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on "Contribution" Basis.*	*I. Actual Number of Seats.*	*II. Proper Number of Seats on "Contribution" Basis.*	*I. Total.*	*II. Total.*
1897-98	495	583	72	68	103	19	670	670

We see, by this third basis of comparison, that in the year 1897-98 England had 88 seats too few, that Scotland had 4 seats too many, and that Ireland had 84 seats too many.

For the third time, we see that Ireland's excess of Parliamentary representation is practically identical with England's deficient representation; and although one does not wish to press this third result—based as it is upon financial matters—with the same degree of force that may perhaps rightly be attached to the two preceding bases of comparison [Population, and Number of Electors], yet the quite extraordinary over-representation of Ireland and the allied under-representation of England now disclosed in Table H, does cause one to ask, for the third time, Why should this anomaly continue?

* * * * * * *

I have shown three comparisons of actual Parliamentary Representation with accurate Parliamentary Representation, each of these comparisons being based upon a different set of facts, and in each of the three comparisons we see that Ireland is over-represented in the House of Commons at the cost of England's under representation. Wales and Scotland can be left as they are, for their representation works out near enough to a just representation to render undesirable any interference with existing conditions.

But, as regards England and Ireland, surely it is only reasonable that a material alteration should be made in the seats now allotted to these two parts of the United Kingdom. Ireland's excess should be taken away and given to England; and now the question crops up—what part of England should receive Ireland's excess of seats in the House of Commons?

On this score, while I have not attempted the consideration of a general redistribution of seats in England, I have gone carefully into the matter of the representation of London, whose sixty divisions now return sixty-one members. Table J contains a comparison between London (the sixty Parliamentary Divisions of London) and Ireland for the years 1891 and 1901, upon the basis of population.

TABLE J.

A Comparison between London and Ireland as regards Representation in the House of Commons in the Years 1891 and 1901.

Year	*Population*		*Actual Number of Seats*		*Proper Number of Seats, based on Population,*		*London's Deficiency of Seats.*	*Ireland's Excess of Seats.*
	of London.	*of Ireland.*	*for London.*	*for Ireland.*	*for London.*	*for Ireland.*		
1891	4,437,021	4,704,750	61	103	79	84	18	19
1901	4,898,000	4,279,000	61	103	80	70	19	33

Note.—"London" means the sixty Parliamentary Districts of London, which return sixty-one members to the House of Commons.

In the year 1891, we see that Ireland's excess of nineteen seats was almost identical with London's deficiency of eighteen seats. Thus, if one acts upon the facts for the year 1891, the excess of Ireland's representation should be transferred in a lump to London.

But, in the year 1901, Ireland's excess will have increased to over thirty seats, and London's deficiency to about twenty seats, so that, upon the facts for 1901, twenty of Ireland's excess seats should be given to London, and the remaining ten (or thirteen—see Table J) of Ireland's excess seats should be distributed in other parts of England—Scotland and Wales being left undisturbed.

Leaving the matter of London's deficiency of representation, I will now sum up Ireland's excess of seats, and England's deficiency of seats, upon the three bases of comparison used in this article and at the dates mentioned.

I. On the Basis of Population.

In 1886 Ireland's excess = twelve seats, and England's deficiency = twelve seats.
,, 1891 ,, ,, = nineteen seats, ,, ,, = nineteen seats.
,, 1896 ,, ,, = twenty-seven seats, ,, ,, = twenty-seven seats.
,, 1901 ,, ,, = thirty-three seats, ,, ,, = thirty-four seats.

II. On the Basis of Number of Electors on the Parliamentary Register.

In 1894 Ireland's excess = twenty-five seats, and England's deficiency = thirty seats.
,, 1899 ,, ,, = thirty seats, ,, ,, ,, = thirty-four seats.

III. On the Basis of Contribution to Imperial Services.

In 1897-98 Ireland's excess = eighty-four seats, and England's deficiency = eighty-eight seats.

We see from this summary that in three of these seven comparisons at various dates from 1886 to 1901, Ireland's excess of seats is identical with England's deficiency, and that in the remaining four comparisons England's deficiency of seats is slightly larger than Ireland's excess. Thus, all the seven comparisons show that in every instance Ireland's excess belongs, by right, to England.

The experience of the last few years tends to show that in future the foreign and colonial affairs of our Empire will occupy more and more the devoted attention of our statesmen, and we ought not to run the risk of a revival of the vexatious and harassing Home Rule question at a time when the whole energies of our statesmen may be needed to manage the outside affairs of the Empire. Mr. Balfour, in his speech on June 7th, 1899, has warned us that such a revival is to be expected; and if this be indeed destined to occur, one may hope that at no distant date Ireland's great excess of representation in the House of Commons will be cut away, so that in the event of the Home Rule agitation again cropping up it may be deprived of a not inconsiderable part of its former strength as a factor in practical obstructionist politics.

The whole of the present argument, which plainly advocates a transference of thirty seats at the least from Ireland to England, is thus directly connected with the welfare of the workers of this country; for such a transference of seats from Ireland to England would, it seems reasonable to suppose, act as a safeguard against effective and injurious interference in Imperial affairs of British trade, should Mr. Balfour's warning be justified by the future revival of Home Rule.

J. Holt Schooling.

Middlesex. One must not, of course, confide in seventeenth-century maps, which are really impressionist studies rather than dull mechanical surveys. But still, if the engraver had met with any number of trees on his ride westward over Bagshot Heath, he would certainly have managed to convey the impression of a forest in that direction; and we know, by more certain evidence than that of early map-makers, that the flat ground to the north of the Thames was never wooded within historic times. In the days when there was a royal chase in Essex, and a much larger forest on the Surrey uplands, there were, in the valley between, only isolated patches of woodland, and most of these came in very early days into the hands of the cultivator, either as pleasure resorts for the king or as parks for the nobles. In the districts immediately to the west of London there may now be said to be no woods worth enumerating, almost the last remnant being a plantation near Feltham, which is now disappearing under the hands of the builder. But the south-western districts still retain, and, let us hope, will long continue to preserve, some bits of sylvan scenery which will vie in beauty with any that the home counties can show. The nearest relic of woodland in this direction is to be found within the limits of the old manor of Mortlake, which anciently comprised the districts we now know as Putney, Wimbledon, Barnes, and part of Kingston. Coombe Wood is now the only considerable tract of woodland remaining in this district, and it has suffered materially in the interests of railway travelling. It is not accessible to the general public, but the hospitality of Lord Archibald Campbell has rendered its pleasant glades familiar to many; though they may remember it less on its own account than as the background of the pastoral plays with which Lady Archibald delighted society a few seasons ago. That the Duke of Cambridge should present these woods to the nation is one of the things not generally expected. But perhaps seventy years hence, when the leases fall in, London may be able to make terms for the rescue from the builder of the nearest surviving piece of wild woodland in the south-western district. Two generations ago "Wimbledon Park" was a more beautiful bit of woodland than Coombe, and earlier still in the century there was much wood on the common. All the trees were pollards, the commoners having the right of lopping the trees for fuel in the autumn. The ancient ceremony of declaring the common open for this purpose took place on Michaelmas day, and the right continued until Lady day, when the common was declared closed. The custom of annual pollarding was very general in the case of woodlands adjoining open waste, and it has been a most valuable weapon in the hands of the Commons Preservation Society. It was to a large extent the existence of this custom and the continued exercise of it by the commoners of Loughton which led to the preservation of Epping Forest as an open space. But of course the custom has its drawbacks from the picturesque point of view. No trees can attain their proper growth under such conditions. The stem is deprived of all dignity, and one misses the wide-spreading branches of a real forest tree. In the primeval wood the trees grow farther apart; each covers a wide extent of ground, and suffers nothing to grow beneath its shade. In the pollarded copse the trees grow close to each other, and scarcely seem able to maintain their place in the struggle with the undergrowth. Where trees are grown for profit, pollarding is necessary at intervals, but the best traditions of woodcraft allow at least fifteen years to elapse between each operation. In the manorial waste, however, the trees were regarded not as shelter for deer, nor as producers of timber, still less as objects of beauty; they were regarded simply as providers of winter fuel. The oak pollards on Wimbledon Common were all cut down and sold in 1812, apparently without any attempt at resistance on the part of the commoners; nor was there at that time any public opinion to support them

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on the west. These limits were considerably reduced at intervals during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but still at the beginning of the present century it contained twenty-four thousand acres. The whole of that area disappeared under the Act of 1813; and Windsor Forest now lives only in tradition, save as to the patches of woodland apportioned to the Crown in the neighbourhood of the Great Park. Near the Castle there is not much to remind one of the native woodland, but beyond the end of the Long Walk you can still enter a region of glades shaded by giant trees, which were old when Henry VIII. rested from the chase beneath their branches, or when Surrey meditated the praises of the fair Geraldine under their shade. They have watched over English poetry from Spenser to Shelley, for it was among these groves that "Alastor" was written. The spirit of the old trees entered even into the frigid soul of Pope, and impelled him to show in his "Windsor Forest" that even in its most artificial periods English poetry was never wholly divorced from its old loves the greenwood tree, the russet plain and the purple-dyed heath.

To the south and south-east of the Great Park are numerous oases of woodland preserved by individual caprice from the ravages of the plough. These outlying spurs of the Great Forest of Windsor extend from Virginia Water southward to Guildford and eastward to Kingston, Epsom, and Leatherhead—in fact, to the very gates of Greater London.

Weybridge station furnishes the best introduction to the characteristic scenery of Surrey. Notwithstanding its nearness to the capital, there is to be found a peculiar kind of wildness in Surrey which is not exactly paralleled in any other county except Hampshire. It is not, of course, the wildness of a Yorkshire moor or a Scotch glen, but it is removed quite as far from the pastoral luxuriance of the Midlands and the Thames valley. Its great characteristic is the heather and gorse-clad commons, mingled with trees grown in a milder climate than seems suited either to heather or gorse. We have the heather on the northern moors, but we have not the trees as well. A walk from Weybridge to Leatherhead will introduce the pedestrian to much of this characteristic scenery. At the outset Weybridge common, with its sand and heather, lies between the parks of Oatlands and Burwood. Immediately to the south of Weybridge rises St. George's Hill, where sandy wastes with clumps of heather and gorse are associated with yews and hawthorns. This hill is very little known to Londoners, but it is quite as well worth visiting as Box Hill. The view over the Thames valley is magnificent. On the south slope of the hill towards Cobham is a fir wood where are more squirrels than anywhere else so near town, while the bracken below is a paradise for rabbits. Southward of Cobham is the rural heart of Surrey—a country of woodland interspersed with common, upon which grow gorse and ling surrounding the noblest of ancient oaks. Part of this country is still a wilderness, notwithstanding railways and steam ploughs. There are roads overrun with bracken and bramble and thistle fighting out their ancient battle on the uplands. It is not a little singular that this remote district—as remote in some senses as Glaramara or Schiehallion—should be fixed upon as the site of the Cathedral or Apostolic Church of the Irvingites, while within a reasonable walk of it is an interesting relic of the older faith—the church of Stoke D'Abernon, with the oldest brasses in England. If this long walk is continued to Leatherhead the pedestrian will pass Norbury Park, which is one of the few parks where Nature has been allowed to make her own selection among trees. Brayley, the county historian, notices that where the oak has decayed in this park the beech has succeeded it, and where the beech has decayed ash has sprung up in its place. The succession of oak and beech has been noticed elsewhere, and the supplanting

within the fifteen-mile radius, which the Committee on Commons fixed as the limit of metropolitan open spaces, where the wayfarer might for a moment fancy himself back in the days of the long bow. In the south-eastern district there is a quadrant of woodland patches extending from Plumstead to Croydon, from the Dover Road to the Brighton Road. If the exigencies of civilised life did not prevent it, a man might still walk along this quadrant, passing three parts of the way under the shade of oak or beech or pine. Nearly all of this is now park land, and has been cropped or replanted to suit the taste of the owners; but many old trees remain, and those that are not old are at least the legitimate successors of the old forest growth. Most easterly of the London woods is that which formerly stood on the land of the Abbey of Plumstead. None of the Abbey wood is now left, but fortunately part of the domain has been secured to the public, and through the generous assistance of private individuals a bit of modern woodland has been added to the open space. Plumstead Common and Bostall Heath were amongst the first fruits of the labours of the Commons Preservation Society. They were threatened with destruction by the Provost and Scholars of Queen's College, Oxford, who were lords of the manor of Plumstead, and who offered the common for sale in building lots, and enclosed the heath to let for agricultural purposes. Fortunately the residents had public spirit enough to level the fences, and to encounter the College in the Law Courts. Still more fortunately it happened that Sir Julian Goldsmid was a local landowner: he not only gave the commoners active support in the defence of their rights, but when the open space was saved, he offered sixty-two acres of woodland at such a modest price as enabled the Council to add it to the common.

The nearest approach to wild woodland within fifteen miles of London (at all events on the south side of the Thames) is to be found within reach of the Chelsfield and Halstead stations on the South-Eastern Railway (direct Tonbridge line). The Knockholt beeches, on the summit of the hill above Halstead, are a familiar object to those who have looked south-eastward from the Crystal Palace, and they may be seen on a clear day from the top of Parliament Hill, or even from Harrow. The view from them is less known, but to the lover of woodland it is more interesting; for here, within a circuit of a few miles, are clustered some genuine remains of the Andredesweald. Hereabouts the forest retained its pristine character certainly later than Elizabethan times; and within the memory of men still in the prime of life the Cudham woods (a spot hallowed by its associations with Charles Darwin) enjoyed much of their ancient wildness. Quite recently—within the last twenty years, in fact—their area has been much curtailed, and the ground which was sheltered by oak and beech now grows whole-fruit jam in its earlier stages. Still there are sufficient vestiges of woodland left to make the view from the Knockholt beeches an object-lesson in English history. To look from the summit of the hill over to the glimmer of sunlight on the glass of the Sydenham Palace, with the smoke of London behind it, and them to turn towards the woods below, is to step back at least three centuries. You can realise that this was once a land of forests, and the cultivated patches are but clearings. It is the woods that are old, and the fields and pastures are new.

Nearer London there are naturally still fewer relics of woodland. Of the belt which once stretched from Peckham, through Sydenham, nearly to Croydon, little is left but the reminiscences contained in the names Forest Hill and Norwood. There is, indeed, one patch which, being inclosed by the Dulwich College authorities, has up to the present escaped the ravages of the builder. This is all that is left to us of the great wood, where in the early years of the present century gipsies and vagrants made their home. The last of the troglodytes was

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or Masbro' has at present. A wit of the Restoration period speaks of it as a place "cloath'd in black, where you may well smell, but never see, your way." Those who associate the smoke of the charcoal burners with a clearing in the Vosges or the Black Forest may probably think the description overstrained; but more sober chroniclers give but an indifferent account of the sanitary state of the Croydon valley. Between the edge of Norwood and the present site of Croydon was a dismal swamp, in the hollow of which the smoke must have lain heavily. Across this morass there were apparently only two forest paths—one leading in the direction of Streatham, and the other to the site of a woodland house of refreshment which in later times became locally famous as the "Jolly Sailors"; to which house of entertainment people used to drive from London for a day in the woods. On the Croydon edge of the morass stood a farm known as Collier's Water, once the property of John Gilpin, who retired here in dignified seclusion, unconscious of the immortality which Cowper was shortly afterwards to confer on him.

To the south of Croydon—and, indeed, all along the slopes of the chalk downs—are bits of woodland which, though now existing as isolated and inclosed patches, exhibit better specimens of forest trees than are to be found elsewhere round London. The King's Wood, which once stretched from Sanderstead to Warlingham, still lines the highway. The juniper tree flourishes here, and, it is said, nowhere else in the county. The old oaks of Purley still stand, as they stood when Horne Tooke "diversed" beneath their shade. The yews of Warlingham and Chelsham are the finest memorials of the time when yew trees formed our first line of defence. At the foot of the hill below West Wickham church is a magnificent group of old oaks; and in the small wood on the way between West Wickham and Addington are some still more ancient, among the hollow stems of which Millais selected the model for his picture of the "Proscribed Royalist."

The road from Croydon over Banstead Downs gives a succession of views over those detached outliers of the Andredesweald, which the march of agriculture has still left standing. The Banstead commons are themselves of great interest as a memorial of the most stubbornly fought contest (with one exception) in the whole record of the fight for the preservation of open spaces. The legal contest lasted altogether for thirty years, and the triumph of the Commons Preservation Society was consummated only in 1893 by the adoption of a scheme under the Metropolitan Commons Act for the preservation of the downs and heath as open spaces for ever. The view from the downs to the south and west opens up more considerable patches of woodland, with still finer trees. Box Hill, the Vale of Mickleham, and Norbury Park are probably known by name to many who have never visited them. Norbury Park boasts the possession of the finest groups of ancient trees in the kingdom; and, without quite admitting a claim which may perhaps be contested by Ampthill or Clumber, it must be allowed that Evelyn's praises are not exaggerated, though he does not mention some of the features which most strike a modern visitor. The Druids' Walk of yews is unlike anything else in England, and the beeches have here found a soil exactly suited to them. Box Hill, it may be hoped, is really well known, not only by name but by actual acquaintance; for it has been the favourite resort of picnic parties ever since the days when Jane Austen's Emma arranged her "exploring" party there, and was so rude to Miss Bates under the shade of the yew trees. The commercial value of boxwood is no longer quite what it was a century ago, when £10,000 was given for all the wood of more than twenty years' growth on the hill; but it is still wanted in quantity sufficient to ensure the culture of the tree. This is not the only place where it grows wild, for there is a natural wood of box trees on an estate in the Chilterns;

but the tree has not yet been persuaded to regard itself as a native, and Box Hill is likely to remain the only wood of box-trees in the British Isles which is accessible to the public. One historian has suggested that the original planting of the hill took place in the time of Charles I., but the fact that the name is older by four hundred years than the era of the Stuarts sufficiently refutes the calumny.

The woods in the south and west of London are merely isolated local patches, and—with the single exception of Windsor—never formed part of any forest; but the woods of the north and north-eastern districts can boast of a much more dignified ancestry. When our Norman conquerors landed, the whole face of East Anglia was covered with a vast forest, extending from the Thames to the Wash, where it joined the forest of Lincolnshire, known as the Bruneswald. The woods of Essex had for a hundred years kept the East Saxons at bay, and they enabled the band of English outlaws to defy the Norman Conqueror for many years after he had harried the North and quieted the Midlands. Readers of Charles Kingsley's story of the Fenland struggle might perhaps be led to infer that in early Norman days Essex was open country, and that the forest began only on the north and west borders of the Fens; but in fact all the land that was not covered with water was covered with trees from the river Lea to the cliffs of Cromer. Two fragments of the southernmost end of this great forest survived the clearings of later centuries: one long known as Waltham Chase, of which Epping Forest is a legacy; and the other the great wood belonging to the Abbey of St. Albans, which does not appear to have ever had any one name, but of which the woods now dotted over Middlesex and Hertford are the relics. In these woods the boar and the wild ox continued to roam until late in the twelfth century.

It is a strange chain of events which has preserved to us ten square miles of ancient woodland in the close neighbourhood of the capital. If Harold had not prostrated himself before the crucifix at Waltham on his way from Stamford Bridge to Senlac there would have been nothing left of Epping Forest by this time except the name. When the sacred image bowed before the last of the English the fame of the Abbey was established before all Christendom, and with the reputation for superior sanctity came worldly recognition and reward. Richard I. gave the "great wood" to the community which guarded the sacred image, and henceforward it was known as Waltham Chase. In Camden's time it was "a chace of vast extent, full of game, the largest and fattest deer in the kingdom." When the monasteries were despoiled the ownership of the soil passed into private hands, but the Crown retained the sporting rights and the commoners retained the right of grazing cattle and lopping wood. A century later the Forest was threatened with extinction by Charles I. "for supply of his weighty affairs," and it was saved only by the turbulence of the commoners. A very few years later the Parliament would have sold the forest rights for the supplies of the Commonwealth, but the sagacity of Cromwell saved the wood from destruction. From this time it no longer served the purposes of royal sport: the verderers ceased to exercise their prerogatives, and the lords of manors began the work of encroachment. In 1653, when the Long Parliament ascertained the limits of the Forest, it contained sixty thousand acres; in 1793, when the Land Revenue Commission reported upon it, they could find only nine thousand acres remaining unenclosed. That Commission, with an amount of foresight for which we seldom give credit to past generations, recommended that further inclosure be prevented in the interests of the increasing population of the capital. The recommendation was duly pigeonholed and forgotten: Epping Forest was left for another fifty years to the tender mercies of the lords of manors, varied by the annual incursion of the Epping Hunt. The estates of the neighbouring landowners

grew gradually larger at the expense of the public. But all the while the silent force was at work which was eventually to preserve the remainder of the woodland. Every year, on the eve of Martinmas, as the clock struck twelve, the cottagers of Loughton lopped the branches of the pollard oaks and beeches. In 1848 the attention of Parliament was again directed to the Forest, and a Select Committee of the House of Commons recommended that it be disafforested and the Crown rights sold to the lords of manors, reserving a small portion for recreation. Within a few years this was accomplished, and the eighteen lords of manors in the circuit of the Forest became the owners of the sporting rights, at the price of £5 an acre. Then inclosure began on all sides, and in fifteen years a third part of the remaining forest area had disappeared behind fences. The largest single encroachment was that of the Rector of Loughton, who took in at once thirteen hundred acres; and it was upon this ground that the battle of the Epping Forest rights was fought.

Here for many centuries the inhabitants had maintained the custom of annual lopping, beginning each year at midnight on St. Martin's Eve. On the anniversary after the Rector's inclosures, in 1866, a labourer named Willingale and his two sons went out at midnight, according to their custom, broke through the Rector's fences and lopped the trees for two hours. They were prosecuted, convicted of malicious trespass, and sentenced to two months' hard labour. One of the sons died in prison, but when Willingale and his remaining son came out they had saved Epping Forest. For the injustice of their conviction accomplished that which the injustice of the encroachments would never by itself have accomplished—it roused public indignation. Money was forthcoming to fight the battle of the Loughton commoners, and a suit was begun in the name of Willingale claiming a declaration of the right of the inhabitants of Loughton to lop the Forest trees. Through many devious windings this suit prolonged itself over four years, and ultimately became abated by the death of Willingale, who to the last refused to accept any money compensation. But the suit had served the purpose of keeping the Forest *in statu quo* until time had produced a more formidable champion. The Corporation of London, as purchasers of land for a cemetery at Wanstead, had become commoners of a manor at the south end of the Forest, and an action was instituted in the name of the Commissioners of Sewers against sixteen lords of manors, claiming rights of common over the whole extent of the Forest, an injunction against further inclosures, and the removal of all fences recently erected. The suit was terminated in 1873 by a judgment the delivery of which was perhaps the most remarkable judicial achievement in the annals of the English bench. After a hearing of twenty-three days Sir George Jessel proceeded at once, without pause and without the use of a single note, to pronounce a judgment dealing with as tangled and intricate a mass of case law and evidence as ever was submitted to a court. He pronounced for the plaintiffs on all points, granted an injunction against further encroachments, and ordered all fences to be removed which had been erected within twenty years. The defendants did not venture to appeal against this decision, and the Forest as an open space was saved. There were still, however, many points of detail to be settled, and it was not until nearly ten years later, after the passing of an Act of Parliament and the investigations of a special arbitrator, that the Forest was declared open by Her Majesty in person.

Of the sister forest of Hainault not a vestige remains, save in the name of a road. Yet till the year 1851 this was a finer piece of woodland than Epping. It disappeared entirely from the face of the earth within six weeks, the magnificent oaks of the King's Wood being dragged up by steam ploughs with grappling anchors attached to them, in the interests of high farming. The Royal Commissioners who

we shall never live to see another Hainault Forest, and we may be thankful that Charles Dickens saw it and preserved some recollection of it in "Barnaby Rudge."

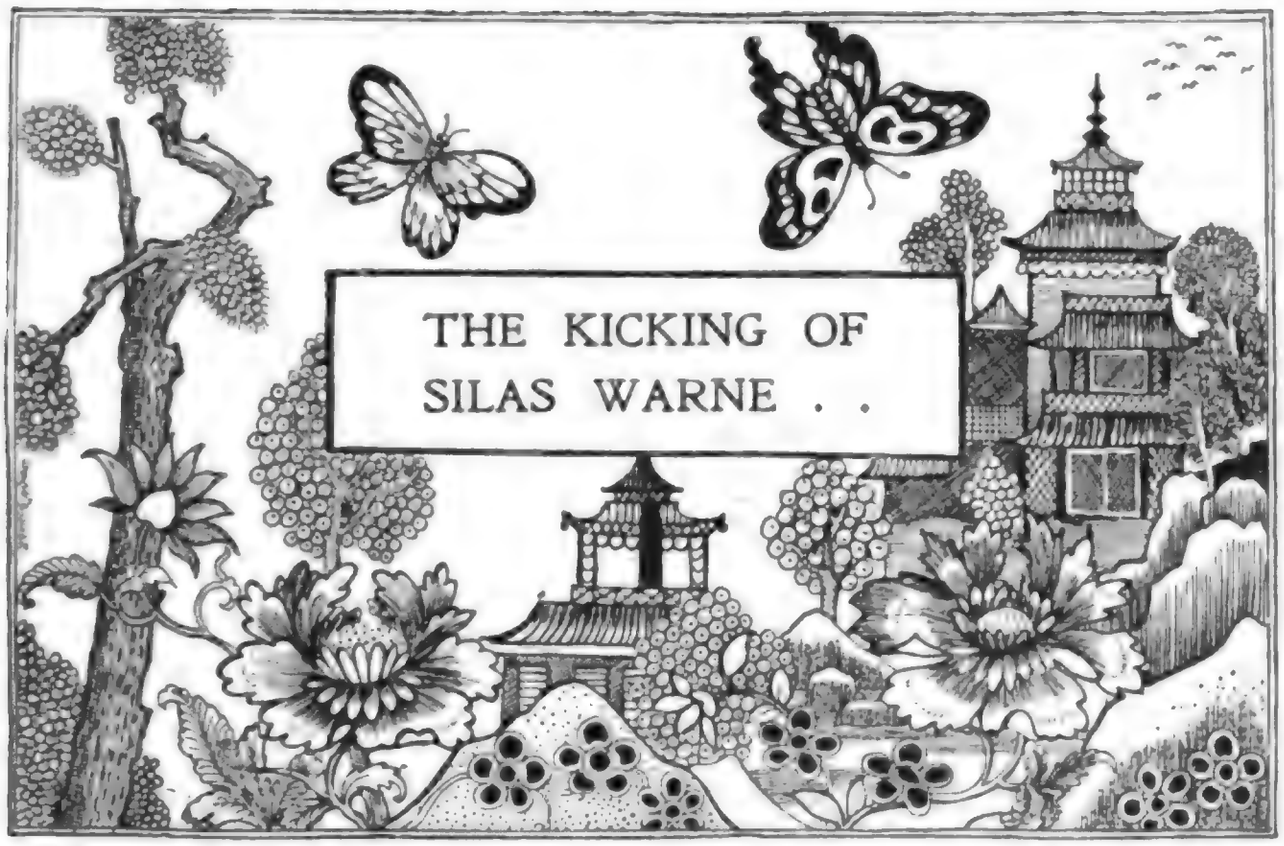
The difference in fate of the two divisions of Waltham Chase is due to a difference in their history. On the dissolution of the monasteries the soil of Epping passed into private hands, while the soil of Hainault remained under the Crown. Hence the latter passed entirely under the control of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, while the Crown had no rights over Epping save the obsolete right of hunting deer.

On the west of Waltham Chase only a small strip of marshland along the river Lea separated one great wood from another. Enfield Chase, in the days when it was the favourite hunting ground of James I., covered nearly eight thousand acres, and extended from Enfield to Barnet and from Potters Bar to Tottenham. The memory of this royal forest is preserved in fiction as the scene of the closing episode of Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." It existed, little disturbed by buildings, until 1777, when an Act was passed for its inclosure, and the whole area was divided, three thousand acres going to the Crown and the rest being distributed among the manors, parishes and tithe owners. In John Evelyn's time there were twenty-five square miles, within a distance of fourteen miles from London, where "there is not a house, barne, church or building besides three lodges . . . a solitarie desert, yet stored with not less than three thousand deere." Though Enfield Chase has ceased to exist as a forest for a hundred and twenty years, there are still large portions of it remaining, and the lodges still exist in name and situation, though the buildings are new. Trent Park and Beech Hill Park contain hundreds of acres of the old woodland, still in a wild condition. These are no longer accessible to the general public; but in Hadley Common there remains a piece of the chase as yet uninclosed, extending over more than two hundred acres; and near Winchmore Hill and Wood Green are two other portions over which public rights of way have been preserved.

It is rather remarkable that Spelman, in his list of English forests in the time of Elizabeth, does not mention Enfield Chase. He enumerates seventy-six forests, fourteen of which are in the home counties, but not one is mentioned either in Middlesex or in Hertford. But as the antiquary places Hatfield Forest in Essex, the inference is that he grouped under this term not only Enfield Chase but the two great stretches of woodland which in mediæval days were known together as the Forest of St. Albans, and in later days were known separately by the names of Northaw and Southaw. The name Northaw survives in a village not far from Potters Bar station, three miles north of Monk Hadley. The district is still largely woodland, and the two principal estates in the neighbourhood contain large areas of natural untrained forest growth. This is the eastern fringe of the great wood, of which the western fringe is now represented at Oxhey and Ruislip, near Pinner station.

Southaw Forest is restricted by the county historians to the woods about Barnet, but it must anciently have been much more extensive. The jurisdiction of the Abbot of St. Albans reached to points which are now included within the London postal delivery, and disputes arose between the Abbot and his brother of Westminster as to the right to execute justice upon marauders on the branches of a particular oak. The younger Abbey lost no opportunity of extending its domains northward into the country of its rival, and Edward the Confessor granted to Westminster part of the produce of his woods of Kingsbury and his lands in the parish of Hendon. This district, though no longer woodland, is at least beautifully wooded, and contains a number of shaded and secluded footpaths not to be surpassed in extent and variety anywhere near London.

J. B. Carlile.



I.

THE Missionary Board at Shanghai was holding its monthly meeting. Long reports were presented of how the work was going on in Central China. A little disgust was expressed at the missionaries in Hupeh and Sztchuen, who had grown tired of continuous rice and pork as diet, actually suggesting a case or two of tinned and bottled delicacies.

"Mr. Flumox writes he wants tinned soups sent by next mail," said Mr. Wobble, the president, rolling uneasily in his chair. "What on earth does he want tinned soups for? I never want tinned soups. He's always complaining, is Flumox. He complained he was left alone for two years at Nan-Kai. Of course I knew what he wanted."

"Of course,' said Mr. Pettie, the meek man of the Missionary Board, with a thin smile.

"Of course. He wanted a wife. Well, there was Miss Seedy, who was complaining of the climate. I told them to marry one another. And they did. Yet they're not content; and Flumox is writing for tinned soup. Tinned soup! If Mr. Flumox's heart was in the right place, he'd be gratefully thankful for pork and rice."

"I don't know nothin' about tinned soups," said Samuel Pekken, who had once been a haberdasher at Peckham. "But I hobject to this marryin' scheme. It's doin' 'arm—it's doin' a deal of 'arm."

Wobble, as chairman of the Board, had a right to glare at Pekken, for Pekken somehow was always raising objections.

"It's the best thing for a missionary to be married," Wobble said, "and it's the best thing for a missionary woman to be married. They maybe don't know one another: they can't, living in places hundreds of miles apart; but I know them, and I know what's best for them—that is, if their hearts is in the right place."

"That's the bother," said Pekken; "their 'earts is all right, but it ain't sense. Now, I ain't one as takes much account of them there 'eathen in the Shanghai Club. But there's somethin' in what they talks. There's that Mr. Tuppy, the Consul at King-chung: why, 'e says 'e's married seventeen mission women these last four years. An' every one on 'em was over thirty years old! 'E's sarcastic!

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In former days he was an amiable, inoffensive under-clerk at Leicester. But, when the fear of God had laid grip-hold of his soul, he confessed himself the worst of all sinners. He came to China beseeching he might be sent to the most dangerous place in the mission field. He was sent to King-Ku. It is a dirty, low-lying city, full of foul odours and sickening sights. For a month he lived cheerfully in the *Jesu-tang*, the Mission-house, a poor shanty up a dark alley. There were fearful stinks, but he didn't mind them. He went into the narrow streets to preach. He was hustled, and mud was thrown at him. He knew that was the fate of all missionaries, and he accepted it. He hoped for converts, prayed for them, and spent his spare hours over Chinese grammars. But he got no converts.

The first month went, the second month, the fifth and sixth months, and still no converts. There was still hope in his heart, but there was no enthusiasm.

He had been a jovial fellow, in his mild way, had Silas Warne; and his loneliness preyed on him.

Once a week a little grunting steamer, plying between Hankow and Ichang, came by, churning the brown waters of the Yang-tze. Once or twice he wandered down to the river bank and climbed on board. But the captain used fearful oaths, and cursed all missionaries to his very face. So he didn't go often.

Silas Warne was very lonely. And that loneliness was the beginning of all the trouble. He didn't regret the heart-aches that came to him many times a day. He hoped all would be right in the end, even though converts were not made as quickly as he expected.

But in the evening he went to the housetop and looked over the jumbled, crazy Chinese city, with here and there the nose of some temple sticking out; and he heard the rabble in the streets, and he watched the junks slip down stream.

He was quite alone, and he would think sometimes of when he played cricket in Leicestershire, which was far, far away across the seas.

Then he wrote and told Mr. Wobble he was lonely—that he was afraid he hadn't the physical or moral strength to fight the hopeless battle much longer. Wobble wrote back a cheery letter: all would be right by-and-by; good seed was being sown; the harvest would be coming; meanwhile it would be much better if Warne married: there was Miss Jane Pickering at Hankow; she was willing to marry; let Warne go down to Hankow and be married; if his heart was in the right place good would be sure to come of it.

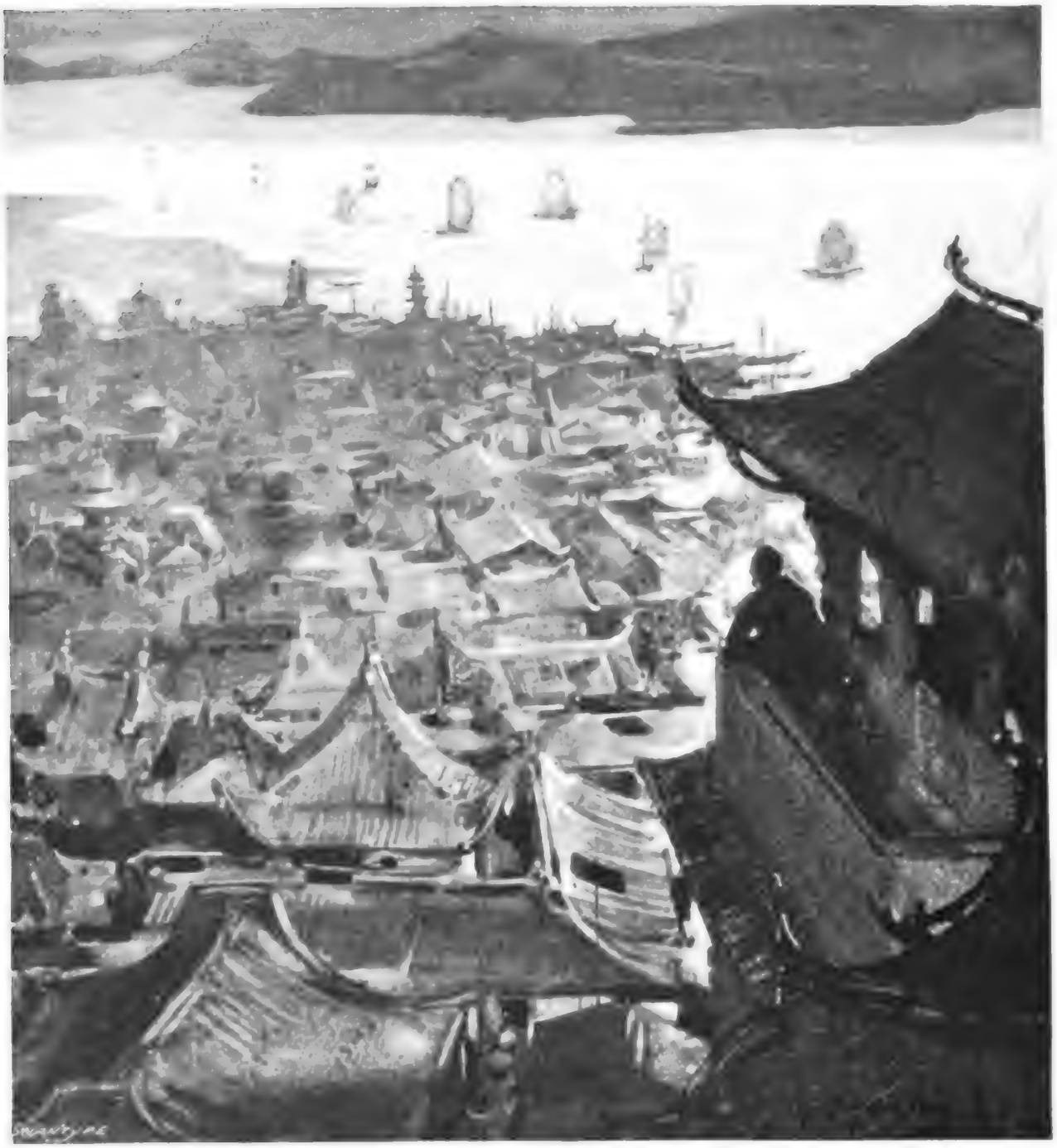
Warne went to Hankow. His loneliness had eaten the life out of him, and he jumped at the idea of marriage as his only safety. True, he wasn't impressed with Miss Pickering. She was thirty-five, and vinegary by temperament. There was no love-making.

Warne married her and took her back to King-Ku. But his thoughts not infrequently strayed to a bright, fluffy-headed missionary lass he met in the Mission-house at Hankow. He thought if it had only been Miss Hilda Watts he had married he would have been ten times more enthusiastic. She was a Midlands girl, and they had talked for ten minutes and looked one another in the eyes.

Anyway he had married Jane Pickering. And Mrs. Warne, as she now was, didn't improve matters. She reviled the Mission Board at Shanghai as a lot of fools. She nagged at her husband. And she was always certain she would wear a golden crown in the next world.

In eighteen months she died. King-Ku and its smells would have killed any average woman in three months. But Mrs. Warne had as much contempt for the King-Ku fever as she had for King-Ku itself.

After he buried his wife, Silas Warne sometimes thought of her; and tears



"In the evening he went to the housetop, and looked over the jumbled, crazy Chinese city."

would occasionally come into his eyes. For, you see, he was a good-hearted sort of fellow.

Years slipped on. He reached the point of confessing to himself that his marriage to Jane Pickering had been a mistake. There had never been a tinge of sympathy between them.

He went on with his work. Daily he preached in the streets. Now and then he was chased. Once for a whole week he trembled at the rumours that the *Jesu-tang* was going to be burnt down and he be the victim of a Chinese mob. That was when one of those periodical waves of anti-foreign agitation swept up the Yang-tze river. But the excitement died.

Once more he thought if only he had a wife, a woman like that bright slip of a girl he had seen at Hankow, how he would be able to throw his heart into the work of saving the Chinese!

Another letter went down to Shanghai. But this time he did not say he was lonely, and so allow the Mission Board to draw a conclusion. He wrote to

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Mr. Wobble plainly and clearly that he wanted a wife; and then he hinted—with a thought in his mind, but the precise thought he didn't mention—that if he went on leave to Hankow for a month or two perhaps he might meet with a lady who would be willing to share the task of fighting the malaria and saving the souls of King-Ku.

* * * * * * *

At the last Board Meeting this letter had come forward. It was not an unusual letter; but it was a particular matter which, through long custom, was left to Mr. Wobble to decide up.

And now Mr. Samuel Pekken was asking, "What's been done?"

"Nothing's been done," said Mr. Wobble. "I did throw out a word or two to Miss Chittle, the schoolmistress down from Chefoo. But she didn't—no, she didn't exactly see it."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Grieff.

"She's a good-lookin' 'un," Samuel Pekken remarked. "I'm agin this marryin' business, but if I was in favour of it, it's not girls like Miss Chittle I'd be sendin' to King-Ku to die of fever. Let's see: there was a Mrs. Warne afore, wasn't there?"

"Yes, but she died four or five years ago."

"Oh yes, I remember," added Pekken: "she wasn't no beauty, she wasn't. If there's a good-lookin' girl about, I reckon we'd better keep her in a treaty port, so as people 'll see it's not all scarecrows we have among the mission women. But Brother Warne had better have some one. It's a nasty place is King-Ku, and I should think it's a bit lonely."

Mr. Wobble sat uneasily in his chair. Now and then he dabbed his perspiring forehead with a silk handkerchief.

Suddenly Mr. Wobble brought his big fat hand down on the table with a thump, and made all the pens on the table jump.

"Of course!" he shouted, with something near a roar: "there's Miss Carrott, the girl down at the *Jesu-tang* in the native city."

Mr. Pekken gave a twist to his eyebrows. "Girl do you call 'er? She was thirty if a day when she came out 'ere, and she's been in China ten years. Why, an' she's got red 'air."

"Red hair!" repeated Mr. Grieff. "Do you mean the girl that walks on the flat of her feet? Oh, I'm so sorry."

"She's the very woman," said Mr. Wobble.

"But a woman that is forty, flat-footed and red-'eaded: well, it don't seem exactly fair to Brother Warne," observed Samuel Pekken a little repentantly.

"It'll be all right if his heart's only in the right place," said the head of the Board decisively.

"Yes, but what if 'e don't like red 'air?"

III.

SILAS WARNE sat amid a pile of goods and chattels on the banks of the muddy Yang-tze. There was no telling to a dozen hours when the grunting, slow-moving little steamer would come puffing up the river. Besides, the captain was a gruff-throated, sandy-whiskered old reprobate, and at a place like King-Ku he would never do more than slow down. Therefore if any passengers—who were generally Chinamen—were not in a sampan ready to clamber aboard he never waited.

The missionary knew this. He had his boxes on the river side, and he sat among the heap. The houses were higher up the bank—a long string of misshapen, spout-roofed buildings. A few Celestials, with their pigtails tied about their heads, were trotting backwards and forwards between the river and the city, carrying

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pails of water. A shrill-voiced woman was sitting at a doorway swearing at her daughter-in-law. Tatter-sailed junks were dodging on the ruffled brown waters of the Yang-tze.

He was leaving King-Ku for good. A new recruit, fired with fresh enthusiasm, was in a month or two to undertake the work. Warne had been ordered to Chung-king-fu.

Chung-king-fu was six hundred miles farther up the river, and it would take him months to get there. From Ichang he would have to travel through the great black gorges in a native boat—travel away to the west, to the far, far west, to where there wouldn't be even a passing steamer once a week. More than ever he seemed to be shutting the door on the world. Yet there would be other missionaries in that great, noisy, hump-backed city of Chung-king-fu! Perhaps after all he wouldn't be so lonely!

Yet he was sorry to leave King-Ku. Seven long years had he laboured there, and his success was as nothing. His one convert, a "rice Christian," he had discovered to be a thief; so he had dismissed him. And the man with a grin went back to the worship of his ancestors.

Warne almost forgot that on the steamer *Shasi*, by which he would go up as far as Ichang, there would be also travelling Miss Carrott. He would probably be marrying Miss Carrott. Mr. Wobble had written to him:—

"I have been talking with an estimable lady, Miss Helen Carrott. Her heart is filled with our good work. She is willing to further that work by marriage. She agrees with me that if only the heart is in the right place the exterior of the man is nothing. She will come up by the *Shasi*. She is going up to Chung-king to teach. But of course she understands she will meet you, and if mutually agreeable you can easily be married at Ichang. This is a blessed opportunity for two good people to labour jointly in the vineyard."

Silas Warne accepted his approaching marriage to Miss Carrott without demur.

No thrill of excitement shook him as he saw the long black funnel of the *Shasi* come edging up the dull breast of the muddy river. He helped the boatman to bundle his belongings into the sampan, and then he sat in the stern while the two men, with over-heavy oars, stood facing the prow, and with short dips and many exclamations pushed off towards the swirling mid-stream.

The *Shasi* slowed down. Silas Warne saw Europeans on the upper deck eyeing him casually. On the lower deck were hundreds of Celestials jostling and yelling and screaming. He jumped aboard and stood for a moment among the throng of heathen, while superintending the hauling up of his baggage.

The smell of that deck was loathsome. It was the odour of hot, foul, unwashed flesh. Nausea struck him, and he felt like being sick. He rushed to the gangway and climbed the upper deck.

The captain gave him a nod.

"Right away there!" came the shout, and once more the *Shasi* struggled on her way fighting against the rush of heavy water.

There were two men sauntering the deck—red, bull-necked Britishers—and they were smoking cigars. They were Shanghai men running up to Ichang "just for the trip."

A lady lounged in a deck chair. She was leaning back. Her book, page downwards, was lying in her lap, and she was unmistakably staring at Warne. A tingle of nervousness ran through him.

Tall, stalwart, good-looking man of thirty though he was, disuse to the society of ladies had made him bashful. Besides, no doubt this was his future wife. So

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"With short dips and many exclamations pushed off towards the swirling mid-stream."

all at once he felt a tingling sensation go rushing through his body, and he realised that the way he was standing must be rather foolish.

He looked at her again, in the expectation that there would be a recognition.

As luck had it, a gust of wind blew a newspaper from the lady's side along the deck. Warne jumped forward and arrested its flight. Rather sheepishly he brought it back.

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"Oh, thank you so much!" the woman said. She had a soft voice, and her eyes were eyes that looked clean through a man.

Warne started stammering.

"I thought we were to pick up a missionary here," said the woman.

Again Warne stammered.

"The lady he was going to marry is on board, so I suppose she has to go on without him."

"I—I—that is, I'm the missionary." He blurted it out, and felt relieved.

And the lady said a long "Oh!"

The idea—a foolish idea he now saw—had possessed him that this was Miss Carrott. But no; this was Mrs. Webster, wife of Watkin Webster, one of the Shanghai men promenading the deck and smoking cigars.

"But," she said, "I—I thought you missionaries up the Yang-tze always dressed like Chinamen, that you wore long blue gowns and shaved your heads, and cultivated pigtails, and lived just like natives."

Warne laughed awkardly. "Some of us do, but not all. I don't, because a foreigner isn't quite an unusual sight on this part of the river. But I'm going away west—Chung-king, and I'll have to take to the native dress."

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Webster.

She rather liked this tall, ungainly man, and she took his uncomfortableness and hesitation of speech as a compliment to herself. She was no upholder of missions, but she was sorry for the missionaries, "who have to live in those nasty Chinese houses among those nasty Chinese people."

"Can—can you tell me where Miss Carrott is?" he asked dubiously.

"She's in the saloon, I think."

Warne turned towards the cabin. And just then the two smokers came along

"Wat," said the lady, "that's him."

"That's who?" asked the man, without moving his cigar.

"That's the man who's going to marry her."

"That fellow going to marry that wizened old red-headed . . . Well, poor chap!"

Silas Warne pushed open the door of the saloon. The air was stuffy and hot, but he didn't notice it. His eye travelled to a lady at the upper end of the table.

'Miss Carrott?" he said.

'Mr. Warne!" she replied.

They shook hands. There was a "boy" at the far end of the cabin clattering wineglasses. But he wasn't listening.

"I'm very pleased to meet you," said Warne.

He wasn't exactly that, but the conventional remark of civilisation had clung to him, and he said it. Then he sighed.

Miss Carrott was not at all like what he had expected. Indeed, he didn't know he had expected any particular kind of lady. But now that he saw her he felt she was entirely the opposite to all he would have expected.

She was a big-boned woman, and, as he found out afterwards, she walked in a ponderous, flat-footed manner. Twenty years ago she might have been a passably comely woman, despite her nondescript-coloured hair, three parts red, one part mouse. In those days she was probably stout. The solid flesh had however gone; the skin of her cheeks and her neck hung loose and flabby, as though a size too big for her.

It was the same with her clothes. A buxom woman would have filled them. They were ill-fitting, and much too large. Maybe Miss Carrott was forty—nobody knew her age—and she had a masculine voice. Nature originally intended her to

be a North-country farmer, but at the last moment changed the plan and turned her into a woman.

The missionary children at Shanghai had very naughtily christened her "the ogre." Other missionary ladies referred to her as "that fright." The heathen Englishmen at the Shanghai Club had been known to so far forget their manners as to allude to her as "the lady with the feet."

And now Silas Warne sat opposite her. They were on their way to Ichang, and there they were to be married, and then they were to go off into the far west of China to teach the yellow heathen. Warne didn't like it.

Not a word, however, passed between them respecting the approaching marriage. They talked about missionary work in the Yang-tze Valley, and especially missionary work at Chung-king-fu. They talked about the intricacies of Chinese grammar. They talked about the unregenerate Britishers in the "model settlement" at Shanghai. Then at tiffin they sat side by side, saying nothing, but feeling they were being quizzed by the captain and the passengers.

Warne certainly did his best to keep in good heart. Miss Carrott was not an attractive woman; but then she looked singularly healthy, and she said she had never had fever in her life.

As far as she was concerned, no doubt could exist but that she was pleased. The prospect of marriage had almost slipped from her; and now the great opportunity came. She perfectly understood that the wedding was to be, more or less, on a business footing. There was no sentiment about it. She knew, however, that Silas Warne was a man of whom many a woman would be proud. And she was proud, not in her victory, but in her acquisition.

Still there was something—something that Warne could not appreciate. He argued his future wife point by point. Was it her dull, mousy red hair? was it her big, waddling figure? was it her unconscionable feet? was it her strident voice? He couldn't say. Yet he knew there was an undercurrent of antipathy. If it had been mutual he would have been glad. But it wasn't. He might have tried to shock her: he might have developed agnostic views. That, however, was impossible. It never struck him he might have got up a flirtation with Mrs. Webster. It didn't enter his mind to neglect Miss Carrott. She kept close to him, and he was civil and polite.

So the day passed, and Miss Carrott retired. Warne went on deck to have a walk and a think in the dark.

Mrs. Webster was in the saloon, strumming at a piano somewhat out of tune, and the two men were drinking whisky and inviting the captain to drink with them.

Warne sat down by a window and watched the low line of the banks that guarded the great river.

The strumming of the piano ceased.

"Well," Mrs. Webster said, interrupting the talk of the men, "I think it's a downright sin that nice-mannered man should marry such a frightful thing as that Miss Carrott."

The captain laughed coarsely. "Oh, them missionaries," he said, "is all right. They all get married the same way. And what does it matter?—they're goin' away up river, and there, I dessay, one woman is as good as another. But it's amusin'."

"I'm sure there's many nice girls who would be glad to have such a husband," added Mrs. Webster. "And he doesn't seem happy."

"He isn't exactly jovial as a bridegroom," said the man who was drinking whisky with Mr. Watkin Webster.

"No, he ain't," gurgled the captain in corroboration.

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Then they all laughed, and Mrs. Webster's soft laugh sounded above the others.

Silas Warne started walking again. As a missionary he should have been acquiescent and grateful for a willing helpmeet. But as a man, thirty years of age and good-looking, he felt worried, even a little disgusted, and he wanted to kick at fate. He decided he would kick.

IV.

ICHANG is the last place that civilisation touches, stretching a long arm up the broad waters of China's Highway, the tremendous river of the Yang-tze, that sweeps in tumultuous volumes from unknown Thibet. Steamers can reach as far. But above are wild whirlpools and rapids seething through rocky chasms.

Civilisation sweeps from treaty port to treaty port on the Yang-tze. At Ichang it seems to stop dead. There is a little cramped Bund, where bales of goods are unshipped from the steamers and reshipped on the junks. A big, rambling, verandahed, white building is the Customs'. And here four Europeans—an Irishman in command, an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an Italian, all in Chinese employ—see to the revenues of China; for no Chinaman is honest enough to be entrusted with the work. Behind is the house of the Commissioner of Customs, and farther back you see the Union Jack dolefully fluttering. The house beneath is the British Consulate. Then close by are missionary houses. Indeed, the missionary houses chiefly make up the foreign residences in Ichang.

A path among a pile of humped Chinese graves leads to the recreation-ground of the settlement, where the Customs officials and the British Consul keep "in condition" by playing lawn tennis in the hottest of hot weather. Adjoining is the little cemetery. And when the sun dips among the hills the missionaries walk in it for their health's sake.

It was in this cemetery that Silas Warne strolled with John Green, the burly chief of the mission. Warne was in much tribulation of spirit. But he was fighting the whole thing out.

"It's impossible," he was saying. "I would be doing an injustice to myself, to Miss Carrott, and above all to the cause, if I married where certainly there is no love. It's no good talking about time working wonders; it won't in my case. I daresay what I'm doing will cause a scandal. Anyway things will have to be explained to Miss Carrott that—that there's been a mistake, or something like that. And—and—well, I'd do much, but—well, how could a man marry a woman like Miss Carrott?"

John Green, broad-shouldered and big-hearted, let a low laugh shake his heavy body. He had always liked Warne, and, although he could not say it openly, he did feel it would be a shame to throw him away on Miss Carrott. He remembered Warne's first marriage; at times he had wondered what sort of life that vinegar-tongued Miss Pickering had led him at King-Ku. But as head of the mission it was necessary to go gently.

"Humph!" he said, "there will be bother. You see, you and—and—well, Mrs. Warne—were to undertake work that is specially suitable for husband and wife. Now this will upset everything."

"I don't want to marry at all," said Warne decisively. "I think I would be far more useful unmarried. I oughtn't to have applied for a wife. I was lonely and downspirited, and . . . But that's worn off now."

John Green said, "I daresay we could arrange about Miss Carrott. There's Tapperley at Soo-chiang: I believe he'd marry any woman. I think that could be managed. But you, you're the bother! You ought really to be married. Isn't

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there anybody among our girls here in the Mission-house that—that you might get to like?"

"I don't want to marry at all," persisted Warne.

"There's Miss Waffle, the American: why, she . . . no, she won't do, she's anæmic, and she's engaged to Huskins; you remember Huskins, the man with a raspy voice? Then there's a Scotch girl: she'd . . . no, I believe she's going to leave the mission field and marry an engineer on one of the steamers. Then there's that English girl: now, I wonder if she's bespoken."

"I don't want to marry anybody," said Warne again.

"She's the very woman, if she felt brave enough to go up the gorges," continued Green, unheeding. "She's been trained as a nurse, and—and—well, I think you'd better see."

"Is she fifty?" asked the young man, a little contemptuously.

Mr. Green broke into a rough laugh. "My dear Warne," he said, "don't be so gloomy. No, she's not fifty; I don't think she's twenty-five."

"Well, what's the matter with her? does she squint?"

Again the chief of the mission laughed. "No, she doesn't squint. I believe her—her feet are the normal size, and her hair—I'm not quite sure, but I think it's brown. I should say she would be a very suitable wife."

Silas Warne considered for a moment. "No, I tell you I don't want to be married. I think I've made up my mind. I'll have to be sent somewhere else. If the girl is a paragon she'd have been married long ago. And besides it would be a sin to take a nice girl up to malarious Chung-king; it would be nothing less than a sin."

They argued the matter for half an hour until dusk closed in.

They crossed the recreation-ground while returning to the Mission-house. The Customs' men were sitting beneath the glimmer of a fitful lamp at the door of a tiny bungalow, and they were making merry and calling for gin cocktails. A dull roar of voices boomed on the quiet evening air from the native city. The shouts of boatmen on the Yang-tze could be heard.

Warne went to the service in the Mission-hall that evening. It was a small, unpretentious building at the bottom of the Mission compound. A couple of European brass lamps swung from the rafters and diffused an uncertain light. A convert, a native teacher as he is called, was reading in deep guttural tones, and in a sing-songy way, the lesson for the evening. The missionaries, some in European clothes, some shaven-headed, pigtailed and blue-bloused, sat in various parts of the room. The Christian Chinese, about a score of them, shuffled their feet and looked vacantly around.

"Hold the Fort" was sung in Chinese.

The tune was the Moody and Sankey tune; and the Chinese have as much appreciation of English airs as the English have of Chinese airs. So the hymn lumbered and tottered along, and was only saved from utter disaster by the steady vehemence of the missionaries themselves. They held a tight grip on the tune, and the Celestials struggled in their wake.

Warne sat down on a form near the door.

The last forty-eight hours had made him a little reckless. He had been in a quagmire of despair; but now a kind of reaction set in, and he felt merry, even jovial. He didn't know why, but he certainly would have liked to have laughed. When the Chinese began once more to be mixed up in the intricacies of English music, he turned his head with a smile.

Sitting at the other end of the form was an English girl, though in Chinese

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clothes. A smile from her met him half way. Then they both stared at their hymnbooks.

Who was she? He had seen her before. Or was it only in fancy that he had ever seen her? He looked at the other missionaries. He saw Miss Carrott's big, gothic figure in the full glare of one of the lamps—she was singing with great determination—and a sensation of sickness came to him.

As the hymn waned to a tattered and uneven end, and the worshippers were sitting down, Warne gave another glance. Then he remembered. A red flush came to his cheek, but he fixed his eyes on Fu-Wo-Sen, a wizened Celestial, who was now standing at the rostrum beginning an hour's droning address. Yes, it was the same: she was rounder, more womanly; but there was no change in the kindliness of the eyes.

Once more he looked. Once more he was met by a glance. Of course: it was the bright Midland girl, Hilda Watts, whom he had seen years ago down at Hankow.

He would have liked to have spoken to her. For the first time in his life he noticed his breath came hard; he must be excited. He couldn't, however, speak during service. And Fu-Wo-Sen would continue for goodness knew how long.

Perhaps it was a spirit of mischief, perhaps it was impatience, perhaps it was his old warm-hearted boyhood reasserting itself. But he did something that was very wrong. He took a piece of lead pencil from his pocket, and on the fly-leaf of the hymnbook he wrote: "*Am glad to see you.*"

Cautiously, glancing first at the countenances of the missionaries to see if anybody was watching, he quietly pushed the book along the seat.

Miss Watts sat with her eyes fixed on Fu-Wo-Sen, apparently oblivious of what he had done. Though her eyes remained on the Chinaman, with even a sphinx-like stare, her hand somehow strayed along the seat; her fingers touched the hymnbook: it was drawn towards her; it lay on her lap. For half a minute she trifled with the pages; then she looked down and read.

She too looked at the other missionaries. They were absorbed in the exhortation of the Celestial. He was becoming quite vehement.

Then she wrote underneath: "*Same. Is it true you're not going to marry Miss Carrott?*"

She placed the book by her side. She altered her position on the form, and in so doing gave the hymnbook a push.

Very carefully and discreetly Warne lifted it up. A ruffle of vexation touched his features. So it was known! Mr. John Green had told his wife, and Mrs. Green had told the other ladies in the Mission. And—wasn't it an impertinence? what had it to do with Miss Watts whether he was going to marry Miss Carrott or whether he wasn't?

He turned his head sharply, intending to be angry. But her eyes were on the face of Fu-Wo-Sen, and her gaze was one of great interest. She was listening attentively.

There was something very girlish about her. She must be twenty-four or twenty-five by now, but she had not sacrificed one morsel of her dainty charm. Her hair was as unruly as nature intended it to be. She had not sunk into the missionary woman's habit of plastering her hair down tight on the head and tying a little bunch of it just at the nape of the neck. There was a healthy air of frolicsomeness about her. Warne felt that her rudeness was more acceptable than other women's decorousness. And like a swift shot his mind ran back over the intervening years. He remembered that it was just before he married his first

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wife that he had seen Hilda Watts. Like an awakened memory he recalled his thoughts in those days.

Fu-Wo-Sen was dogmatic. The little congregation was very still.

Nobody was looking. So the hymnbook started on a shuttlecock sort of voyage, travelling slowly and with stratagem. And down the fly-leaf, down the next leaf, at the back of the title-page, then on the blank pages at the end of the book, were messages written: one line strong and masculine, the next line delicate and womanly.

"*Yes. Sorry, have no regard for her. What you doing here?*"

"*Teaching. Here two years. Going maybe Chung-king; teach in school you going.*"

"*Not going now. Married couple only. Will ask go to Honan.*"

"*You'll be killed Honan: don't go.*"

And still Fu-Wo-Sen kept on preaching, and still the hymnbook slid backwards and forwards along the seat.

With a snap the old Chinaman finished his discourse, and instantly the hymnbook disappeared somewhere in the sleeves of the girl's loose-fitting Chinese jacket.

When the service was over they spoke plain words. They were openly glad to see one another. The other missionaries were a little surprised.

"Why, it must have been years since they saw one another before," said Mrs. John Green; "and then it must have been when he was at Hankow getting married the first time. I'm sure I could never have remembered a chance acquaintance after all this time."

"Well, Warne," said the head of the mission, "I've talked to Miss Carrott; and she's so eager to be useful in the mission field that she doesn't mind who she marries. I'll drop a note to Tapperley at Soo-chiang, telling him to come along."

"But Tapperley might—that is, as he doesn't know Miss Carrott yet, nor what she's like, he might——"

"Oh, I know Tapperley: don't worry. And you—do you still intend not to marry? There's that nice girl I spoke to you about, Miss Watts——"

"You never spoke to me about Miss Watts; that is——"

"Of course I did. Didn't I sing her praises to you this afternoon in the cemetery? She's the prettiest girl that's been up the Yang-tze since—well, since Mrs. Green came up to marry me."

"Yes, she is very nice," said Warne, a little absently.

Within the next week people began to notice something.

* * * * * * *

Well, it was just as any simpleton might have foretold. A Mr. and Mrs. Silas Warne did go to Chung-king-fu after all.

And when these two missionaries were in their junk, and the trackers were yelling and screaming, tugging at the towlines and fighting the swirl of waters in the gorges, it never troubled them that they were going into furthermost China. They sat together of a morning, before the day was sultry, and they sang Moody and Sankey's hymns to the accompaniment of roaring cascades.

"You'll have to erase all those pencil-marks; I don't know what the folks at Chung-king would think if they saw them," said Silas Warne.

"I'm not going to erase one of them," replied Hilda Warne. "It's only a man who would think of such a thing. Don't you understand? No, men never do. This is the sort of thing a woman likes to keep, and sometimes to look at."

And she kept the book ever afterwards in a locked drawer.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

modern racing boat, which can reel off fourteen or fifteen knots with ease and sail nearly two points nearer the wind than the old "boxes" of yore. Yet those "old boxes" were comfortable enough, and what is more, they would go to sea in any weather, blow high or blow low. Slow they were, no doubt, but they were very sure, and their owners made them their home during the time they were in commission, which is more than can be said of the present racing machine—the acme of the designers' and builders' craft.

Yet there is no gainsaying the fact that the boat of the present day is as far superior to that of fifty years ago as the present corridor express train is to the bygone mail coach. When the *Arrow* was defeated her lines were carefully overhauled, and every new vessel that was built was improved upon, till the cod's head and mackerel tail gave place to the bulb keel and all the latest developments. Money has been spent like water, and will continue to flow till perfection is reached. I wonder what our forefathers would have said, though, if they had been asked to pay some £70,000 or £80,000 for a vessel under three hundred tons. I can imagine, but I don't think the words could be printed, so I will leave it at that. Yet this is under the sum that the *Shamrock* cost before she was home again, and £12,000 to £15,000 is looked on as a mere flea-bite for a first-class boat to win prizes with. The great feature about yacht racing is the almost entire absence of gambling. It is not a game that any money can be made at, but very much the reverse; for, independently of keeping the boat in commission, every prize she wins is discounted before she flies the winning flag. The skipper, mates and men all share; every one of the crew getting £1 and 2*s.* 6*d.* lunch-money, and the pilot £2, the skipper from £3 to £5, and the mates in proportion—all this besides their pay. Take, for instance, one of the big class, a yacht sailing for say a £60 prize, and winning. From the prize there would have to be deducted a sum of from £55 to £58 before the owner touched anything, and in some instances the amount to be paid to the skipper and crew exceeds the value of the prize. From this it will be seen that men who go in for yacht racing do it simply for the love of the sport (my third class excepted).

And what sport it is! From the time the second gun fires and the vessels cross the line all together, each trying for the weather berth, till in the end the winner gets the gun, maybe by a few seconds, there is always something to do—always excitement. No one knows what may happen to either themselves or their adversaries. And in a strong breeze, with a cloud of canvas, a heavy gybe round a mark requires not only skill but plenty of that quality so dear to us—viz., nerve and pluck. Clear heads and strong arms often win races when everything seems almost hopeless. The popular idea of yachting is that it is perpetual *dolce far niente*. But on a racing-yacht that idea would soon be dispelled. The deck of one of the fleet in a tight race is no place to "laze" about, and a tyro would be utterly lost and far better stowed away in the run. To him it would appear a chaos of sails, spars, ropes, and gear, with a crowd of maniacs dancing over all. Below also it is much the same, and he would probably find himself mixed up with a spinnaker or balloon staysail or something else, wherever he tried to hide himself. Yet, as a matter of fact, everything is in order. Each man knows his place, or should do; knows where every bit of gear leads, and can pick up anything at any moment. Naturally he has to get a move on him, but however sharp he jumps it is always in the right direction. He sees what has to be done, and does it in the shortest time and in the quickest way. I can see now the utterly bewildered expression of a friend of mine who sailed a race for the first time. After going into every part of the vessel to try and get out of the way, having been knocked

down three or four times, he came to me and said in a piteous voice, "Where the deuce am I to go to?—I seem to be always wrong. I can't make it out. I thought I knew a bit, but this beats anything." I kept him by me as well as I could; and though he got soaked and more and more puzzled every minute, when we got the gun he was as pleased as if he had done it by himself, and now sails his own small boat with success at nearly every regatta, and is quite an authority on racing-yachts both big and small. Once bitten with the fever, there is no getting rid of it; and to any one who knows what is going on, and the whole game, I venture to say that there are few things to be compared to a really good race, with a fresh wind and plenty of cross-tacking.

Not only has yachting developed enormously in England, but also abroad. In France, Germany, Italy, and everywhere, within the last twenty years, the love of the sea has increased a hundred per cent. or more. America, of course, I except, because I count our cousins on the other side as marching shoulder to shoulder with us in this respect. But all over the Continent the sport is spreading and developing every year, and what is more, they are beginning to learn all about it; though I doubt if any foreign crew will ever be able to compete with ours in seamanship or smartness so far as racing is concerned.

But it is not only in yacht racing that matters have gone ahead. The cruising yachts have increased in like proportion, especially the large steam yachts, veritable floating palaces, fit to go round the world if required. Time was when the Royal Yacht Squadron barred steam yachts, as they thought it would interfere with seamanship; and at that time they were right. Now, however, they have as many if not more steam yachts in the Club than sailing vessels, and for cruising purposes steam has almost knocked out sails. For my part, I think half the charm of yachting is gone when it has to be done under steam, though for foreign and especially Mediterranean work I would always like to have power to "boil the kettle." If I were in a position to build a yacht I would have an auxiliary, but it should *be* auxiliary so far as steam went, not a full-powered steamer with auxiliary sails, which is the mistake so many men have made and will make. You cannot have both. You cannot build a steamer that will sail; but you can build a sailing vessel that will steam. I do not for a moment suggest that you are going to get ten knots out of her, or anything like it. It must be distinctly understood that she is a sailing vessel, and that the steam is only to be used in a calm, or in the event of a gale of wind blowing, to help you into a handy port before the storm bursts. If you are content with four or five knots, there is nothing more comfortable than a good auxiliary boat of from 250 to 300 tons, nor need the expense be increased to any appreciable extent. Of course an engineer will be required, but the deck hands will fire and stoke for extra pay on the days they are performing those duties.

The charm of cruising is taking your home with you, going just where you list and when you list; no posts, no letters to worry you, no unpleasant callers, and above all no Queen's taxes or gas companies' men sitting on the doorstep. One thing in cruising, especially foreign cruising, I would strongly impress on all owners: and that is, whether they can navigate or not, to be their own masters —that is, sign on as masters of their own vessels. If you do not, the skipper is the commanding officer, and he can dictate where he will go, how he will go, and when he will go,—if he does not push matters as far as putting you in irons and handing you over to the nearest Consul. This is not romance, but real fact; for some years ago I had to give advice to a novice who had bought a schooner, and had allowed his skipper to be "the boss." He boarded me early one

morning—a perfect stranger—to know what he should do. "My skipper" (with an adjective), he said, "will not do anything I want. I tell him to go to ——; but he says he can't, and when I remonstrate he threatens me and says he is commanding the ship, not I." "Did you sign as master?" I asked; and when he told me that he did not I was forced to explain to him that he was, till he got home, entirely in his captain's hands, and could do absolutely nothing except pay off at once. He took my advice; went to the Consul, paid off there and then, and threw his yacht out of commission. Then he re-engaged his crew and skipper (not the same one) on proper terms, and ever afterwards called the tune for which he was paying. Believe me, there are some men who pose as yacht skippers who, if they get hold of a novice, will go nowhere except it suits them so to do, unless some kind friend has put the novice up to signing on as master. Yacht hands, too, require looking after, and with a fairly tight hand. I remember on one occasion in the Mediterranean, I was commanding my own boat, and the whole of my crew were naval reserve, I was carrying despatches from the fleet; and putting into a port for a few hours, the starboard watch were given leave for a short spell on shore. When we had to make sail the whole of them came off drunk; and as the weather looked a bit threatening, I cast about to find the quickest way to sober them. My boatswain solved the problem by suggesting salt water; so before getting the anchor, I ordered the port watch to douse their shipmates well till they came to; which was done, and then they were mustered aft and informed that they were under the Naval Discipline Act, and having received their punishment went forward the sickest men sailing under the British flag. Had I not been commanding and signed on as master, I should have had no power; for I am convinced that no yacht skipper would have taken the bull by the horns and given the men their deserts. Therefore I say to every owner, "Be your own masters, on paper at all events." Of course it is better in every way, and greater interest is added, if the owner will take the trouble to learn navigation and seamanship himself, and for the life of me I cannot understand why more of them do not do so. They have everything in their favour—education, intelligence, and (if fond of yachting) more adaptability than the ordinary skipper, whose fixed idea is that no gentleman ("the governor" as they call him) can possibly ever be more than an ignorant amateur. Yet these same skippers, when you get them into blue water, are hopelessly fogged, and in many instances navigate the vessel by rule of thumb, trusting to luck for a decent landfall. Witness the story of the old yacht skipper, clothed with importance and gold lace, who when crossing the Bay arrived on deck with a sextant, the use of which was to him a sealed book, and having screwed it about for some time finally lay down on the deck, took an imaginary observation at nothing, and then rising said pompously, "Make it eight bells and keep her away 'alf a point." That owners can learn seamanship and how to sail their vessels is proved by the numbers of small boats, one-design classes, Red wings, etc., that are out nearly every day of the week during the summer, and are sailed, and sailed well, by their respective proprietors. With a little application and a little work during the winter they could easily acquire navigation, when they would be in a position, should they go in for a large cruiser, to command it themselves, and be independent of the skippers, who, with their airs and graces of superiority and their keen eye for a commission on every conceivable article required on board, are apt sometimes to pall. There is no sport or pastime (how I hate the word!) to which that saying attributed to the Iron Duke applies more forcibly than it does to yachting—"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

A. G. Bagot ("Bagatelle").

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THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

L'ADDIO DEL MARITO.

ONCE outside, where they could discern friend from foe, the troopers instantly realised their mistake, and rallied round Roshan.

But it was too late for that now. As he stood, centring them, there was a wild contempt, a vague relief in his face. He knew now where his sympathies lay. Not with these men, treacherous to their salt, but with those who could hold, who *had* held their own against all odds. Yes! even with that dead figure, still with its back to the door that must not be opened.

The thought stung and seared like hot iron.

No! not with that! not with that! That was—what? He could have killed himself for the unwavering testimony which every scrap of him gave to the heroism, the defiance of such a death. He knew he would give everything to die one like it, and he knew he could not—not now. He knew he must die a useless death to save himself from a worse one.

"There is no real harm done, *Khân-jee*," broke in his lance-*duffadar*, in hurried excuse, seeing the expression on his face. "We can get in easily again. Those holding the horses say there were but a score of them all told—the cursed Sikhs. God knows how they got out of the fort. I thought we had them safe! And there was a woman with them—a miss-*baba*," he laughed savagely. "Well, if they be as brave as men, these infidel women, let them die like men—the hell-cats——"

Roshan Khân looked at the man, whom he had known for years, as if he had never seen him before. And the thought of another woman—with his own blood in her veins—who had been brave also, and who had died—died by his hand—returned to sweep him from every bearing, from every landmark, eastern or western, and leave him rudderless, drifting, in a storm of despair. He laughed suddenly—an insane laugh—at the hideousness, the hopelessness of it all. Laughed like the madman he was for the time, at the horror which drove him mad.

"Kill her if thou wilt, fool! I have done my share of that!" he cried brutally, striking out at the voice as he had struck at the other which had told

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him of Vincent's victory; striking as he felt inclined to strike at anything and everything—most of all at the hateful confusion in himself, and in his world. So, without another word, he broke through the circle of troopers, dashed to where his horse awaited him, and was off like a whirlwind; that strange possession of the Oriental races which, in a way, claims kindred with the Berserk rage of the North, thrilling to his finger tips; yet held in check, diverted from sheer, mad, uncalculating desire to kill, by that acquired sense of fair play.

"He goes to rouse the city," said some of his men, following him hurriedly.

"And time too!" assented some of the conspirators. "The dawn is upon us, and if the pilgrims drift away, our hope is gone!"

But most of the crowd, troopers and conspirators alike, felt vaguely that the dawn had indeed come, that the midsummer night's dream of madness was over, that those who were wise would try, while they had the chance, to escape from its consequences.

And that such a chance existed, even now, was patent. The very madness of the night, its lack of reasonable explanation, were in their favour. And its darkness, the outer darkness of the storm which had sprung up in a minute, must have hidden much. Who, for instance, was to say—except those impenitent ones whose evidence, if given at all, must be doubted as the evidence of condemned men seeking to drag others down to their own fate—whether such and such a one had been a rebel at first? Provided, always, that there was no doubt about his staunchness at the last—now that the dawn had come—the dawn which showed doubt, almost a surprise, in so many faces. What had come to them? Why were they there?

"*Kuchch saiya pur gya!* (some shadow fell on me)," muttered one man below his breath, as he sheathed his sword; and another, with an oath, said boldly, "This one is for the winning side," then gave the cry, "To the rescue, brothers! to the rescue! Cut down the mutineers!"—so, promptly, began operations on the nearest defenceless prisoner.

Thus, almost before those who had galloped in hot haste after Roshan's lead were out of sight, the prisoners, even the resisting warders, had been driven into the portico, and penned like a flock of sheep between the troopers outside and the pioneers within.

"The Lord is King," said the lance-*duffadar* piously to a neighbour—he had started back from Roshan's blow with a scowl, and watched his retreat resentfully —"the handle end of His sword is safest! Lo! have at them, brothers!" he added aloud. "Have at the evil-born ones who would have killed the *mems* and the *baba-logue*, as such scum did in the Great Breathing, making the faces of the soldiery black for all time! Show them our mettle. Forward!—'Gord—save—the—Ka-veen!'"

"Gord—save—the—Ka-veen!"

The cry grew to a shout; and Dr. Dillon, who, with a great incredulity lessening the values of all he saw and heard, had promptly swung himself down into the courtyard, looked through a crevice in the barricade—which was fast taking form under the willing hands of the pioneers—to see what the noise meant.

"It is all over," he said slowly, his face pathetic in its bewilderment,—"the troopers are siding with us!" He stood for a moment as if unable to grasp the reality, and his keen inquisitive eyes seemed to search almost reproachfully for some cause, some hint of reason in his surroundings; in the splintered door, in every cranny and foothold of the broken stair, and so—past the parapet—they

continued their questioning to the lightening sky, against which, faint and far, those distant peaks where lay the "Cradle of the Gods" had begun to show dimly.

"All for nothing!" he muttered to himself almost petulantly—"poor Dering!" So, swiftly, he passed down the alley; swiftly but hopelessly, for he knew what those iron shackles meant on a man's bare head.

He drew the body to one side with tender care, then knocked at the closed door and called to the man within. "Smith! open the door—you'd better come out. I think it's all over now. Be quick, please."

There was a pause, then a fumbling at the bolts and bars. So, in that grey cold light, a figure stood at the open door: tall, gaunt, with a hunted look in its eyes—almost a terror, as they looked down—down to the threshold—down for what they knew should be there.

"Dering?" asked Eugene Smith hoarsely; then, seeing what lay to one side, covered his eyes from the sight with a cry like a woman's, and trembled all over. That strain of patient, idle inaction had been awful.

"Oh! God damn them!" burst out the Doctor fiercely, "and all for nothing—for nothing! At least, I think so. Come on, Smith, and make sure."

For nothing! For nothing!

The words were echoing in Roshan's brain also, as with loose rein, recklessly, he galloped over the frail bridge of boats, making it quiver and thunder beneath his horse's hoofs, and send curved waves of light and shadow over the clear, steely surface of the water seen like a polished shield in the dawn. The air was clear also; the distant hills steel-grey as the water, the sky steel-grey as the hills. And there was the bright keenness as of a glittering sword in the chill breeze that swept from west to east. But Roshan did not feel it; he was absorbed in himself, in the useless battle of his life.

For nothing! For nothing!

He did not even hear the soft yet sonorous roar, beginning like the rush of a big breaker on a beach, ending with a wild musical note like the wail of new-weaned lambs and their mothers on a lone hill-side, which suddenly echoed out over the water, making those who galloped behind look at each other and whisper joyfully.

"'Tis all right, *Khân sahib*," said one, urging his horse alongside; "the pilgrims are waiting still—hear you not their cry? They grow impatient!"

Roshan looked at him with lack-lustre eyes. What were the pilgrims to him, or their impatience? What was salvation, immortality, to one whose only desire was death—death and forgetfulness? He dug his spurs into his horse, savagely glad to give pain, and rode on.

"*Hârâ! Hârî! Hârî! Hârâ!*"

The roar was articulate now, and those behind looked doubtfully at each other.

"If it should be the miracle?" suggested one conspirator.

But another shook his head: "How can that be? None know the trick save those two, Gu-gu and Am-ma, and they are safe."

"Unless it *be* a miracle," put in a third, almost timidly. "God's club makes no noise, and the night has been full of marvels." . . .

So an uneasy silence fell upon the rest.

"*Hârâ! Hârî! Hârî! Hârâ!*"

There was no mistaking the cry now. It rose exultant, yet with that wailing note in it still which lingers always in humanity's claim to have found its lost paradise, its lost purity.

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Yet there was no trace of doubt in the almost frantic joy on every face in the dense multitude which stopped the little cavalcade as it entered the square around the Pool of Immortality; stopped it hopelessly, as if the moving, breathing, living mass had been a dead wall.

"*Hárá! Hári! Hári! Hárá!*"

It was almost a yell. The patience was gone utterly, and, far as the eye could reach, in all the wide square, in every street and alley converging to it, there was the restless, ineffectual movement of the sea, when, on a summer's day, it beats itself calmly yet persistently—rising and falling upon a sheer cliff—against the impossible. There was no one to check the crowd now, to prevent it from finding Death and Immortality at the same time. What matter? What were a few hundreds of crushed bodies, when the soul found what it sought?

The riders behind Roshan threw up their hands at the sight. No hope here for the littlenesses of life; for principalities and powers, even for political liberty!

This was the bed rock; this, in its unalterable aspiration—not for something better but for the best—neither culture nor conspiracy could touch; this was as much beyond the control of kith and kin, as of strangers and aliens.

"Come, *Khán sahib*!" they called to the figure with the lack-lustre eyes which sate its horse like a statue, staring at itself, at its world, conscious only of the hideous discords which were, perforce, the music of its sphere. "Come! *Nawab-jee*! There is still a chance with the "*Teacher of Religion.*" The *jogi* will have held *his* folk, for sure. They will be ready for blood, since *Mai* Kali—the speaker spat his Mahomedan contempt for the idolatry ere he went on—"lets none go. She is true woman for that!"

So by back alleys and crooked ways, Roshan—why he did not know, since he meant nothing by it—led the cavalcade past the palace, through the archway into the courtyard with its union-jack of raised paths.

And found it empty. Empty of all save the *jogi* Gorakh-nâth, who was busy resignedly, in rethreading his chaplet of skulls, ere starting to seek safety over the British border in some far recess of the holy hills; whence, when this affair had blown over, he could swoop down with added sanctity on some other religious fair.

"He and his God stole them from me—not the saying of a rosary past," he said, cheerfully, after he had explained the position. "They went by yonder door to the old road. So what matter! They are in it. They will come back to Her by-and-by. It is so always. Men follow other leads, other loves. But they do not find what they seek; so they come back to Her, to the many-named Woman. *Jai! Kali ma!*"

Those behind Roshan looked at each other. "It is the end," they said briefly. "Come, *risaidar-jee*," the change of title was significant, "we shall have to ride far and fast if we are to live."

Once more, every atom of the man, soul and body, seemed to strike out furiously at the voice, at the truth and the untruth, in it; at the assertion of failure, the linking of his need with theirs.

"Ride for your lives if you want them," he cried fiercely: "I seek death."

They left him, after unavailing protests, and rode helter-skelter on to the fort warning their comrades that the game was up, so on towards safety. And the *jogi*, naked but not ashamed, still swinging his chaplet of skulls, followed them leisurely; for he knew himself safe in the superstition and the devotion of every woman in India. Since he, Her servant, could not fail of shelter in every Hindu

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homestead far or near, in which a woman's hand closed on a man's holding him tight for herself alone, as the Great Mother holds all men.

Roshan, thus left alone, rode his horse on slowly to the central plinth, dismounted, and hitching the bridle over the muzzle of the "*Teacher of Religion*," stood staring out dully at what lay before him. Everything was so quiet, so commonplace! Nothing changed from the day, barely a month ago, when he had stood beside the old gun with Vincent Dering and Lance Carlyon, contemptuous of the ignorance of others, satisfied with himself.

And now?—what had come to him?

The madness which his wild gallop from the jail had calmed somewhat, returned in a fierce rush, and with it that one desire for revenge; for something by which to show the contempt, which was not now merely for the ignorant, but for those others, self-righteous, tyrannical, who had dared to touch him—dared to make him what he was—a prey both to ignorance and wisdom, savagery and culture—a laughing-stock even to himself!

And who had begun the fooling? Who had taught him as a boy?

Pidar Narayan! Who else? Who else had begun the game—giving some things, withholding others? And who else was within reach? Who else could be followed up and forced to fair fight—forced to admit that the pupil was ahead now of the master?

He laughed a laugh of absolute exultation; and a wave of purely childish satisfaction swept through the mind in which there were still so many depths of childish ignorance and misconception; unavoidable depths in the culture of a bare score of years. Leaving his horse tethered to the old gun, he ran hastily across to the palace; so, finding the door open, the whole place quiet, went on down the arched passage. It was still dark, but a glimmer of light showed the entrance to the chapel, and to the armoury beside it, which was his goal.

He had no other thought except for that armoury, until, with the tall tapers burning at the head and feet, he saw the dead body of the woman who had deceived him, lying on the altar steps. Then the pitifullest clashing of satisfaction and despair, of desire and disgust, came to him that ever rent a man in twain. For a moment he fought for bare reason between them, then, with a savage cry, he flung himself beside the dead girl, caught her to him, covered her with frantic, cruel kisses, and, almost flinging her from him again, ran on into the armoury, the red of her dress, her bosom, in his eyes—the red of blood. . . .

The armoury! Where he had had his first lesson in the foils! There they were, harmless in their buttons, crossed on the wall; and above them something more murderous—the dangerous, delicate rapiers to which those others were but the prelude. No! one was gone!—one they had told him Father Ninian had used against the *jogi*! One therefore he must have with him. So much the better!

He tore down its fellow, and passing the dead girl without a look, dashed out into the courtyard again, his last trace of sanity gone.

The next instant his horse's feet were echoing madly along the pilgrims' road. His enemy must have a quarter of an hour's lead, but that was nothing: he could overtake him, anyhow, at the first station in the pilgrimage,—a temple under a vast banyan tree at the foot of the first rise—where the pious must pause to make offerings.

The road was almost empty at first; for the news that the miracle had only been deferred had spread instantly through the unrestful town, and so to a space beyond it, making those who heard the tale turn back to see for themselves. But, after a few minutes' wild gallop, he came up with those who had been

beyond recall, who had gone on content with that strange lead of a strange God, of a saint, a sinner; yet after a time, forgetful of that leadership, utterly—for they needed it no more. The danger of novelty had passed with their first step along the beaten track which their fathers had followed.

Father Ninian, wise with the wisdom of long years, of secret sympathy, had known this; had counted on it in his forlorn hope of leading them into familiar bondage. He had told himself that he need only go as far as that first station; that then, during the pause for offerings, he might return, as it were, to realities, to something more consistent with the nineteenth century. But to him, also, as he led the way chanting his offices, had come a strange peace, a strange desire to go on to the end of the pilgrimage, a strange desire to leave those realities behind him in a world, from which he was taking nothing, not even his love. Surely it was time! Surely he was old enough to claim rest. No! not rest: it was something more than that! Surely, now that he had left every atom of earth behind him, lying with a dead woman on the altar steps, he also was free to find the "Cradle of the Gods"!

"*My soul fleeth unto the Lord! before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch,*" he chanted.

"Have a care, *baba-jee*, thou and thy God!" said a half-tender, half-jesting voice, as he stumbled among the stones, and a dark hand stretched itself out to steady the old priest, and a dark face turned to nod approval at other dark faces; since here was a true pilgrim, a true madman, forgetful, to judge by the face lifted towards those distant hills, of this world.

Yet the desire in him seemed to the wise old heart something that must be set aside. He must return—yes! he must return. To do what? What could an old man do who had left life, a useless life, behind him? He crushed down that thought also, and stumbled on.

"*Man is like a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow!*"

His voice spent itself tremulously on that one certainty, and those behind him joined their testimony to his all unwittingly, as they called on *Hârâ* or *Hârî*—on the Creator, the Destroyer—as One and Indivisible.

And in the rear again, Roshan, in his search for death, for annihilation, bore witness also, as he came cursing those who stood in his way, his horse slithering among the stones in its effort to obey whip and spur, and sending a dry clangour of hoof-beats through the little valley, to startle the sleepy snakes coiled on the distant rocks, and drive them back to their crannies with a hiss.

So, every instant, the distance lessened between the old man and the young one, both weary of life. It was broad daylight now, though the sun had but just risen. The mystery of dawn had left the world; the very pilgrims, between their recurring cry, were chattering, laughing, over the everyday details of life which would make to-day as trivial as yesterday, to-morrow as trivial as to-day.

There had been a "Breathing" in the night they told each other. Some shadow had fallen. Some God or Devil had had power. But the shackles of custom, of familiarity, were back again, the despotism of detail.

Only in those two strangely different minds in the van, in the rear, the mystery still clouded the reality.

And the distance between them lessened, as Roshan drove his way through the saffron robes, recklessly.

Yet, fast as he went, when he reached the end of the dry watercourse up which the last part of the rough track had wound, and stood in the hollow, backed by a further rise of hill, where the quaint, dumpy, black temple hid itself under

the huge blotch of the banyan-tree—the only green thing visible far or near—the figure he sought was not to be seen among the crowd.

Akbar Khân, indeed, he saw, utilising one of the tall tapers as a pipe-light before casting himself on the ground to suck contentedly at the screwed banyan leaf full of tobacco, which he had gathered by claiming a pinch in return for the loan of that same light to others. But with a curious shame Roshan avoided him, and passed on in his search, among the jostling crowd, the continuous babel of trivial talk; for this was resting-time, when men and women could be men and women, and forget that they were on a pilgrimage—when they could even dream themselves back in the village under the familiar shelter of some village tree, asking no more than the familiar round of life.

But above the babel came every now and again the insistent clang of a bell, telling that some new petitioner was seeking a favour of the Gods, and making a golden oriole—which sate in the green leafage—flit to another bower with a sudden fluting note, full, joyful, mellow.

"What dost seek, Musulmân?" cavilled a saint, drawing back from Roshan's shadow, as he gabbled invocations on a rosary, ere solacing himself with the pipe which his disciple had prepared. "If 'tis the madman and his God—he hath gone yonder."

He pointed to a side track, which was a short cut to the road above.

Roshan flung himself from his horse without a word, and followed.

The distance lessened at every step now, for the old priest's breath failed him at the steepness of the rise.

Still it would not take him long, he told himself—that one look at the soft, white cloud which generally hid the goal of pilgrimage—before he turned back over the hill, as best he could, to find what task remained for him in the world. He might have that one look, surely!

So, reaching the summit of this first bulwark of the unattainable, he sat down, breathlessly, beside an upright black stone which showed strangely distinct amid the redness of the surrounding rock; a plain black stone, not three feet high, chipped rudely to a blunt point. Father Ninian did not need the scattering of dead marigolds and dry basil leaves about its base to tell him that it was a fragment of an older faith than that of the temple below; a faith sterner, purer, founded on a clearer perception of what humanity needed in that search for the lost Paradise, on a closer memory of the cause which lost it.

He laid one hand on the stone, almost caressingly, as, holding the pyx in the other, he sat down facing the distant peaks. But there was no cloud upon them. The day had dawned clear and still, and as he sat looking wistfully over the valleys on valleys, the hills on hills, which lay, bathed in light, between him and the "Cradle of the Gods," the sunbeams—still slanting from the curved edge of the eastern plains—caught the jewelled star of what he held, and stayed there.

It was peaceful beyond words. The hurry, the strain, not only of that long eventful night, but of the whole long eventful life, seemed over. All things seemed behind him. The passion, the pride, the courage, the manhood, all things that had made Ninian Bruce what Ninian Bruce had been—where were they? Only wisdom, only a tender knowledge seemed to remain.

The clank of steel upon stone roused him—the clank of Roshan's spurs upon the rocks; and Father Ninian turned to see him, a yard or two on the path below, outlined clearly against the distant view of Eshwara, against the world in which Ninian Bruce had lived and loved—the Ninian Bruce whom he had left behind!

Behind! No! It was Ninian Bruce, and no other, who was on his feet in a

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second, a flush on his face—the face that was like the nether millstone in its stern passion, and pride, and power. For, in a second, the old man's soul was back in a world where a dead woman belonging to him lay waiting for revenge. His hand was on his hidden rapier, as he flung his first word of defiance at the man who had killed her.

"Murderer!"

"Your pupil at that even!" gasped Roshan: "you began it!—your pupil whom you taught—curse you."

The words failed him, he paused inarticulate; but the keen eyes and ears opposite him took in his meaning with the swift comprehension which had been Pidar Narayan's always. A sort of contemptuous pity fought with the passion of Ninian Bruce's face.

"My pupil certainly," he assented: "have you come to ask me for a final lesson?"

Roshan glared at him. "You understand—you always did—that is the worst! Yes! I have come"—here he laughed wildly—"for what you taught me—fair play and no favour—and I mean to have it." In his fierce excitement he pressed closer, flourishing his rapier.

"Pardon me!" came a cold, courteous voice—"I did not teach you that method of assassination, surely? I thought you desired fair play. If so, you might allow me time to meet you on equal terms."

Roshan drew back with a flush from the figure which had stood its ground, which looked at him with such bitter disdain. He scarcely seemed to recognise it. No wonder! For this was Ninian Bruce himself. Ninian Bruce as he might have spoken to an over-hasty antagonist in the days when he was the most reckless swordsman in Rome, when the world held him body and soul.

The years, his very priesthood, had slipped from him.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" muttered Roshan, standing aside. There was a savage satisfaction in his heart. This man was not old—the odds were equal—there was enough fire and passion here to please any opponent.

So, after a pause to lay aside the pyx—it found a strange resting-place on the blunt summit of that upright black stone,—a slim, still elegant figure, divested of its priestly robings, took its stand, its back to the hills, its face to the world. Still upright, still active, with its black *soutane* caught up and tucked into the sash to give free play to its limbs.

"Now, sir," came the courteous voice, "I am ready!"

Something in the pride and grace of bearing, the reckless contempt, made Roshan follow suit.

"The sun will be in your eyes," he said; "let us fight lengthwise to the ridge."

"We *will*," came that icy voice, as the speaker, without moving, stood on guard. "We can omit the salute. If you are ready, I am."

For an instant Roshan hesitated, realising what the life that he meant to take had been, what the man himself whom he meant to kill had been and was: the man whose figure stood out like a black shadow against the distant blue of the hills. And, as he realised the fine fibre of his enemy, a sense of powerlessness to touch, to harm him, kept Roshan motionless.

"Shall I count five, and give you a start?" The question came with a shrug of the shoulders. The taunt told. Roshan pulled himself together, and stood on guard also. But the sense of powerlessness was intolerable he lowered his rapier for a word more; a word to raise his own self-esteem.

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"I warn you," he said haughtily, "that the sun is in your eyes. That I have learnt more than you ever taught me—that *this* is to the death."

"It could scarcely be anything else, could it?" came the instant reply, in a voice that vibrated harshly like a harpstring struck to its fullest, "with a dead woman between us. Engage, you devil, or I will kill you as you stand!"

Roshan gave a short, sharp cry like a wild beast. The next instant the curious hiss of two meeting blades sliding along each other was the only sound. It is a strange sound, which to the listeners, the onlookers, seems to say "hush" to the whole world.

"*Hush*—hush—*sh—sh!*"

Then, short and sharp as that cry of Roshan's, came another sound; the beaten, baffled clash when steel meets steel instead of flesh.

Roshan with an inward curse gripped his rapier closer. He had almost been disarmed. Disarmed in that first encounter! Strange that he should have forgotten his foe; forgotten the deadly insistence of the master's blade, slack as a snake in curves, firm as a vice in grip. Then that almost invisible turn of the wrist which had so nearly done for him. He had forgotten these, in years of meaner adversaries. He remembered them now, and would not forget again! And he had such things, aye! and more, in reserve for himself. . . .

So had his master, in reserve for both of them, if needful. And the knowledge that it *would* be needful, came to Ninian Bruce at the first touch of his adversary's sword; for there was that in it which told the old hand that the young one was a master's also.

"My pupil has improved," he said quietly, as, abandoning the attack, he parried Roshan's furious onslaught with scarcely a motion of the hand held level to his heart.

That he could do. But the other must surely come in the end, since he was old and Roshan young. If in the end, therefore, why not now? The sooner the better.

A minute after the sun was no longer in Pidar Narayan's eyes. As he had said, they were fighting lengthwise to the ridge; and he drew back, choosing his ground, until under his feet he felt the dead marigolds, the withered basil leaves that lay about the upright stone—that strange pedestal on which the star-shaped pyx stood as on an altar, glittering in those first sun-rays.

He seemed to see it, to feel it, standing there between the world below and those faint, far peaks; and the eyes which had seen so much, felt they need see no more.

"*Sta alerta, signor!*" he cried, flinging himself savagely forward. "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," he added in a lower tone, as—in an attack which held in it all the wildness, the fire, the passion of his youth—he drove Roshan back a step—one step down the faint slope on which he had counted.

A fierce lunge or two, a swift parry, and then? Then an inch beyond safety—given purposely—yielded room for the *riposte* he sought from that other rapier.

It came with a quick cry of triumph, as Roshan felt his thin steel slide silently on through dull resistance; a cry that ended in a gasp, as the hand which held the rapier dropped for a second, then flung itself upwards.

For Pidar Narayan had given the *reprise*, and "*L'Addio del Marito*" had done its work.

So for an instant, held upright by the lingering force of the old man's hand, the two stood within a sword's-length, their faces glaring at each other, stern, implacable, the one in death, the other still in life. Then the strength, the life

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ebbed; the balance between it and death wavered, and Ninian Bruce, overborne by his enemy's dead weight, sank to his knee, then backwards.

But his hand still gripped the rapier, so Roshan Khán's body, as it fell forward, slithered down the sharp blade, sending a little jet of crimson blood backwards till it stopped with a dull thud upon the hilt.

So he lay, face downwards, beside the old man, whose head rested among the withered marigolds and the sweet dead leaves of the basil, which generations and generations of pilgrims had offered to an unknown wisdom on their way to the "Cradle of the Gods."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TRUTH.

"AND to look at it now," came the Commissioner's rich, round brogue, "you would think butter wouldn't melt in its mouth!"

He waved the cigar he was smoking towards Eshwara. It looked sleepier, more sun-saturate than ever, as it lay reflected in the still lagoon between it and the tent in which he was sitting,—a double-poled commissioner's tent, which two days before had swooped down like an avenging angel with broad white wings to take possession of the just and the unjust in the name of Victoria *Kaiser-i-Hind*.

It was pitched on the site of the Viceroy's camp, for the convenience of being close to the jail where the late disturbers of the public peace had taken up their residence. In fact, the mast, from which the royal standard had floated, still reared itself, bare, undraped, from its roundel of roses. But the flowers were withered, dead. Even the palms, their work of welcome over, were wilting fast; but they still gave a doubtful shade to some groups of manacled men, who, guarded by yellow-legged constables, were placidly awaiting the Commissioner's leisure and pleasure; both of which were at the time, occupied with lunch, and Dr. Dillon. So, as the wide white wings of the tent were set open and supported with bamboos to let in the breeze, the representative of law and order could be seen, his feet on the table among his law books—drinking an iced whisky-and-soda.

Dr. Dillon, who looked careworn, chiefly because in his care for others he had, as yet, been able to take no rest, nodded.

"Yes; and it doesn't as a rule. A more peaceable spot never was. You can't account for these sudden idiotic outbreaks. One reason is as good as another. And so old Mother Campbell, with her assertion that it all came because Miss Shepherd would talk about Jean Ziska's drum . . ."

The Commissioner smiled. "Yes; the good lady has an endless circle of unfounded beliefs, all dependent on each other for support. It's the most comfortable way of getting through life. An' miracles are like drams—ye can't stop them, once you begin. Besides, on me soul, it was queer: even Carlyon said——"

"And if it *were* true," interrupted the Doctor, "we shouldn't be any forrarder! We shouldn't understand. And that's our position now. You can't, in fact. It's better you shouldn't, in India at any rate. Just accept them, ignore them, smash them, hush them up,"—here his face clouded,—"and in this case there is a good deal that had better be kept dark. You'll do your best, I hope?"

The keen whimsical face hardened. "I shall follow the usual official routine, sir," he said cynically; "for, look you, there never was a row like this in India

but there is something in it about a woman, which we've *got* to hush up. An' that's God's truth. Yes! we pay a heavy toll"—he broke off, took up a pen as if to write, threw it down impatiently, and stared out into the hot yellow sunshine.

Dr. Dillon sat twiddling his mushroom hat round and round in his nervous fingers, and staring out into it also. A sense of being face to face with an unpleasant truth was on them both. Suddenly he laughed harshly.

"We ought to have got accustomed to the fact by this time anyhow," he said, "for it began early enough in the history of man! Well, I'm off. You won't want me—will you –this afternoon, now those men have turned Queen's evidence?"

"Don't think so. Let's see." The Commissioner drew a list towards him, and ran his eye over it. "I've condemned three warders and seven prisoners to death for poor Dering's murder; so I daresay penal servitude will see through the rest. Then there's *Jogi* Gorakh-nâth and his *gosain*. They ought to be hung, but we haven't caught them, and we never shall: the wild ass that snuffeth up the east wind isn't in it with a Hindu ascetic in eluding captors! So the lot out there are really small fry; for the other ringleaders are either dead or departed—even that amphibious brute Gu-gu."

Doctor Dillon looked up cheerfully. "By George! I'd have given something to see that water-fight between him and Am-ma! By the way, what are you going to do for that queer fish?—but for him we should never have seen Lance Carlyon's face again."

The Commissioner's expression was curious. "It's a bit hard to do anything for a man who wants nothing but earth, air, and water, and has got all three; besides"—he drew a paper out of a file, looked at it, then looked at the Doctor—"besides, it wasn't altogether Am-ma!" he paused, smiled an infinitely kind smile, then went on: "I was a brute, entirely, to talk about a heavy toll just now! We get its worth back, me dear fellow, over and over again. See! here is Am-ma's affidavit. I took it this morning, and upon me soul, Dillon, I should be obliged if you would tell me whether to hush it up, or inform the party concerned." So saying, his brogue took possession of the sun-bright, sun-dry air.

"I, Am-ma, of the river folk, solemnly affirm that, knowing the *Dee-puk-Râg* to be in the power of the *Huzoors*, I several times warned Gu-gu not to follow other masters. But he had learned books and become ignorant. He could not even feel when a current changed its course; and then he thought he must die, because of the ghost, and that made him wild. So when I refused, and set off, as ordained, for the raft, he took the Brahman's money and stopped the miracle. Of a surety, the Awarder of Justice is right! This slave knew what was to come He did not tell of it, because where the *Dee-puk-Râg* is, there is victory; so there was no fear. Yet when the miss-*sahiba* bade me help her, I obeyed, because she has power over devils, and my son, *Huzoor*, is still in the first week of life. Therefore, for that reason, I guided the raft. But when I saw that the Light-Bringers had smitten the darkness of evil-doers, and that the raft would be needed no more, I went on with it to the place appointed by the Wood-*wallah sahib*, whence it could float of itself. So returned to my home, and ate my bread. And the day was quiet, as the *Huzoor* knows; only the folk reviled because I had no fish to sell. But at night, at the waning of the sunset stars, about the third jackal cry, came the miss-*sahiba* to my hut."

Doctor Dillon ceased twiddling his hat, and looked up in sudden interest.

"To my hut," reiterated the reading voice. "I deemed it because of devils

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first; but it was not. It was because of Carlone-*sahib*, who could not be found. Only his clothes and pistol on my craft, stranded on a sandbank by the mid-channel.

"'He has not been killed,' said the miss-*sahiba*. 'He would not have fought with his clothes off. Nor did he go to fight. He would not have left the pistol if he had. He has gone swimming; to get quicker and find help. So he is drowned. He is in the river still, and I cannot think of it. Am-ma! you know every inch of the river. Find him! Find him!'

"Then I said, 'Yea! miss-*sahiba*, I will find him when his body rises. No man can find a dead one in the river till then.' But, as I spoke, the son at his mother's breast left sucking, and cried aloud. The miss-*sahiba* said it was but the gripes, but we—my house and I—knew more than that. We knew it was the devils, winning a way because the miss was not content. So I said, 'I will find him while his beauty is still on him for you to see again,' since that is in the heart of all women, O Awarder of Justice. Thus at the dawn—the dawn after the dawn of darkness—I, Am-ma, set out with my nets, seeing that fish, anyhow, could be found, and the market would be dear because none had come to the bazaar during the commotion. So, remembering where my craft had stranded, I went first to mid-channel; thus, working up, came to where it had stranded once before. Then, seeing footmarks, I followed them, till in an island, eating his bread, I found the evil-begotten Gu-gu.

"He had a knife in his bead belt; at the sight whereof I gave glory to gods and devils alike, for I knew the handle of it. It was Carlone-*sahib's shikâr* knife, and I had been his *shikâri* many a time.

"So I said, 'Where gottest thou Carlone-*sahib's* knife, Gu-gu?' thinking to startle him. And it did. He said no word, but came at me with it.

"So we fought. His right hand and mine on the knife, and our left arms round each other's throat choking us; and our legs wrestling. Till the water grew too deep. Then we swam with them. But he said nothing, nor did I. There was no need. We understood, as dogs do, that it was foe and foe. So it came to the deep stream; his right hand and mine, with the knife between them, and our teeth fixed in each other's shoulders. Till I bethought me of his ear. Then he yelled, and let go; but I was after him as he dived. It was a long race. Wherefore not? since we are the best swimmers in the river. But I felt the cleave of the water from his foot at last, and spent myself in one stroke. So I laid hold of his leg and ran my hand up till I found his back. Then I used Carlone-sahib's knife on him, and he sank, and I sank too with the blow.

"And when I came up, leaving him there, I found how long the race had been, for my right hand struck the city wall. Then it came to me what the miss-*sahiba* had said, of Carlone-*sahib* wishing to go quick, and I bethought me of the secret passages, and the knife, and Gu-gu's fear. And I said to myself some one must have restored the miracle. Not Gu-gu; else why was he hiding? What if it be Carlone-*sahib*? But most of all I thought of my little son and the devils longing for him, and of the woman longing for the sight of a man's beauty, and I knew I must go and see if it lay there. So I dived, and found him, as the Awarder of Justice knows, sitting high up with the water about his feet waiting for death, and brought him back as I promised. And Gu-gu is dead, for his body was drifting by the tunnel, with Carlone-*sahib's* knife in the back, as we came out. So the miss is pleased, and the devils do not come near my son."

The brogue ceased, and there was a pause. "Well! what do ye say, Dillon?" asked the Commissioner fretfully.

"'So we fought. His right hand and mine on the knife, and our left arms round each other's throat, choking us.'"

George Dillon rose and put on his hat deliberately. "Nothing. Except that I must really be off. I've to see Smith first, and Carlyon,—that sprained ankle of his, which he got trying to climb up beyond the rise of the water, will be the deuce and all if he uses it too soon. And then, if I can, I want to get round and say good-bye to—to the miss-*sahiba*. She's off to Herrnhut again this evening. In fact, Campbell didn't half like her waiting for the funeral, he is in such a blessed hurry to get to his new field, as he calls it; thinks of nothing else! They are to be married on Monday, I believe."

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The Commissioner laid aside Am-ma's affidavit with a soft "damn," and Dr. Dillon paused on his way out at the sound.

"Quite so. I entirely agree with you," he said sympathetically; "but unfortunately, there is only one person who has a right to tell that story, sir—and she won't!"

"Why not?" interrupted the Commissioner militantly: "why the blazes shouldn't a woman tell the truth?"

"Because women don't know it," broke in the Doctor, "or men either for that matter. Because we men and women have got ourselves on such false lines, into such an absolutely false position towards each other, that the only course consistent with propriety and *les convenances* is to—to hush the thing up! So hush-a-bye baby, sir, to your heart's content. So long as the mother can tell her blessed infant that she is a lady, what does the real fact matter?"

He spoke with a concentrated bitterness, an almost fierce resentment; and the Commissioner nodded, finished his whisky-and-soda at a gulp, and returned to work, tossing his papers about recklessly.

"It's a queer world, certainly," he murmured, with a lack of originality which sat ill on him. Then, catching sight of something in a file, his humorous, kindly self returned. "Listen to this now for queerness," he laughed, beginning to read: "'The petition of Mussumât Mumtâza Mahal'—that's Roshan Khân's grandmother, you know—'sister,' etc., etc.,—'humbly showeth that she has endured grievous wrong and hurt, by loss of her grandson in the late deplorable mutiny (of which she was utterly incognisant, being helpless, veiled, old woman perpetually confined in house. Therefore prayeth that whereas one Mussumât Ashrâf-un-nissa, her neighbour, is in receipt of pension Rs 25 *per mensem* for similar bereavement of male protector and head of family lost in '57 mutiny, therefore her pension of R's 20 *per mensem* only for exile of husband to Calcutta, be commuted to similar sum of R's 25, seeing that your poor petitioner is in floods of tears and wholly heart-broken through this most non-regulation, premature death of promising young scion of her noble house, on whom, as on blessed Victoria Queen, her hopes were fixed. Said petitioner being able to prove *alibi*, absolute incomplicity, and continuous remaining at home during late devilish disturbances.'"

"Poor old soul!" laughed the Doctor: "give it to her if you can, sir! And as for remaining continuous at home! Everybody except the actual conspirators did that. Even Dya-Ram the disaffected—though he has preached armed resistance to tyranny in his paper for years,—barricaded himself in with his printing press! Fact! Jammed his fingers, in so doing, and came to me in a blind funk for a professional certificate that the wound could not have been caused by any lethal weapon. As if any one could ever have suspected him of taking part in raising a row, or even in settling one! His sort are simply negligible quantities——"

"But Ramanund seems to have attempted a lead," put in the Commissioner, judicially.

"Exactly. Attempted; and failed. His sort are negligible quantities also, sir, I'm sorry to say; and will remain so until they learn, amongst other knowledge, to believe in something besides themselves,"—here the hard eyes softened, the hard voice paused,—"that is another thing I should like to have seen—dear old Pidar Narayan . . ."

The hard voice found even softness too loud, and in the silence which fell between the two men only the scratching of the Commissioner's pen could be heard.

"You'll look in at the Palace, perhaps, and see all is right," came the brogue

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after a bit. "And give my love to old Smith. I'm not sure but what I'd rather have seen him behind the door than anything else; for it must have been the hardest job . . ."

"Considering the circumstances, yes!" put in the Doctor; so, with the pith hat turning him into an animated mushroom, passed out into the blaze of dry yellow sunshine on that dry yellow sand.

The sky above was molten with light and heat, the jail positively shimmered in the glare; not a sound, not a sight told of that midsummer night's dream of wild, useless revolt, save when one of the shackled prisoners awaiting trial sought a better bit of shade under the wilted palms, which, not a week before, had welcomed the Hosts of the Lord-*sahib* on their way to the hills.

The whole thing seemed incredible; yet, as he crossed the road to enter the Smiths' compound, the footsteps of those other Hosts who had passed on to the hills also remained to dimple the dry yellow sand.

The Smiths' bungalow lay calm, peaceful; the drawing-room, as he entered it, struck him with the old familiar sense of refinement, indexing the refinement of its mistress. Only one change caught his observant eyes. Vincent Dering's photograph was no longer on the mantelpiece, whence it had always looked out with a certain challenge in its very prominence. Where had it gone? What matter! There was no need for such defiance now, thought George Dillon, with that curious half-cynical, half-resentful smile he kept for one subject only. She might keep the photograph where she chose, now, and none would blame her.

So thinking, he set aside the curtain which hung at his patient's door; and, as he did so, resentment, cynicism, vanished in quick sympathy.

"Ah! fever again, I see: that's a bore," he said, going over swiftly to the bed where Eugene Smith's long length lay visibly shivering; for something, the exposure, the excitement—the strain, perhaps, of that awful inaction behind the door against which Vincent Dering was making that heroic stand—had knocked the big man over, a prey to an old enemy—malarial fever. "When did it come on?"

Muriel Smith, who sat on the bed, her hand in one of her husband's shaking, trembling ones, looked up. She was very pale, but very calm.

"Half an hour ago. It is a pity. We hoped it was broken, didn't we?—but he will fret himself so, Doctor"—her eyes on Dr. Dillon's were telling their tale, so that it scarcely needed the rambling, quivering voice to show that the fresh onset of fever had once more clouded the sick man's brain.

"How can a fellow help fretting," murmured Eugene, his teeth chattering, "when he waits like a coward behind a door, where his best friend——"

The woman beside him winced, but interrupted him bravely. "But I tell him, Doctor, and it is true, isn't it, that it was hardest for *him*—and that—that Vincent would rather have had it so—because he had to leave no one, and Eugene had Gladys—and me . . ."

Her voice seemed to bring comfort, and the glistening feverish eyes closed.

"Go on with the mixture," said the Doctor, vexedly conscious of a lump in his throat. "This will wear itself out in a day or two; and—you can't do more than you're doing."

"I suppose not," she replied listlessly.

But the tragedy of her face remained in his memory as he drove over the creaking, groaning bridge to Eshwara. The bazaar was full as ever with drifting humanity busy in the details of everyday life. There was no hint anywhere of the past storm—not even in the Palace. It lay as ever, silent, its blank walls

seeming to hold the sunlight back from some secret within, from some veiled, hidden beauty.

The door was closed, but old Akbar Khân came capering at his call, his back roached in bowing, like a caterpillar's.

"The tomb is finished, *Ger-eeb pun-wâz*," he mumbled in blubbering importance. "*Ala!* the sad day! But this slave, knowing all customary things, hath remained insistent on the workman; therefore all is befitting the noble people, as the *Huzoor* will see."

So down the shadowy passage he led the way, crab-like, to the chapel; for hither, long years before, Father Ninian had brought the body of Pietro Bonaventura, and here, just in front of the altar steps, he and Pietro's granddaughter—the last of the old priest's charges—had been buried the day before. The masons had been busy, building up the vault again, but, as Akbar Khân had said, the work was finished, the chapel restored to its original state, swept and garnished. Even the candles were lit on the altar, and four of the tallest tapers had been placed, one at each corner of the stone slab on which two more names would have to be cut; while from these tapers long strings of jasmine flowers, such as native women wear, had been hung in drooping chains to form an enclosure. On the slab itself, great bossed yellow marigolds were laid to simulate a cross.

Dr. Dillon turned to the cringing figure beside him sharply; but there was something almost pathetic in its simper of conscious merit, its certainty of satisfaction.

"Did you do that?" he asked.

"*Ger-eeb pun-wâz!*"

There was a world of pride and of servitude in the voice, and in the folded prayerful hands which shot out under the bowings. "This slave made it! The *Huzoor* will notice it is fitting. Even the *crass*"—he pointed his prayerful hands to the marigolds—"is not forgotten. Has not this dust-like one spent his life in preparing amusements and spectacles for the noble people? He knows that tombs require flowers as women do."

Through the arches behind the old pantaloon Dr. Dillon could catch a glimpse of the garden, ablaze with colour, could smell the perfume of the now fading orange-blossom, could see the water-maze with its marble ledges among the lotus, just wide enough for the flying feet of a laughing girl.

The words, the contrast, held him, as the old man went on with an orthodox whine of petition in his voice.

"So, since the *Sirkar* will doubtless appoint a guardian of tombs, seeing there is none to inherit the palace; if the Protector of the Poor would intercede for this slave with the Commissioner. If the *Huzoor* would say that the dust-like one has provided the pleasures of palaces all his life long for the noble people—yea! from the cradle to the grave,—if he will say that"—he flourished his hands towards the slab—"both in the making of garlands and the making of *crasses*, there is none equal. . . ."

"*For tombs require flowers, as women do!*" The phrase asserted itself anew, and Dr. Dillon looked at the wicked old face—so comic, so pathetic, with the hopeless recognition of the humour of tragedy which comes to all save the invincibly dull.

"You would do as well as any one," he said gravely. "I'll mention your name."

"*Ger—eeb—pun—wâz!*" The title prolonged itself abnormally, and Akbar Khân, a mask of toothless smiles, darted, in instant assumption of his anticipated office, to remove a fallen jasmine flower from Dr. Dillon's path as if it had been

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a deadly reptile. Indeed, he paused in the midst of his parting salaams to ask if it was in order that the populace be admitted to the sanctuary? Since the *missen-miss* (his accent of disdain tempered by reverence was delicious) had announced her desire to enter it that afternoon for farewell; had, indeed, asked him to be there at four to open the door.

Dr. Dillon turned so sharply, that the old courtier began instantly on asseverations that, without orders——

"Have everything ready, of course," interrupted the Doctor impatiently; so strode off across the courtyard, his head down, his hands in his pockets, with a jerk, as of irritation, in his walk.

He found Lance Carlyon in the balcony over the river, very apologetic at being caught there against orders. But it was so dreary keeping to one's room, he said, especially when there were a lot of dismal things to think about; and he really had been most careful,—had made two of his pioneers almost carry him. . . .

"Doesn't seem to have done much harm," admitted the Doctor gruffly, as he sat feeling the ankle, and looking at Lance with the oddest air of impatience, irritation, kindliness. Yet there was nothing strange in Lance's wholesome young face, save that it showed a little older, a little graver.

"It *must* be beastly dull, too," went on the Doctor loudly; suddenly, "You—you might get them to help you over to the Palace Garden this afternoon; about four, you know, when it gets cool. That would be a change."

Lance positively gasped: "Rath—er! Why! you told me yesterday I wasn't to move a muscle for ten days!"

Dr. Dillon positively blushed under the brown! He got up vexedly, walked to the parapet, looked down the river towards the Mission-house, and came back again.

"No more you are!" he said fiercely. "Not what *you* call moving. But gentle exercise and—and congenial society—and all that! You know the treatment. Besides, the Hutton-Wharton-Hood school don't believe in rest. And—and—look here! I'll put you on the stiffest starch bandage ever made, and . . . Oh, confound it, man, one must risk something sometimes, you know! Here, orderly: go over to the *sahib's* washerman, and tell him to make me double-extra-white-shirt-front starch, and if that doesn't counteract the—the indiscretion—why—why—I wash my hands of the whole business!"

He was at work undoing the bandages already, and the last part of his remarks came argumentatively to himself.

"If you really think it might injure me permanently . . ." began Lance soberly, in some surprise.

Dr. Dillon paused, and looked up with a vast resentment. "If you mean your foot, I don't think it will; and that's all I'm responsible for, thank God!"

But as, half an hour after this, he came out from saying good-bye to Erda Shepherd, he paused as he passed the Pool of Immortality, and looked down into it as if he felt some need of salvation.

"*If I be not damned for this!*" he quoted softly, shook his head, and went back to his prisoners.

So it came to pass that when Erda Shepherd, after laying the wreath she had brought, as a sort of crown to Akbar Khân's *crass*, went into the garden for a last look at the familiar places, she found Lance Carlyon comfortably settled in one of the balconies overhanging the river.

"This is luck!" he cried, forgetting the starched bandage until reminded of it by a sudden twinge of pain. "I thought I was never to see you again, and it

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seemed a bit rough on—on us both, considering what a lot we did together, you know. I've been writing you a letter, to say how disappointed I was at not being able to get over and see you, all this morning."

"That was very kind of you," she said feebly; conscious that the surprise had made her feel a little limp; though, of course, she regretted nothing—nothing at all!

"I've been wanting to know such a lot," he went on. "Of course I heard about the others, but not about you. You needn't go away immediately, need you?" he asked, as he watched her face: "if—if you could stop a bit it would be so jolly."

The frank wistfulness of his tone was too much for her. "Yes, I can stop," she said quietly. "What is it you want to know?"

"Lots of things; but about yourself first of all!"

Herself! That would be the hardest task, she felt, and the memory of that senseless flight from her own reflection in the mirror came back to bring a quick flush to her cheek.

"Of course, if you'd rather not . . ." began observant Lance.

"I was only thinking there was very little to tell," she put in quickly. She was not even going to allow that, in keeping this incident to herself, she was giving it any importance. She had told herself during the last few days that it had been unfortunate, that was all. Otherwise it was trivial, since it did not, could not, alter her decision. On the contrary, it strengthened it; just as a temptation resisted always strengthened that resistance.

So, in the balcony where lovers had sat and talked of love, those two sat talking of that midsummer night's dream of everything but love. Of Vincent Dering's song, of the raft, of Lance's experience as he clung to the highest crevice and felt the water stop steady between his knee and his ankle. Of his incredulity when Am-ma appeared, and his immediate lapse into unconsciousness; chiefly, he supposed, because there was no need for further endurance. Of how he had no notion of anything, till he found himself lying on a string bed in the sun, right away on the other side of the town, whither Am-ma had brought him, by Heaven knows what secret passage!

So, as the shadows grew long, they seemed to invade Lance's face, and bring a doubt to it.

"I haven't seen Am-ma since," he said, "so I haven't found out yet why on earth he came to look for me?"

Erda rose and held out her hand. "We were all looking for you, Mr. Carlyon," she said quietly, "and we were all very glad to find you. And—and I am very sorry to lose you."

He rose too, stiffly, and taking her hand, held it while he looked into her face steadily.

"Good-bye, Miss Shepherd: I'm -I'm sorry it has to be that—but you know best. And thank you for telling me—so much." He paused, and his hand tightened on hers a little. "Thanks all round, for *that*! It has been the truth between us, hasn't it, always? And so—though it has been a bit rough—good-bye . . ."

There was a pause, a curious pause.

"Good-bye," she echoed dully, her face grown very pale.

His hand left hers gently; she turned and faced the garden, where the shadows were invading the blaze of colour, and the coming cool was sending the scent of the orange blossoms into the air. The water-maze, with its marble ledges where

there was but room for the feet of a laughing girl, lay still and glistening before her. The Palace, with its fanciful nooks, its illogical recesses, its suggestion of elusive pleasures beyond the pale of solid reality, rose up into the sky.

And something in the scene came home to her with the sense that all this, in its way, was real also. That this was part of the truth. The truth which she had not told.

"*It has been the truth between us, hasn't it, always?*"

She turned suddenly to where Lance stood; turned to find him leaning over the balcony, looking down into the water with a listlessness he had held in check till then, and a great wave of remorse swept through her.

"It has not been the truth between us!" she cried impulsively—"not quite. But I will tell it now—if you like——"

He looked up startled. "If you think I—I ought to know."

She gave a queer, half-impatient laugh. "Ought! How do I know? Yes! I suppose so. As it's true—absolutely true—I can't help that, can I?"

There was a forlornness in the confession—almost a despair.

"Then tell me, please," said Lance, deliberately making room for her to lean over the balustrade beside him. His heart was beating fast at something in her face, and yet his uppermost thought was for her—for that forlornness, that despair. "I can forget it afterwards—if you want me to," he added, consolingly.

She came to the place beside him, and looking down, hid her face from all but the sliding river, and he, seeing her desire, looked into it also.

"It was about my starting on the raft," she began, with a little sob. "I didn't tell you the truth about that. I—I didn't come to give the warning first: I—I was coming to you . . ."

"Yes!" he said, quietly, but his hand found hers and held it. "You were coming to me, dear,—why?"

That touch seemed at once to help her, and to make her desperate. "Because—oh, Lance! it was so foolish! I saw myself in the glass—all in white, with the orange in my hand; and I thought of you—of what you said—of—of the World's Desire, and—and I felt I couldn't . . . So—so I was coming to you—first—when Am ma—don't you see . . . ?"

There was a long pause. His hand on hers, firm, strong, did not tighten; it simply held hers as its own.

"Thanks!" he said, after a time; and then there was another pause, until he added, "It will be a bit rough, I'm afraid, on the Reverend David, but I don't see how we can help that—do you?"

And this time his clasp tightened.

Erda said nothing; she felt there was nothing more to say, now that the truth had been told between them. So while the sinking sun flared red on the "Cradle of the Gods" another man and woman consoled themselves for the lost paradise.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

THE END.

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red-haired priest, and all the rest of that homespun pageant which we know. Borrow calls it "a dream," and thus no doubt it is rightly described: being, in fact, a dream of the writer's own adventures, not exactly as they happened and as he appeared in them but, as he would have liked to believe that they happened, and thus, and not otherwise, did other people see him. A pleasing ambition? No doubt. But an innocent and humane one, surely? And, no doubt, not much unlike the reality. Or, at any rate, not nearly so much unlike the reality as you might observe, if you pushed home, in the cases of other writing men.* Be this as it may, his "dream" was essentially one of the open road, and to ignore or to misapprehend the circumstances and the fancies with which it is inwrought were to make sheer nonsense of it.

'Tis the most English of English books withal: even as the Scholar, for all his excursions into philology, is the most English of English men. Beef, beer, horses, *Moll Flanders* and the Church of England, the King and *The Newgate Calendar*,—what is there, what could there be more typically English than all these? Peter Williams, too, the follower of Wesley—Peter Williams, with Mr. Petulengro and his crew, and the old apple-woman, and Blazing Bosville, and the Postilion who was once in Italy, and the Scholar's father with his memories of Ben Brain: all these, like the landscape and the joy in highway and dell and by-way, in the wayside tavern and the near gipsy camp, like Thurtell and *The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell*, are purely English, alike in conception and association and effect. And that rhapsody on the heroes of the ropes and stakes, with its special eulogy of Tom Spring:—"Hail to thee, six-foot Englishman of the brown eye, worthy to have carried a six-foot bow at Flodden," and all the rest of it,—even to the "bold chorus," "Here's a health to old honest John Bull," in which it culminates:—where shall you find more English and more valiant stuff? And 'twas ever the same with him. Read him, for instance, on the brother who wanted to go to Rome to study painting. "What," says he, his cup of ale gripped mightily in his good right fist, his eye in a fine pugilistic frenzy rolling—"What hast thou to do with old Rome, and thou an Englishman? Did thy blood never glow at the mention of thy native land? As an artist merely? Yes, I trow, and with reason, for thy native land need not grudge old Rome her 'pictures of the world'; she has pictures of her own, 'pictures of England'; and is it a new thing to toss up caps and shout—England against the world? Yes, against the world in all, in all: in science and in arms, in minstrel strain, and not less in the art 'which enables the hand to deceive the intoxicated soul by means of pictures.' Seek'st models? To Gainsborough and Hogarth turn, not names for the world, maybe, but English names—and England against the world!" That is explicit, is it not? Explicit, and likewise forcible! You feel as you read that about this Englishman there is no manner of nonsense—no nonsense at all! And that if he were yet living, and any were ill-advised enough to hold a pro-Boer meeting in his neighbourhood, there would certainly be bloody noses and cracked crowns, and these of his achievement, in the hall that night! That he could rail to excellent purpose is shown in the inimitable Appendices to *The Romany Rye*; but I deem it scarce possible that, with a Little-Englander in hand,

* Thackeray, for instance, is said to have painted himself in Colonel Esmond. Now I am told that Borrow once interpellated Thackeray in society as "the most offensive snob I have ever seen, Sir"—or words to that effect. The distance between the several points of view is obvious; yet Thackeray may not have been utterly and hopelessly far-wandered in his presentation of himself as the sentimental Colonel. Even as Borrow may have been worse guided than I think he was when he sketched himself as the Scholar.

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he'd have confined his treatment of the wretch to pen-and-ink. Given the occasion and the incitement, he would assuredly have found other and braver work for "Long Melford," than the preparation of mere articles of impeachment. Manual coercion is, no doubt, a most disgusting form of tyranny; and freedom of speech is an essential item in an Englishman's birthright. But it is plain that, on such a provocation as pro-Boerism, this Englishman would have rejoiced to employ the one with a view to the suppression of the other. It is impossible, of course; but I confess that to conceive of George Borrow, alive and oppugnant in the good old way, tapping Mr. Morley's claret (say), or "administering a slashing upper-cut" (as they used to put it) to the sainted Mr. Leonard Courtney, or "serving out" the noble Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, with a reminiscence of Jack Randall in his antient left—this is, I confess, a pastime which, however futile, is not at all unpleasing to the unregenerate breast. In principle, I need scarce say, I am with *The Spectator*, that omniscient and most meritorious print. But if it came to practice, I fear that in such a mellay I could not find it in my heart to be on anybody's side but Borrow's. That, though, is ever the way of the Unregenerate. "There's the wind on the heath, brother," says the Lord of the Horse-Shoe to the Lord of Words; and the Unregenerate are with the Lord of the Horse-Shoe to the hilts. "There's the wind on the heath, brother"; and it comes and, it goes, and there's nothing better in life. And that—for them—is the end.

I gather from "Thormanby's" preface that he knew Borrow *au temps jadis*. 'Tis well—'tis mighty well. But . . . ! Did Borrow, I wonder, ever shake hands and talk pugilism with "Thormanby"? Apparently not; or "Thormanby," who is pleasantly garrulous and personal, and talks with a certain pride of his acquaintance with the late Jem Ward, would probably, even certainly, have told us all about it. 'Tis pity that they did not, and that somebody skilled in shorthand was not on hand to report their talk; for men say things in the intimacy of speech which they would shrink from chronicling in cold, hard print, and these two, both experts in ring-lore, both lovers of the Noble Art, would pretty certainly have said things that the world, or some not inconsiderable part of it, would not willingly have let die. This, however, did not happen; so that one refers to it only as another notable Might-Have-Been, and passes on to the consideration of Thormanby as he is. This done, one finds that his heart is in his work, and he really has things to say: one of which is that Borrow pitched his pæan in praise of pugilism in a key perhaps too high. His own *apologia*, all the same, is by no means wanting in spirit; and he reels you off a list of English worthies who have loved the Ring which only fails of its effect by being incomplete. Why did he not include, for instance, the elegant Earl Grey? And the Dukes of Kent and Clarence? And the sole and only Duke—the Duke of Wellington? And Barclay of Urie, the admirable and inventive athlete? And John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend of Keats, author of that excellent sonnet to Jack Randall:—

"Good with both hands and only ten stone four"?

And Keats himself, the Poet of Beauty? And Byron, the Poet of Passion and Revolt, an original member of the Pugilistic Club, a confirmed and ardent amateur? And Yarmouth—"Red Herrings," so they called him, from the colour of his whiskers—who presently sat to Disraeli for the Earl of Monmouth and to Thackeray for the Marquis of Steyne, and who beat the Regent dreadfully for proposing to substitute Lady Yarmouth for that Marchioness of Hertford, who was

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nothing if not her husband's mother? And Kean, the portent, the miracle, the prodigious actor, who found (they say) one of his finest effects in the unquenched fury of a beaten "pug"? Why, in fact, did he not name near everybody worth knowing in the Regency and later Georgian days? Pugilism was then the pastime of all good Englishmen;* and over a big fight, which would be witnessed by some five-and-twenty thousand roaring citizens, and over which there would change hands sums of money not to be stated under six figures. The Ring, in fact, had so far entered into the national life that it seemed to be a vital and essential part therein. It had begun with Figg—"Th' heroical Figg so fierce and sedate"—in Hogarth's time; it had been passed from hand to hand by Broughton and Slack,† and Johnson and Brain, and Humphries and Mendoza and John Jackson; till, at the beginning of the present century, Jem Belcher was and deserved to be an English hero, and when Gully fought Gregson (1808) Earl Grey sent on the result of the battle to his colleague, Windham, in a ministerial dispatch-box, by a ministerial courier. *Redit et virgo* . . . 'Twas the Golden Age: the age of Pearce and the Belchers, and Cribb the solid Englishman, and Dutch Sam, the drunken yet terrific Jew. To Thormanby, as to myself, this is all hearsay and tradition; but he comes to his subject with, I should fancy, a pretty full knowledge of those dreadful later years, in which it was shown that pugilism meant blackguardism, and that for one decent fighter there was a wilderness of scoundrels. In the end the institution was redeemed, in a kind of way and to some extent, by the piety of poor Tom Sayers; in the interval much brilliant work had been put in by such men as Dick Curtis and Young Dutch Sam, as Deaf Burke and Owen Swift and Hammer Lane—to name no more; such survivals as Jem Ward, Gully (worth a chapter in himself), Spring, Tom Belcher, Mr. Jackson, lived in a sort of rough-and-tumble odour of sanctity, and went abroad in something very like a halo till they died. But the Ring was doomed—had doomed itself; and the Ring died; and at its death there were few mourners. According to "fierce old Cobbett"—and Borrow, who quotes, is not indisposed to agree—the mischief began with the Jews. It may be so. They had some good men of their own—Mendoza, Dutch Sam and his boy, Belasco, Barney Aaron. But it may be so. I know not. What is certain is that, if the Jew began it, the Gentile was quick to take up the work of corrupting, and in the long run there was little or nothing to choose between the two. If Thormanby know, and will tell, I promise him I'll read his demonstration, and write about it, too.

"All fights are good reading," says Mr. Saintsbury, superbly—not to say despotically: the truth being that there is scarce an intelligible record in all the literature of fisticuffs. In *Boxiana* the reports are mere jargon and false fire—a horrible confusion of terms.‡ Jon Bee, in *The Fancy*, is "not so bad," as they

* There is never a big Scots boxer on the roll of fame; and if the Irish be many, there is but one of them, so far as I know, who takes imperial honours; and Jack Randall (for he it was), Randall the Nonpareil, who fought and won fourteen battles, and "died at the Hole in the Wall, Chancery Lane," some four years after Byron, aged but thirty-four, was (a London Irishman, "a St. Giles's Greek"—what they now call a "Bark"—was yet as dear to the general British heart as Cribb or Spring themselves. Randall it was who (in his fight with Turner: a fight which, by the way, was witnessed by Tom Moore, as the guest, or novice, of Scrope Davis and Mr. John Jackson) thrilled and enchanted by his brilliant practice the soul of John Keats, then (December 1818) the lover of Fanny Brawne and the poet of *Endymion* and *Isabella*, and beginning to work his hardest at *Hyperion*.

† "J'en passe et des meilleurs."

‡ I came to the conclusion, long since, that Pierce Egan knew a certain amount of slang, was innocent of every other kind of knowledge, and never *saw* anything in his life.

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say; but even his reports, though you think you sometimes know what he means, are cloudy and vague. There are notes in the latter pages of *Pugilistica* which are helpful, being decent reporting. But, in point of fact, no fights are good reading but those which occur in literature. After all, there is little use in reporting. Your fight is a thing psychical as well as physical. It is logical throughout, and its logic is both visible and unseen: the mere cataloguing of hits on the nose (or eye, or ear, or anywhere) is not much to the purpose. Hence the apparent imbecility of *Boxiana*, the strenuous ineffectualness of Jon Bee, the failure, as history and as art, of *Pugilistica*. Poor Pierce Egan goes on—goes on! But if only Byron had set his hand to the work, and told us of Belcher and Pearce, or —still better—of Belcher and Cribb! If only Keats had set down in prose his impressions of the Randall and Turner business! Some details he sketched to Cowden Clarke; but O, if he had but pulled off the picture: as Mr. Morrison has done in *Three Rounds*,* or better still, perhaps—for the three rounds are fought under difficulties and in uncommon circumstances—in the scrap so masterfully presented in *A Child of The Jago*. There is a good turn-up in *Kenelm Chillingly*: a dim, old-fashioned novel which I fear, is practically unknown to the most of those who, referring to these pages, read what, in the first Lord Lytton's days, a writer on pugilism would have thought he was familiar and comic if he wrote "this here." And there is excellent stuff in *Cashel Byron's Profession*—a novel written by Mr. Bernard Shaw in the days when (so far as I know) he also was a mere artist,† as were, and are, these others also. Thormanby, too, is an artist in his way. I like him when he writes—(apparently "out of his own stomach": a coarse metaphor, but I am writing about pugilism)—about Hammer Lane and Yankee Sullivan—(Lane broke his arm, yet all but won the fight)—about Owen Swift and Brighton Bill—(in the sequel the Brightonian died): about everything, in fine, which he may very well have seen. But I like him still better when he is trying to make literature, and producing the net result of the confidences of others as to things he never saw. Thus, as to Cribb and Molineaux, he shows plainly that, in the first fight, the nigger was very badly used, and that, at a given moment, Cribb was a beaten man. Thus, too, he is constrained, as all must be constrained who take up the study of the P.R., to break ground with Jem Belcher, the sole and only man of genius who ever fought in the Ring.‡ Nothing, of course, will ever give us any idea of this astonishing creature: his face—(not unlike the Young Napoleon's) struck terror to his opposites, and reminded Egan of "a renowned military character on the Continent"; his

* *Tales of Mean Streets* (London: Methuen).

† 'Tis a delightful book—a treat of wit and insight, amusing morals and right impudence; and I should like it known of all them that read the present article.

‡ Says I, one night, to my friend Professor —— I dare not give his name, without asking his permission; but I doubt not that he'll rage when he sees it left in blank. Says I to him, one night, in a balcony at Barnes, with "the old Father-River" having his will of us twain, and of all souls born, or fallen into his dominion, in full view:—"There are but two men in the history of the P.R. whom we can call absolutely and utterly first-rate, and they are ——" "Belcher and the Nonpareil," he says to me; and I was left wondering. Since then, I've seen that inspiration *plus* accomplishment is better than accomplishment *plus* instinct; and that his list of two should be shortened by one, and that one not Jem Belcher.[1]

[1] Dr. Knapp, Borrow's editor, writes thus:—"Not the old Belcher, him of 1791." And I confess I know not what he means. Jem Belcher, the greatest fighter that ever lived, was not born in 1791; nor did he fight in 1791; nor did he die in 1791; nor, in fact, did he, so far as I can discover, do anything in 1791—when, by the way, he was but ten years old. He was, in fact, only eight years Byron's senior; and he did for the Ring what Byron did for English morals.

unaccountable, irresistible hands; his gaiety, valour, *prestance*; his original and entirely inimitable method, his practice of which was so thrilling that, to quote old records, you knew not when nor where nor how he had hit until you saw the effects of his hitting. That Thormanby begins this book of his, some ninety years after poor Belcher's death and burial (1811), is enough to show how tremendously he has ever bulked in the imagination of them that have studied their P.R. But Thormanby is only one of ever so many who have taken this thrice-beaten hero to their hearts. Beaten? He never was beaten, says Jon Bee. The Belcher who, being at the top of fame, and the top of life, had his eye beaten out by a racquet ball, and from being invincible became ——! Says John Bee:—"The real Belcher was never beaten; he couldn't be beat." This, or words to this effect. As told by Thormanby, the story of his defeats—the abolished eye the chief factor in them—suggests Napoleon and the campaign of 1814. He was bound to be licked; and licked he was. But he was licked in such a way that men went to him in his defeats to learn how to come upsides with Victory.*

For "Old Ebor," I've but room to say that his book deals pleasantly and cheerfully with all manner of English Cricketers, beginning with Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust, the oldest cricketer alive; passing on by such honoured and antient illustrations of the game as Messrs. V. E. Walker, David Buchanan, Anderson, Jackson, M'Cormick, Daft, Emmett, Alfred Shaw, Oscroft, Wootton, Carter, Yardley, Lockwood, Thornton; and so on, and so on. It is capital good reading; and none that cares for cricket can afford to be without it. For myself, I go back to it again and again. And having listened to much good cricket and good sense in these and those, I find a touch of *The Arabian Nights* in the talk with Mr. Thornton; and, knowing it is all true, I am content.

* As I write, the air is full of shoutings and rejoicings over the completion of that notable enterprise, *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Not for a moment would I seem to minimise the effect of so remarkable and honourable an achievement But England is the most sporting country in the world; and in all this interminable sequence of volumes there is never—or scarce ever—a hint that England ever cared for anything but politics, wars, religion, and such arts as letters, acting, painting, and music. All Grub Street is here; but for such heroes as Belcher, and Spring, as Robinson and Flatman and Fordham, as Fuller Pilch and Alfred Mynn and Abraham Cann: for these, I say, you must go elsewhere. Why "national," then? And who will wipe away this truly national reproach?

W. E. H.

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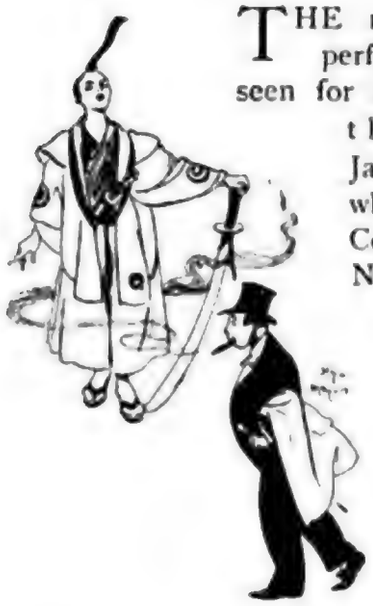
JAPANESE PLAYS—EUROPEAN JAPS—A CONVENTION OMITTED—SADA YACCO—A DISTRESSING AUDIENCE—AN INDICTMENT AND A CHARITABLE EXPLANATION—THE TROUBLES OF A REVIEWER—MR. HICHENS ON MISS MARIE CORELLI: AMAZING INFORMATION—A TREMBLING EXCURSION IN CRITICISM—TARANTARA!



THE most interesting performance I have seen for a long time was that of the Japanese actors who played at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill. They had two attractions—that of curiosity and strangeness, and that of excellent art. I suppose that the manners they portrayed are by now an anachronism in Japan, and belonged to the good old days when Japs were Japs. At least, the Japanese I have met in private life have been very European indeed: I remember one objecting to me that a mutual acquaintance had "an American accent." They have been models of Western culture, and I think it extremely unlikely that any

one of them would express his anger with an old woman for marrying her daughter to the

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wrong man by slaying her, the old woman, or that any one of their female relations would have taken so drastic a means of ending an imbroglio between her husband and her old lover as that of inciting the old lover to murder the husband and then, by taking the husband's place, bringing the whole affair to an effectual and dramatic end. These quaint customs were very curious to observe. And then there were some beautiful effects of scenery and light, and graceful movements, and dear little huddled swaying women, and flirted fans.

> "As here you loiter, flowing gowned
> And hugely sashed, with pins a-row
> Your quaint head as with flamelets crowned,
> Demure, inviting ——"

I WISHED, by the way, that the Japanese theatre had been given us even more whole-heartedly and exotically. I should have been quite willing to watch it for a whole day, the least period of time, I am informed, which a play takes in Japan. Also I should have liked to see a convention which (unless the man who sat next me told me traveller's tales) exists out there. The actors are waited on by little boys dressed in black and assumed to be invisible. Thus, if an actor wants to sit down, an invisible boy brings him a chair. Or if he wishes to point the slaying of a foe by cutting off his head, he makes believe to decapitate him (the foe artfully lying with his head behind a tree or other obstruction), and then an invisible boy trips on with a dummy head for the conqueror to flourish. But of course it would have been unwise to show these things to a fat-headed English audience, which would have thought itself clever for noting that the boys were *not* invisible, and have drowned the play with its silly guffaws. I shall have some more epithets ready for the particular audience which nearly drove me mad in a moment. But first let me pay my tribute to the delightful Japs.

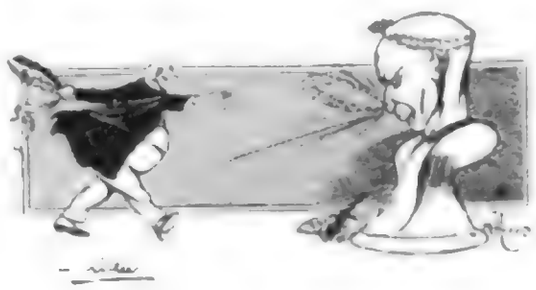
I DID not see the *Geisha and the Knight*, which I was told was their best play, and which obtained the honour of one of those remarkable articles in *The World* (not by Mr. Archer) which include an account of the writer's lunch and afternoon tea, by way (I suppose) of being vivid and actual. However, *Kesa, the Faithful Wife*, was admirable enough, and full of opportunities for acting. The killing of the wife instead of the husband ended in the murderer's coming away and finding himself face to face with the husband. He peers horrified in the husband's face, and rushes back to find he has killed his love. "That's drama," as the dramatic critics used to say. Melodrama, if you like to call it so, but beyond question a strong and thrilling effect. It was splendidly played. The murderer's undecided movements as he feels his way—the room was supposed to be dark, a supposition which, I need hardly say, the audience absolutely refused to make—the sudden fury with which he plunged his knife, and his horror when he peered into the living husband's face, were perfect. Madame Sada Yacco, who played the heroine, was wonderful all through. It was strange acting to me—acting which relied almost entirely on eloquent gesture and hardly at all on facial expression—but it was acting of the finest quality. She had many opportunities, when she danced for the entertainment of robbers, when she recognised her old lover, when she saved her mother from his sword, and when she took her husband's place on the fatal couch, and she used each one to the full extent of her strange method—strange to me, obviously inevitable from the training of Japanese women. Otojiro Kawakam, by the way, was the lover, and I must not forget Madame Tsusaka, who was natural and piteous as the girl's mother.

I WISH these Japanese plays had not been at an outlying theatre. The Coronet, to be sure, is a pretty theatre enough, and I make my compliment to its manager for his enterprise in producing them. But if they had been performed at the Lyceum, and it had been previously crammed down the throats of the audience that it was going to see serious and important acting, the audience might have conducted itself less barbarously. I shudder to imagine what those Japanese artists must have thought of my fellow-countrymen — and fellow-countrywomen, who were in a large majority. When the girl was carried off by

the robbers and her old mother, brutally knocked down by them, was left wailing on the stage, the audience roared with laughter. When the girl's body writhed under the murderer's knife it laughed again. An audience of Whitechapel roughs (if there are any roughs left in Whitechapel) would have disgraced itself by such conduct as that of those prosperous-looking and expensively dressed people.

HOWEVER, it is more interesting to look for an explanation than merely to pass judgment. That the people who laughed at the incidents I have mentioned were brutally stupid and brutally unimaginative, goes without saying. But even so, the merest veneer of decent manners would have prevented their laughing if they had not had some extraneous inducement to do so—extraneous, for I am unwilling to think that they really thought the old woman's sorrow and the murder of the girl amusing. This inducement I take to be one which induces a great deal of *risus ineptus*. The majority of people have no sense of humour, but there are people enough who do possess that quality to make the deficiency uncomfortable. Unhumorous persons are being constantly harassed by the accusation that they do not see the joke, and they seek to prevent this by laughing at everything. Confronted with a Japanese play, with language and dresses and manners unfamiliar to them, and perhaps being too stupid to understand what it is all about, they have an uneasy fear that it may be funny, and laugh accordingly. I try to see good in everything and everybody, and offer you this charitable explanation. But I doubt it is far-fetched. In any case I suggest that "Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est" would be a good motto to put on the curtain when next—soon, I hope—Japanese plays are played in London.

IN my time I have done a good deal of book-reviewing. It is a thankless task. No amount of just severity satisfies those who dislike your author; no amount of just eulogy satisfies the author himself. If in the midst of condemnation you find some point for praise, you are accused of personal favouritism or interest or some other unworthy motive; if in the midst of eulogy you hint a falling short of Shakespeare or Sophocles, you are an envious assassin. As an author in a small way I can testify that these traditional attitudes are absurd: I can affirm without mock-modesty that some reviewers have been kinder to my work than it deserved, and I remember very few reviews indeed which have been obviously meant to annoy rather than to discriminate, or which I have any reason to suppose were inspired by personal dislike. In every case, moreover, I think that an author should be obliged to a man who has taken the trouble to read him, whatever the ensuing judgment may have been. But as a reviewer, while I have something to regret in the thanklessness of the task, I have one cause for hearty self-congratulation: I can lay my hand on my heart and swear that never in my life have I reviewed a book by Miss Marie Corelli.



THIS congratulation is not caused by anything said or done by Miss Corelli herself. It is caused by an article written about her in *The Londoner* by Mr. Hichens. For according to Mr. Hichens "occasionally she moves, gets up from her writing-table for a moment, slaps the critics full in the

face, and then sits down again to resume her work." Such an attention from a famous novelist would have been an honour, no doubt, but to a sensitive and nervous person a too painful experience. "The critics hit back," says Mr. Hichens: I am sure I should have been far too overwhelmed to do any such thing. But is Mr. Hichens really right in his account of the matter? "For years she has been discussed, condemned, praised, pilloried. In the midst of all this hubbub . . . while the storm is howling . . . the good people who grow dishevelled around her footstool." I know several men of letters, and I have never heard the storm howling, or remarked that they were particularly dishevelled after the appearance of one of Miss Corelli's books. I thought at first that Mr. Hichens was ironical, but he continues in a strain of obviously sincere praise. As a matter of fact, while we all must be allowed our tastes, I have never heard anybody deny that Miss Corelli is a writer of great ability. I have heard it said that she does not always represent the facts of life as they are, and I have heard objections raised to passages in her books—in "Barabbas," for example—on grounds of taste, but it would be foolish, and worse criticism than I have heard from people whose opinion counts, to deny her vigour and liveliness and power to interest and amuse. Personally—do you tremble for me, Mr. Hichens?—I have made, silently, to myself, some such objections as I have indicated, but I have never found a book of hers dull or thought the time spent in reading it unprofitable. And that from a person who has read very many unprofitable books in the way of his trade is not faint praise.

AND now I am going to take my face in my hands (if you believe Mr. Hichens), and break my record, and criticise Miss Corelli's "Boy." It is a complete change from her other books, and I think a change altogether for the better. Of late I have had rather too much, for my own poor taste, of a constant creation of Miss Corelli's, of an extraordinarily gifted young lady genius, so to speak, who wrote wonderfully popular novels while the storm was howling and good people grew dishevelled around her footstool, and of vile and sinister plots hatched in horrible literary clubs, not exactly against her fair fame, but against her serial rights and enormous royalties. I believed in the young genius while I read, because Miss

Corelli's vigour and sincerity absolutely compelled me to do so, but I could not believe in the plots and the literary clubs. To take Miss Corelli's own case, I do not believe that anybody is so silly and unmanly as to hate her because she has gained a great popularity and (Mr. Hichens is my authority) a great deal of money. It is natural for poor people to envy rich people—one always thinks one could spend their money so much better than they—but why should one envy Miss Corelli any more than any other person who has gained success by doing something one cannot do oneself? I could not write Miss Corelli's books any more than I could make Mr. Beit's speculations—lacking her talent and his millions. But it would seem as ridiculous to me to plot against her as against him, and I am sure that any other poor "littery gent" would say the same. In fact, you *can't* plot nowadays, you can't indeed, or anything more serious than a booby trap. I do not believe in these haters and plotters, and I wish Miss Corelli would share my incredulity.

ANOTHER element of her books I was glad to miss is the animus pervading them against Sassiety. No class is free from silly or brutal members, and no class is compact of them. Miss Corelli may have met instances of the former fact, but it is a pity she should be obsessed by them, and a greater pity that she should express her

dislike by presenting mere caricatures of manners. Admiring her force and vitality, I have always wished that she would write a book of simple everyday interest, a book of normal characters and plausible incidents, a book without bias or fretfulness or crusading ambition. This she has done in "Boy," and I congratulate her heartily on the experiment, and taking my place (though as yet not more than usually dishevelled) around her footstool, invite you loudly to join in my praise, and invite her (humbly and wistfully) to continue in this way. Observing, however, that her next book is to have the ominous and sinister title of "The Master-Christian," I have my doubts of her accepting the invitation.

MISS CORELLI'S literary gift I take to be an exceptional power of realising characters and events, or at least of imposing them on her readers. Even when you believe in neither, she achieves this fact. In "Delicia," for example, she mentions that a publisher's eyes flashed, a thing manifestly impossible for a publisher's eyes to do, even though the publisher were discussing Sir Walter Besant: but I confess I was beguiled for a moment into that strange imagination. Now, when this gift is applied to recognisable people and probable incidents, the effect is a strong one. Only one incident, a gambling adventure, struck me as out of tone with this excellence. The motive of the book is one of natural and unforced sentiment, the career of a lovable boy whose life was muddled away by untoward circumstance. If only Miss Corelli—— but I have filled my space, and if Mr. Hichens is right it is well for me that I should leave off.

G. S. STREET.

FINIS

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HYMN TO POMONA.

A SILVER dew is on the orchard grasses;
Autumnal sunshine habits every tree;
From each bejewelled, bending bough there passes
Immeasured sweetness slowly up to thee,
Pomorum Patrona! Pomorum Patrona!
O hear, as thou wast wont to hear of old,
Thou guardian goddess of the red and gold.

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Wollaton from the Terrace Lawn.

WOLLATON HALL.

"The Ivory Palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."—*Book of Psalms.*

WE quoted this as we stood one evening and looked over the lake's end at old John of Padua's masterpiece. And lo! as we looked, the rays of the setting sun struck the marvellous fenestration of that dainty pile till the wrought-gold garbing of the king's daughter seemed but a pallid simile, and the Ivory Palace stood on its hill in a blaze of splendour, while the lake-waters below us mirrored that glory in a lustre well-nigh as brilliant as its own. "To what can one compare it?" said we, breathlessly. "A gorgeous gas illumination!" "A splendid Transformation Scene!" spoke two, of urban soul, simultaneously. "Nay, but electric light through topaz," said a more poetic imaginer. But we refused such material suggestions. "Mother," said a child—"see! the sun has gone to bed inside Wollaton!"

Flash and blaze, shine and shimmer, glitter and glow: now the light melted into pale radiances, now gleamed like yellow diamonds, and then would fuse into rosy blendings. How exquisite, how astounding was each effect, as every pane of the great windows caught the sinking sunbeams!

Not till the bitter nip of evening frost caught our throats and noses could we tear ourselves thence, and move on to where the glory passed, and still lovely, but calm now and placid, the Dream Palace stood against the November sky.

Crusty old Camden, who accused the Builder of ostentation, and desire to show

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The Terrace Front

One cannot look at it awry: each side is perfect, each aspect novel; whether witnessing such an effect as the one above described, or standing where the Scotch firs on Arbour Hill "rear their ardent heights" (so poetised by Mr. J. Russell Lowell) — overlooking the swelling and dipping and tree-studded park to yonder towers upraised above their cedar terrace, and parterre of many-coloured flowers; whether wandering on sunny lawns, beneath the fine details of architecture, noting the near effect of russet and golden staining on the lower bases, where ore-ooze adds richness to the old stones, on which a crawling spray of ivy is allowed to rise so far, but no farther; or, yet again, roaming beyond the lake, to peer down a bough-hedged vista, and mark over its shining, lily-strewn waters, the House standing in majestic command.

In the spring-time, whose tender greenery refines refinement; in early summer, when rhododendrons by the lake spread their rosy wreathing over carpets of hyacinthine blue; in the autumn fall, whose tints are nigh as splendid as the

Wollaton in the Days of Orange William.

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midsummer flowerage; and in snow-time, when the glittering casements, in stony framing that is almost golden-hued by contrast of the surrounding whiteness, make of the new house of Wollaton, on its hill, a coronal of diamond dazzlement set in filigree ore, crowning the silver head of an Arctic sovereign: aye, in each season, in every condition, this triumph of architectural beauty finds a lovelier and fitter surrounding—an atmosphere of worshipful enhancement, a sympathy of harmonious enveloping.

Winter Rime.

Wollaton Hall—to descend to prosaic detail, if prose can apply to such a poem in stone—was built in the days of Elizabeth; John Thorpe (of Padua) with his "architector" John Smithson (whose mural monument is in Wollaton Church) having begun their labours in 1580. No doubt Sir Francis himself had had much say in the matter of planning, for his aforenamed descendant, Cassandra, gives him credit for being "a man of much learning."

Cassandra (daughter of Francis Willoughby, the famous natural philosopher, friend and patron of Ray), above quoted, has left most interesting manuscript excerpts from family papers in the study of her brother, Thomas (the first Lord Middleton), dated 1702. The manuscript in book-form was recently recovered from descendants of the Chandos family in Ireland. Cassandra's second manuscript, promised but alas! not forthcoming, might have touched on subjects of which the accounts are wholly lost; as a burst water-pipe, flooding the floor of the Muniment-room, when many papers were soaked and spoiled by hasty drying, has doubtless caused a great loss to the family archives.

They were a wonderful race, these Willoughbys of Wollaton; and he who would write their history has large stores to draw from, as that Muniment-room is a bewilderment to beholders.

But as this article is limited in length, and professes to be mainly on the House and its builder, we will pass with a touch such family worthies as the Lord Chief Justice of the Second Edward's time, and that earlier Sir Richard who lies beside his wife in sculptured splendour in the old chapel at Willughby-on-the-Wolds; also Hugh the priest! unlawful progenitor of the Willughbys of Risely (in Derbyshire), a spot now ignorant of their name.

There exists yet the parchment sealed,—"Sir Jo. Willughby, his patent, when he was created Kt. Hospitaller at Jerusalem," 1521, which sets forth that he had visited the Holy Shrine, Bethlehem; Olivet, Calvary, etc., etc.; and he was probably the Sir J. Willughby who fought at Flodden field.

His next brother, Sir Edward, was father to that second Henry who became

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brought from *Ancaster* in Lincolnshire by y^e^ people who dwelt there, and who exchanged their Stone, with Sir F. for his Cole, w^ch^ they carried back from Wollaton ; but notwithstanding y^e^ Stone and its carriage cost nothing but y^e^ return of Cole w^ch^ Sir F. made for it, and y^t^ at y^t^ time labourers' wages were very small, yet it appears by a very particular account of y^e^ Building w^ch^ still remains in y^e^ library y^t^ y^e^ Building of y^e^ House cost Sir F. W. four-score thousand pounds."

This was a very large sum indeed, according to money values of Elizabeth's time.

But the draft or drawing promised by Cassandra is not in her first volume. The plans are, I believe, among John Thorpe's designs in Sir John Soane's Museum ; and these at once settle the question of "Bedlam," that great top-storey tower

Another Aspect of the Great Hall.

so puzzling to architects ; for the original is there as at present realised. And the great strength of its supporting walls proves that weight was destined to be imposed on them.

However questionable this top may appear, in point of architectural fitness, there can be no question as to the dignity and grandeur imparted to the house thereby ; as also to its value in the landscape ; and old Hardwick and modern Mentmore both lose by their lower status !

The top room, modernly styled the Prospect Room because of the fine views embraced by its surrounding windows, is virtually useless, save as a sort of museum : the only approach to it—except, indeed, a small turret stair from the lower leads—is by a sort of lighthouse-like winding stone staircase.

"Bedlam"—so called from its being the bed-place of retainers brought of yore

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This sixth Lord Middleton, Henry, was a man of wealth, and of most independent and resolute character; and the accounts of his sales and purchases of land and other dealings in £ *s. d.* would cover many pages. Among his lavish expenditures he built the big Lenton Lodge and the Camellia House, at a cost each of something like £10,000. Wyatt added the present servants' hall, housekeeper's room, etc., and not at all to the detriment of the architectural effect.

But to return to the building of Wollaton. It is said the niches on the façades of the House were intended to hold statuettes, but tradition gives it that the ship bearing these from Italy was wrecked, and its cargo lost. Some of the busts in the round niches are of later insertion, for surely Charles I. is there! The enrichment to the already wealthy *decore* by those sunken images would have been wondrous.

Among Wyatt's changes must have been closing in with doors the fine stone

A Corner of the Lake.

screen supporting the "Minstrels' Gallerey," over which one loves to throw, Paolo Veronese fashion, heavy draperies of crimson velvet! The Hall had included the present outside passage under the gallery. The Hall measurements may have interest:—

Length,	including	screen	and	gallery	.	.	.	.	.	61	ft.	10½	in.
,,	up	to	screen	(as	now)	.	.	.	.	.	50	,,	7	,,
Width	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	30	,,	1	,,
Height	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	50	,,	9	,,

and the top, "Bedlam"—

Length	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	61	ft.	2 in.
Width	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	29	,,	4 ,,
Height	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	22	,,	6 ,,

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And there was a fine stripping of those in the latter days of Willughby.

Owing, therefore, to this and similar causes, there are fewer traces in plenishing, of the almost princely wealth and possessions (among which, by the way, it is worth noting have been no Kings' gifts) of these Willughbys of Wollaton-Eresby.

A few pictures, a little china, and plate (where are the 321 pieces named in the will of that Sir Hugh Willughby of the fifteenth century?), and a good many books, etc. Two ancient cannon recovered from Sir Hugh Willughby's frozen ships, and the canvas mail coat of the navigator; relics in books and garments of the prim-visaged Lady Cassandra Willughby, whose pictured portrait, and that of her infant brother (afterwards Earl of Londonderry), hang in the dining-room, and from whom our historian of Chandos inherited her name; and a few, how few, alas! of the natural philosopher's collections and books.

The late Lord Wenlock told me that when the seventh Lord Middleton emptied Middleton Hall—selling even the herd of black deer in the park, undeterred by his heirs—the philosopher's library, containing many books given to him by the great scientists, etc., of his time—went ruthlessly with the rest.

Cassandra tells us that in a valuation of Sir Henry Willughby's goods at Middleton and Wollaton "were set down many copes and vestments for y^e^ Chapel, and many extraordinary arms in y^e^ Armory," and the plate was then valued at £447 10*s*., which was a large amount in his time. But little save a few illuminated volumes represent those early days.

It is said the old cannon on the front hall steps were taken from a French privateer, probably by the noted Sir Nesbit Willoughby of Mauritius fame; whose

The Lime Avenue.

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that shot!" went on fighting! This is but one of many stories of his gallantry!

While Wollaton New House was in process of building, Sir Francis, separated from his wife, seems latterly to have lived in Thurland House, in Nottingham, walking to and fro to watch the progress of his great work. Old Wollaton was probably abandoned in August 1587, for in that month Sir Francis moved from Wollaton to his house at Nottingham.

A Corner of the Carvelle House

In 1587 Sir Francis gives a great feast in his unfinished palace, November 11th, it being Lenton Fair time. "Y^t y^e Earl of Rutland and his Lady, Sir Thos. Manors and his Lady, Sir Gervas Clifton and ^do. Sir Anthony Strelly and ^do. and divers other Gentlemen with their retinue to y^e number of a hundred and twenty persons, all dined with Sir Francis at Wollaton New House." She gives the subjoined account of things bought for this dinner. Evidently the small fowl were (from their number) for mixed pies!

ACCOUNT OF THINGS BOUGHT FOR A DINNER, NOVEMBER 11, 1587. THE PROVISION OF BEEF AND MUTTON, ETC., BEING KILLED AT HOME.

PAID FOR.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter	9	4	6 lbs. of Sugar	10	0 *
Eggs	6	10	3 ,, ,, Rasins	0	9
Milk for custards	1	0	3 ,, ,, Corans	1	3
2 Piggs	2	8	3 ,, ,, Pruins	1	0
5 Capons	6	2	½ lb. of Pepper	1	0
8 Chickens	2	2	¾ of Cynamon	1	4
4 Woodcocks	1	4	,, Ginger	0	4
5 Snipes	0	10	,, Mace	1	6
4 Plover	0	10	,, Cloves	1	0
Bread for y^e kitchen	0	8	1 lb. of Bisquit	1	6
Ale to seethe fish in	0	2	Paid for Musk Comfits	2	6

Total £2 14 4

And now let us move down from the House, by the steps of the saloon door, and wander across the green lawns of the balustraded terrace, down the old cracked and notched stairs to those lower flats that the cedars shade; and where venerable ilex of Jacobean times lean over the drop fence into the park. Let us move to our left, past the French Hovel (why so called?), and look eastwards to Nottingham, past and beyond the long avenue of limes, with its fourfold rows of lofty pillars. How lovely that view can show, as the town climbs its slopes

* Sugar is undoubtedly a luxury!

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to the wooded heights of Mapperley, when the soft hazes of summer bathe alike the red brick and tile of buildings, and the variegated fields, gardens, tree-clumps, till they blend and fuse into very poetry of hue and shading! Aye! even the high chimneys become glorified, and lend a veiled dignity to the outlines; while the Castle, on its rocky pedestal, might be imagined a mediæval fortress guarding its feudatories. Without much strain on the imagination, Nottingham, as viewed from the terrace at Wollaton, might in certain aspects, and on certain days, stand for a Southern city of dream-born and poet-planned creation.

Turning back across the grass, past the small fountain basin, where the rose-pink water-lily raises her coronal of bloom above a floating halo of bronzed foliage, we could almost wish the lawn were broken again into squares, as in the picture

Distant View of the Hall.

by Sibrects (time of Orange William) it is depicted; for the plainness of the well-kept sward, as now, is in somewhat bald contrast to the architectural richness backing it. So clear-cut still, by the way, is this rich detail of the house, despite its age, that when in 1888 the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain held its meeting in Wollaton Park, the present Sir Walter Gilbey, observing the same, contradicted others on the date of the building, and made the bet of a new hat, with some of the Council, that it had not existed a hundred years. He lost his hat: that year was the House's tercentenary.

Leaving the house and its verdant fronting, we wander down a sloping path, shrub bordered, past flourishing remains of more old ilex, and come suddenly upon a garden terrace, glowing in colour, lying between the great Camellia House (that monument of injudicious outlay, as wherein can one see the eight or ten thousand pounds spent on its erection?) and the ha-ha drop to the park. In that park roamed of yore the wild white cattle of Britain. Unlike those of Chillingham and Cadzow,

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big factories with their hard iron-framed windows lose charming value as ruddy blurrs through the hazes of blue. Sad is the nighness of the local colliery, which it was left to the last generation to plant in the pretty village itself; and whose smouldering pit-bank generates sulphur fumes which will surely in time do to death the noblest trees.

Quite in recent years the "Great Walk," planted from acorns in 1660, directly in front of the Hall door, has become chiefly a replacement in young timber; and all one can do now, throughout the park, is to follow the old Scotch laird's advice to his son: "Be aye stickin' in a tree, Jock,—'twill be growin' while ye are sleepin'!"

E. M. MIDDLETON.

NOTE.—*The photographs illustrating this article—all save the five large ones (by Cox of Nottingham)—are by Richardson, Terrace Gardens, Wollaton Hall. The photograph of Francis Willoughby's bust is by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

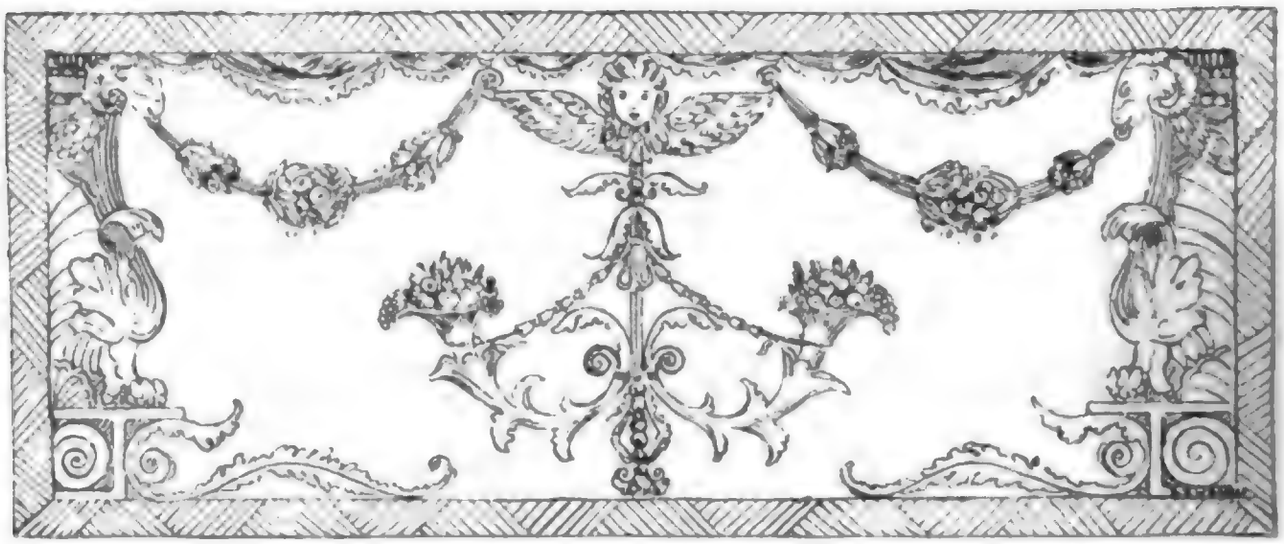
THE FISHER-FOLK.

CHRIST He walked with fisher-folk—O the years since then,
Brother to the fisher-folk—and they were men.

Men with eyes their Mistress gave them,
Different they and we,
By the yellow lights at anchor
In the blackness of the sea,
Hair as fair as in olden years,
Slow speeched, greatly daring,
Careless out from the shifting beach
We heedless of their faring.
(Treading byways that they know,
Shunning highways that they know,)
Bound with utter gladness to serve their friend the sea.

Christ He chose the fisher-folk—now the world is old
Brother to the fisher-folk—and the tale is told.
Mending their nets by Galilee—the many years since then
Brother still to the fisher-folk, and they are men.

HERBERT SHAW.



NO. 16, RUE ST. SIMON.

I.

IT was the height of the season at Ostend. The sun blazed down fiercely on the white *plage* and still whiter hotel-fronts staring out to the sea. But for the fresh breeze that found its way across the water, existence would have been scarcely tolerable. As it was, it became existence and nothing else. The sea-bathers had long since gone homewards, and the bathing-machines lay in unresponsive rows along the beach, like a little crowd of Noah's arks in a shop-window. Up on the promenade, a few jaded passers-by dragged themselves back to hotel or apartments; occasionally a brilliant costume of lace and muslin, crowned with yellow hair, flashed by. But Ostend was gasping, and for the nonce, dull.

"I never expected it to be so hot as this," said Mrs. Jeffries impatiently. "What did you bring me here for, Charles?"

She never addressed her husband as Charles except when she was annoyed with him. Some such thought as this was in his mind as he turned lazily towards her.

"You wanted to be brought somewhere," he said, "and I brought you here. Short journey; charming place; good dinners; delightful bathing. What more do you want, eh?"

"Why didn't you add—'pretty women'?" inquired Mrs. Jeffries satirically. She sat bolt upright in her little iron chair on the terrace of the Kursaal, whereas her husband lounged comfortably in his. This difference seemed to identify them at once.

"Isn't it too hot to be vicious?" he inquired.

Mrs. Jeffries stirred uncomfortably.

"Pretty women," he went on, "are as much an adjunct to life as good horses. But they are not necessities." Then he added, with a laugh, "We keep bicycles now!"

Mrs. Jeffries got up and shook out her parasol. "I suppose," she remarked, "it's time for lunch."

"I suppose it is," declared Charles dutifully.

"I hope those rowdy Americans won't sit at the table next ours again," pursued Mrs. Jeffries, as they made their way down the Kursaal steps. "You didn't like them, did you, Charles?"

"I didn't mind them," said Charles absently, and then he stopped short suddenly and put up his hand over his eyes and stared.

Mrs. Jeffries followed his glance, and saw that it rested on a slight fragile woman in black, who was buying roses from a flower-girl, and choosing them

"Charles stopped short suddenly, and put up his hand over his eyes, and stared."

carefully, almost tenderly. She stood profile-way towards them, and Mrs. Jeffries had time to observe, before she moved, that she had a very pretty profile, and exquisite, though exceedingly delicate colouring.

"Do you know her, Charles?" she whispered, and just then the woman turned and faced them.

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II.

The Jeffries had finished dining at Ostend. They were sitting at a little table in the verandah of the Hotel Continental, facing the sea. On the table a great mass of white and red roses perfumed the air. The electric light was shaded with red shades, and the menu-card lying in front of Isabel was pink, outlined in scarlet. It all looked very luxurious and voluptuous, even to her luxuriously accustomed eyes, and she gave a little sigh of content as she sipped her coffee.

"This is very pleasant, Charlie," she said.

Outside, a purple light of shadow lay on sea and land. The distant horizon looked like a streak of silver. Against it a fleet of fishing-boats waited for the incoming tide, while nearer all was dark and purple and mysterious. A ceaseless throng of people passed to and fro the windows of the hotel. Well-dressed, respectable burgher people, some of them; some of them shabby and poor; some merely rough loafers. But one and all every now and then stopped to throw curious glances at, and make remarks concerning, those within. Charlie Jeffries saw it, and was annoyed. Isabel Jeffries saw it, and laughed.

Suddenly she leaned forward and touched him on the sleeve with her fan. "Charlie, Charlie, do look!" she cried: "there is the same woman we met on the pier to-day, and who was so like some one you once knew. There she is—there! There!"

In her eagerness to point her out, she half rose from her seat, and was astonished at the peremptory way in which her husband forced her back again, his grip closing on her wrist like iron.

"Sit down," he commanded; "it is not her at all. It is—some one—quite different!" Yet he was straining his eyes as he spoke to distinguish the different faces in the crowd moving past them below—faces but partially illumined by the electric light from the dining-tables. All at once his look concentrated. He had found her. She was standing a little in the background; the same slender woman in black—the bunch of half-dead roses pinned to her breast. She was looking straight in his direction—indeed, straight at him. For a brief second their eyes met, then hers fell. She put up her hand hurriedly to the roses, as though some one had been seeking to rob her of them, and hastened away. Jeffries turned back to his coffee.

"If you have finished, let us go," suggested his wife. "That woman seems to haunt us. She makes me quite nervous."

They had to traverse the whole length of the verandah to reach the entrance. As they passed down the narrow passage, all eyes followed them; the women particularly looked with envy at Isabel's magnificent diamonds and gorgeous brocaded wrap.

"Say," said a large florid woman in blue satin, who made one of a party of six near the door. "Wasn't that Charlie Jeffries who went out just now?"

"Of course it was," some one replied. "Not know Charlie Jeffries? What's come over you, Florrie?"

"What's come over him?" was the quick retort. "He looks as though he had seen a ghost. What's he done?"

"Only got married," said a little woman in pink sitting opposite to her.

"Money?"

"Heaps and heaps."

"Aged?"

"Fairly."

The lady called Florrie helped herself to a cigarette. "Poor Charlie!" she said.

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"Oberia, Oberia, do look!" she cried.

III

The Joffries went on from dinner to the gambling-rooms. Isabel did not care for gambling in the least, but she believed it amused her husband. It occurred to her sometimes, rather bitterly, that during the eight months of their married life, six had been spent in this endeavour to amuse her husband; two in arranging and settling into their place in Shropshire, where it appeared they were never likely to stay. Money, Isabel thought, had its disadvantages. Had they

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been poor, they would have been obliged to remain in the country with a couple of horses, and lead the ordinary life of a quiet country squire and squiress. As it was, they followed in the wake of the fashionable world with feverish intensity, although neither of them cared for it very heartily. Yet Charlie Jefferies was too indolent to propose anything else, and Isabel had too little individuality to insist on it. Her life had hitherto been the copybook life of a great heiress. She wore good clothes because she was lucky enough to go to a good dressmaker. She rode well, chiefly because she was magnificently mounted. She read books because other people read them and then talked about them. She had never been taught to think or to feel or to sympathise. For the twenty-five years of her life previous to meeting with Charlie Jeffries she had marked time merely by the seasons. Now it was different. She loved her husband. She had a vague, indefinite feeling that he did not love her; that his people had forced and persuaded him into the match. Yet she had nothing to go upon in thinking this: it only hovered, the idea of it, dimly as yet in the background of her mind. On the contrary, he had, up to now, been an apparently devoted husband. He had given up the army for her sake. He foresaw her least wish; he was always ready to humour her. A poor man all his life, he was yet most wise and careful in his management of her money—for she had given him complete control over it. No, she had no cause for complaint against him; but still the suspicion loomed ghost-like in the distance that he did not really care for her, and she wondered sometimes whether they must go on living like this for ever, bound by the closest of ties, yet with absolutely nothing in common between them. Perhaps it was her want of humour, her want of perception. Her women friends complained of her that she could not understand an amusing story in the very least. Hers was a soul struggling to reach the light and finding it not. But the great mistake was that she struggled unconsciously, and so for every step that she took in advance, her own self forced her back again.

She sat now and watched her husband staking his money with glassy indifference. This indifference irritated him and bored her. He would have liked to have made an impression on her by losing a thousand pounds, but he felt sure she would not care particularly whether he lost one thousand or ten. She was absolutely incapable of understanding the value of money. She would have liked to sit in the Kursaal sipping *crême de Menthe* and discussing the other women's dresses. Presently this mutual dissatisfaction told on them. Charlie Jeffries raked in his winnings and rose.

"Let's go home," he said: "I am off play to-night."

Isabel acquiesced at once. He put her cloak round her shoulders, and they strolled out into the fresh night air. It was delicious after the heat of the day. A faint moon struggled for supremacy with the electric light. There was no crowd and jostle, as in the day-time; only an occasional loiterer from Kursaal or Casino passed them by. Their hotel faced the sea, directly on the *plage*. Isabel suggested a detour,—it was so cool out, she said, and would be so stuffy in their rooms at the hotel. Accordingly they turned down a side street towards the town. Isabel tucked her hand within her husband's arm, and for the time being almost felt romantic. There were possibilities in her matter-of-fact nature that could be roused sometimes.

Presently, neither of them being in the least accustomed to midnight rambles, they lost their way, and plunged down a narrow street which Charlie declared must bring them to their hotel. It was very narrow, exceedingly badly lighted by an occasional kerosene lamp, and very roughly paved. They had to pick their way

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along so cautiously, that neither of them noticed the approach of a couple of women from the other end of the street, until they were almost within each other's arms; then, as the Jeffries stepped aside, they both gave an exclamation. It was the woman in black who had just passed them, this time accompanied by a servant in a cotton dress, with a shawl thrown over her head.

She did not notice them, or at least did not identify them. She was looking straight in front of her, with that tearless look of intense suffering which only real tragedy can give. A few paces up the street, opposite an oil-lamp, they paused, and the servant hastened to unlock a door. Then, the woman turning towards them, Isabel could see in the dim light how beautiful she was. Another instant, and she had vanished, and the door was locked and closed behind her.

Charlie Jeffries shook himself free from his wife's arm, and stared blankly at the spot where she had disappeared. Then he ran his eye along the numbers over the different doorways. "It must be sixteen," he muttered to himself. Isabel scarcely heeded him. The woman got strangely on her nerves.

"Let us get out of this horrid little street, Charlie," she said, and they hurried on.

At the corner her husband stopped to light a cigarette, and Isabel never noticed that as he struck the match he held it up high with a view to ascertaining the name of the street. It was painted just above their heads in very much worn letters:

"Rue St. Simon."

IV.

The Hotel Continental at Ostend owns a tiny square courtyard, which, with its palms and stone pillars and fountain plashing in the centre, forms a delightful repose from the glare of the sea and sands outside. Here, at nine punctually every morning, Lady Stacy drank her coffee and ate her roll and butter. Lady Stacy disliked her meals in privacy. In fact, she disliked everything private. "If I were to mew myself up, my dear, until eleven and twelve in the day, how should I ever know what my friends were doing?" she was wont to say. It was this morbid curiosity on the subject of other people's affairs that was Lady Stacy's chief characteristic.

In appearance she was slight, and wore her auburn hair very much dragged off her forehead. She had a very long nose and thin lips, and large, rather pale eyes. Men liked her, because she amused them; women liked her, because they dared not do otherwise.

Drinking her coffee thus at nine o'clock, two or three mornings after Isabel's nocturnal rambles with her husband, Lady Stacy was concerned to notice Charlie Jeffries walk swiftly out of the verandah leading from his room, and go straight to the hotel entrance, too much preoccupied apparently to give her ladyship his usual pleasant greeting.

Lady Stacy shook her head.

"Stacy," she called out to her husband, who was feeding gold-fish in the pond with breadcrumbs—"Stacy, come here at once."

Stacy, having long since learned that obedience was the best policy, came, and leaned on the back of a chair inquiringly.

"Stacy," said Lady Stacy, soaking her roll in coffee very deliberately, "did you happen to notice that young man goin' out just now?"

"Of course I did. Jeffries, wasn't it? Seemed in a hurry," remarked Lord Stacy.

"That is the third morning," said Lady Stacy solemnly, "that that young man has gone out in a hurry. He has not returned in a hurry. Mark my words, there is mischief brewing."

"Nonsense, my dear."

"It is not nonsense, Stacy. There is mischief brewing. When a young man marries a woman solely for her money you may be sure that mischief will brew."

"But how do you know that he only married her for her money? You can't look into his conscience like you would into a watch——"

Lady Stacy interrupted him with a wave of her hand. "What else should he have married her for?" she inquired. "For her mind?—She hasn't got one. For her looks?—*nil*. She has a neatly trimmed figure, but——"

"Looks, I'll grant you, are not Mrs. Jeffries' great point," exclaimed Lord Stacy, "but she has always seemed a thoroughly intelligent woman to me. You must allow me to disagree with you about her mind, my dear."

"Certainly, Stacy, if it gives you any pleasure. But you judge at random, I judge by facts. Now, the other day I told her a delicious story—a perfectly delicious story,"—Lady Stacy purred softly to herself over the recollection of it,—"No, Stacy, I am not going to tell it to you, dear, it's too good. Go to the Casino and pick one up for yourself. Well, I told her this exquisite story, and she didn't laugh. She never even smiled. She just sat and stared at me, and said, 'Well, and what happened then?' Imagine it, my dear! No, no, she is an impossible woman."

"Possible or impossible, she is rather nice, and I hope, I do hope, you will leave her to her own devices in this matter." Lord Stacy turned as if to go.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," declared Lady Stacy firmly. "Those two young people want guiding. I consider it my duty to guide them. They are so constituted that if they get into a muddle it will be a desperate muddle. Allow me to know best, in this case at any rate."

Lord Stacy took a step or two across the courtyard. Then he came back to his wife's side.

"At least don't interfere until you are certain," he pleaded. "Jeffries has looked worried lately, I admit. But it may be all sorts of things: betting, bills, or—or—perhaps his mother's ill." Lord Stacy was not quick at ideas. "At any rate, leave them alone until you are more sure of your facts."

But the only satisfaction he could obtain from his wife was a dubious "H'm."

V.

Isabel was unhappy. For the first time in her life she knew what it was to cry her heart out. So much in earnest was she in her grief that she never noticed whether her eyes were red or her nose swollen. Charlie was neglecting her; there could no longer be any doubt of that. Formerly he had waited until she was ready to come and watch him before he went for his sea-dip. Now he rushed off at some unearthly hour, when she was only half-way through her toilette, and as often as not he did not reappear until lunch-time. His excuses, too, were of the vaguest. He had not slept well, and wanted his fresh air quickly; he had met another chap, and they had gone off to play billiards. In short, it appeared to Isabel that her husband was more than neglecting her: she felt sure he was in love with some other woman. Jealousy, ever ready to quicken the wits to their uttermost, made a new woman of her. She became as sharp as a needle; the cleverest lawyer in England could not have deduced facts from circumstances more brilliantly and more wholly hypothetically than did she. And at length she did more than argue to herself and question her husband: she acted on her instincts. On the fifth morning since her suspicions had been aroused she dressed

quickly. When he went out, she slipped out too. She saw his coat-tails disappearing down a side-street; and cautiously, for jealousy made her cautious, she ran in that direction. He turned to the left down yet another street, narrower than the first. It was the Rue St. Simon; Isabel noticed that almost mechanically. Then, as she had gained on him and feared he might look round, she hid in an open doorway on the opposite side of a street. He had slackened his pace. Arrived in front of a rather smaller house than the rest, he looked up and down the street as though half-afraid; then turned the handle of the clumsy, weather-beaten door and went in. . . .

He was quite at home there, then. He had not even knocked or rung the bell. With quickening breath Isabel walked to the door and read the number. As she retraced her steps she noticed that the street seemed familiar to her. The rough cobble-stones; the lamps; the sharp turn at the end. She stood still suddenly. . . . That was the house where the woman in black lived: No. 16, Rue St. Simon.

Lady Stacy decided to call on Isabel that morning. Powder never deceived her; she always knew when a woman had been crying. "Isabel Jeffries is trying to make the best of it," she said to her husband, "but, mark my words, there's some awful scandal going on."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Lord Stacy, "hysteria, my dear—hysteria." It was a comfortable conviction of his that half the misery in the world was brought on by hysteria. Lady Stacy thought otherwise.

She found Isabel, as she had expected to do, sitting in a dark room, clutching eau-de-cologne.

"My dear, I fear you've got a headache," she said, "and that I am disturbing you."

"Oh no, not at all, not in the very least," declared Isabel; but there were tears in her voice.

Lady Stacy was delighted. She sat down and patted her hand, and spoke very kindly to her.

"If there is anything to tell, tell me," she said; "remember I have daughters of my own." She did not add that those daughters never lived with her if they could possibly make other arrangements.

But Isabel forgot all this at the moment. She was face to face with a first real trouble, and she needed a woman and a woman's sympathy very badly. So she poured out a fairly incoherent tale, which was sufficiently rambling to be not wholly condemnatory of her husband, and then turned her face to the sofa-cushions and sobbed.

"Of course," said Lady Stacy, "there is only one way out of it. You can't speak to Charlie about it."

"Oh, no, no, no," she sobbed.

"Then you must go to the woman and say you will expose her to her husband if she doesn't give him up this instant."

"But I don't know her," gasped Isabel between the sobs.

"Not know her!" cried Lady Stacy, sitting bolt upright: "do you mean to tell me she's a Past?"

"I don't know anything about her past," said Isabel, and she sat upright too. "She's just a woman shabbily dressed in black that we met in the street one day. I can't tell you more about her than that."

Lady Stacy's eyes gleamed.

"Do you know where she lives?" she asked.

Isabel acknowledged she did.

"Then you must go to her and buy her," declared Lady Stacy emphatically.

"Buy her?" Isabel's eyes opened to their widest.

"Yes, my dear—money. Ask her what she will take. Otherwise, mark my words. . . ." Lady Stacy proceeded to diagnose the case in her most precise fashion.

She left an hour later, having opened Isabel's eyes, not only to her husband's particular iniquity, but to the iniquities of the world in general. It was a poor place, this world—a poor, wicked, fraudulent place. Lady Stacy seemed at the moment to Isabel's prejudiced mind almost the only sincere and honest person in it; and as such she felt bound to follow her advice—which was, to act as quietly as possible, to meet her husband in her best frock and with her best smile, and to pay him tit-for-tat, and deceive him utterly.

VI

The sun beat down very fiercely on No. 16, Rue St. Simon that afternoon. It cast fierce shadows on the opposite side of the road—black shadows that startled Isabel with their distinctness as she hastened along. She had preferred to walk, in spite of her best clothes and the heat. Clothes had always been Isabel's great stand-by. She had counted on her wedding-dress as being the one thing likely to get her safely through the wedding ceremony; and now she depended on a gauzy arrangement of pink chiffon and lace to give her superiority in her rival's eyes. She had left her husband playing écarté with Lord Stacy. It was a good opportunity, therefore, to do what had to be done quickly and effectively. A shy, frightened little maid servant showed her announced into the sitting-room. It was a very tiny room, and the outside blinds being drawn to keep out the sunshine, it appeared very dark to Isabel's dazzled eyes. At first she thought she was alone in it, but almost immediately a tall slight form in black rose from the red velvet sofa in the middle of the room and advanced to meet her.

"Pardon," said a clear, low voice, which had in it almost a ring of Charlie's, or so it appeared to Isabel—"Pardon: I did not catch the name. Perhaps madame has come about the singing-lessons?"

"Certainly not," said Isabel. She had grown more accustomed to the light now, or rather to the want of light, and she could see that the woman in black before her looked very pale and worn, and that she was not so beautiful without the accompaniment of hat and veil. Still, she was exceedingly attractive, and a pang shot through Isabel's heart. Could the pink gauze and the lace make up for that clear skin, those liquid eyes (so strangely, by the way, like her own husband's) those pencilled brows, and even white teeth? Alas! alas!—had her rival been ugly she might have forgiven her; but there was no denying that she had once been a very lovely woman, and Isabel hated her accordingly.

"I have come to get him back again," she said abruptly.

A flush rose all over the woman's face. "Him? Whom?" she asked.

"My husband," said Isabel, and went a step nearer to her.

The woman retreated to the sofa and clutched it wildly. She had grown ashy white now. "Your—your husband!" she gasped.

"Yes, my husband," repeated Isabel sternly. Guilt, she felt sure, was written all over that shrinking form. "He has been to see you. He comes here frequently. I won't have it! Do you hear? I won't have it!" She spoke menacingly.

"But I assure you I never meant him to," cried her shrinking victim, and

she put out both her hands imploringly—"I never meant him to. He came of his own accord. I begged him not. What was the use, I said, of bringing up the whole old story again? I could never belong to him—to any one—like that, again. I begged him to go away—but he would come—he would see me, and hear all about everything—about the child—the boy. . . . I assure you I did my best to prevent it—my very, very best—I . . ." She stopped short, with a frightened cry. Isabel was standing over her like a young tigress.

"What child?" she hissed, looking right down into the other's face.

The woman seemed to sink away into nothing before her gaze. "My—my child," she uttered faintly.

There was a thick silence for a few moments that might have been cut with a knife. Then Isabel released her hold of the woman, and she sank on to a corner of the sofa, a huddled-up heap of black clothes and shining brown hair.

Slowly, very slowly, Isabel took off her glove. There was no precise object in doing it, but it relieved the nervous tension of her feelings. Then, when it was off and she could flick it to and fro to aid her speech, she spoke, coldly, precisely, her back turned to the prostrate woman whilst she herself faced the window.

"I will provide for you and the child," she said—and the voice sounded unlike Isabel's voice at all, it was so deliberately hard and cutting, "I will arrange it through my lawyer. But you will have to live where I wish you to live, and to swear never to see him again. As for the child—" Isabel's voice broke, but it was in rage, not in pity—"as for the child, as soon as he is old enough, I will have him sent to some colony. He shall be well started in the world. I can do no more for you. And you will be pleased to remember that, so far as my husband and myself are concerned, you do not exist."

She paused and turned round to see the effect of her words. Neither of them had heard the door open meanwhile, and when Isabel turned it was to face her husband on the threshold. He had heard her last words: his face showed that. Deliberately he went to the sofa and sat down on it, and took the cowed, weeping woman into his arms.

"Have you said enough?" he asked, looking up coldly at his wife—"have you heaped sufficient insults on my sister?"

VII.

Isabel never quite knew how she got back to the hotel that afternoon. Her maid was very sympathetic, and brought her sal-volatile, and one of her prettiest dressing-gowns, and brushed her hair for her. "That always soothes a headache," she said. It was thus that her husband found her an hour later. The maid retired discreetly as he entered, but he had not even noticed her presence. He drew up a large arm-chair facing his wife's sofa and sat down in it. To her last day it seemed to Isabel she would never forget that room, nor the blue brocaded-and-gilt chairs, and the wall-paper with lovers' knots running all across it, and the tall gilt mirrors.

"Well?" interrogated her husband at length.

"I spied on you," said Isabel bravely. She had nerved herself to say it, and now it was said, she felt as though an iron bar had fallen across her heart.

"I am aware of that," said Charlie. "I want to know why."

"That," announced his wife, "I must decline to tell you."

Charlie Jeffries waved his hand, as one to whom the matter was of total indifference.

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and all that—I promise you not to bring you into contact with her in any way. Will that meet your wishes, Isabel?"

He turned to his wife at length. The perspiration was standing on his forehead as of one who has made a great effort at calmness. There was entreaty in his look, in his voice. Isabel sat like a marble statue, with her face white; great beauty, rippling all round her. She merely nodded her head.

"Yes," she said.

VIII.

In the late dusk of that evening, when the gay world of Ostend was dining and flirting and drinking champagne, the woman in black sat at her piano, playing fiercely, violently. Up and down the notes her fingers ran, as though she were forcing back thought and memory. She had lived in a soft paradise the last few days; had dreamed—God! what had she not dreamed—all this new sister-in-law, who was so kind-hearted and unconventional, her brother had asserted her; who would take her to her heart and make life new for her again! Dreams—all dreams! She played on madly. But at last her strength gave way, her fingers failed her. In the dim light the notes became a confused mass, a blur of black and white, and with a heart-broken cry of unutterable misery, she dropped her head down upon the keys and wept.

And just then the door was opened very gently, and some one stole in—some one in white, with her hair twisted into a hurried knot, and with all marks of fashion and riches obliterated from her dress—and somehow, before either of them knew how it happened, they were in each other's arms, and, womanlike, were sobbing together.

"Sister!" said Isabel, caressing the bright brown hair,—"sister—my sister!"

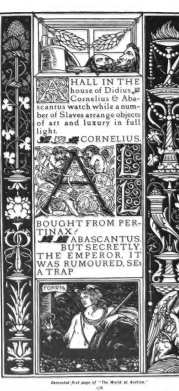
And Lady Stacy spoke more contemptuously of Isabel than ever.

"Imagine taste up with her husband again after his shockin' goings-on at Covent!" she cried to her husband some months after. "Why, I met them in Bond Street to-day mooning about every bit as though they had married for love! It's perfectly scandalous, after all the advice I gave that woman too! But there, Charlie Jeffries knows which side his bread's buttered, I can see!"

And apparently Charlie Jeffries does.

ALEC HELMES.

FINIS



Decorated first page of "The World at Auction."

Charles Ricketts and C. H. Shannon.
(By Will Rothenstein.)

changes which, though slight enough, perhaps, to the uneducated eye, are almost fundamental from a designer's point of view. Most noticeable of all are the O and the body of the lower-case g, which from thick rings have become slight ovals with a reverse slope, inclined, that is, from left to right in the downward direction, and swelling on the sides. The seriffs, too, have undergone some alterations, notably in the capital "T," which from T has become T. Speaking generally, it seems to me that the punch-cutting is more regular and uniform in the new than in the old fount, though the small size may be deceptive on this point. In the older fount there are a few letters which have always seemed to me either unduly heavy or unduly light; of the former I might mention the n, m, w, and x, of the latter the s, as being the chief offenders. But it is possible that some of the extra heaviness was intentional, and due to Mr. Ricketts's partiality for what he calls "important" letters. The weakness of the "s," I think, must have been an oversight.

Technical details of typography, however, are not very interesting, except to those actually concerned, and my intention in this article is not to deal with them, but to give as far as I can some account of the origin and history of the Vale Press, and of the work of its founder, Charles Ricketts. Much has been written about William Morris and his aims in founding the Kelmscott Press; scarcely anything about this venture, which, even if it be regarded in its ultimate form as a follower, rather than as the initiator, of a new style, has nevertheless so many points about it of original interest and merit that its work fully deserves the same amount of recognition.

A bibliophile may consider himself reasonably fortunate if he possesses on his own shelves materials for a complete survey of Charles Ricketts's work in relation to the illustration and printing of books. Out of deference to what I believe are his feelings, I will not include in this category the numerous designs done by him in early days for magazine illustration, but will take as the starting-point that rare (and now costly) quarto, the first *Dial*, issued jointly by himself and Charles Shannon from The Vale, Chelsea, in 1889. This contains a lithograph plate in colours and gold, and also an etching (possibly unique) by Ricketts, illustrating a story called "The Great Worm"; it has, besides, twelve designs by Ricketts in a transitional style, which, if I may judge from a beautiful pen-and-ink drawing I have seen of one of them ("Spes"), were somewhat coarsely

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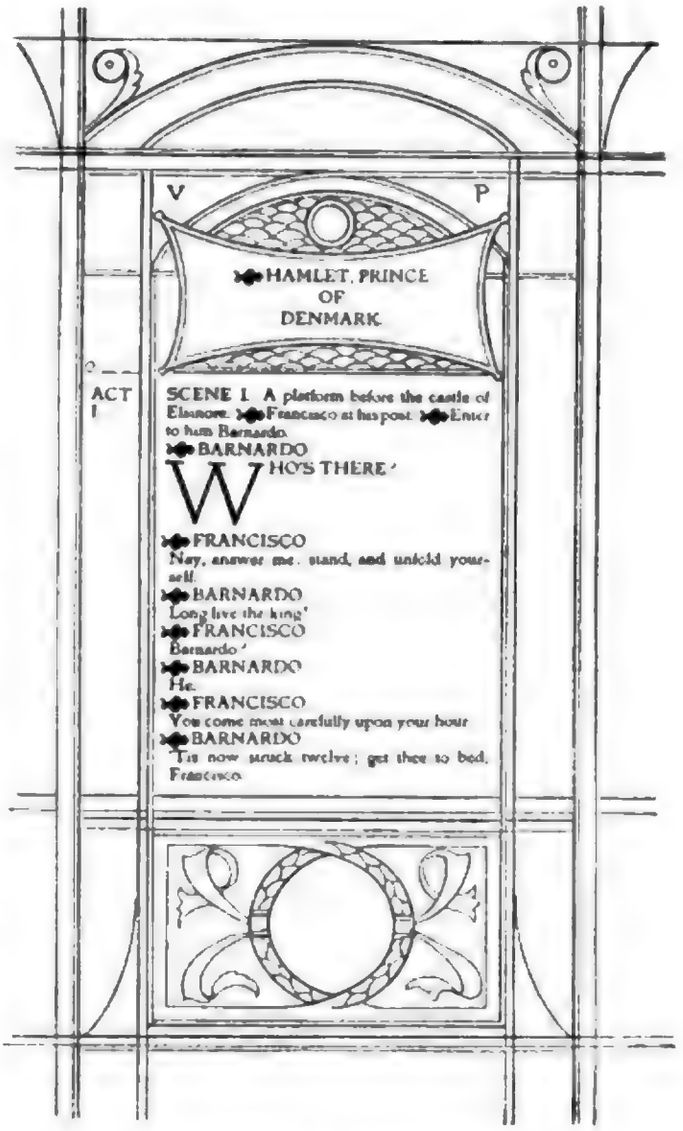
rendered by line-process. The cover design was, however, cut on wood by Shannon. It was not considered attractive, and was discarded in the second and subsequent *Dials* in favour of a far superior design, cut as well as drawn by Ricketts. The second *Dial* appeared in 1892, and has this main feature, that the initial designs, ornaments, headpieces, and *culs de-lampe* are printed from wood blocks cut by the artist himself, who thus first appears in the rare capacity of artist-engraver on wood. Subsequent *Dials* lack this charm for the most part, and exhibit but little of Ricketts's work, such examples as appear being either reproduced from books, or else, like the fine drawing of Ariadne gazing at the hanging form of her sister Phaedra, being process reproductions from pen-and-ink designs. The fifth and last *Dial* was issued in 1897, its swan-song having already been sung to all intents and purposes by the two specimen pages of Vale type which were issued with No. IV. in 1896. The later *Dials* contain a beautiful series of original lithographs by Shannon, and much other work by three associates of the school—Messrs. Savage, Pissarro, and Sturge Moore.


V P
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK
ACT I
SCENE I. A platform before the castle of Elsinore. Francisco at his post. Enter to him Barnardo.
BARNARDO
WHO'S THERE?
FRANCISCO
Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
BARNARDO
Long live the king!
FRANCISCO
Barnardo?
BARNARDO
He.
FRANCISCO
You come most carefully upon your hour.
BARNARDO
'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Page 1 of Hamlet.

Between the dates of the first and second *Dials*—viz., in 1891–2—appeared the earliest books issued under the joint influence of Ricketts and Shannon, whose collaboration then and for some years later was too intimate to admit of separation. The first was "A House of Pomegranates," published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., which in spite of conventional type and a strangely ineffective cover (the only failure in cover-designing ever perpetrated by this school) remains a most original and artistic production. The printing of the

HORATIO.
Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
(Exit Ghost.)
MARCELLUS.
'Tis gone, and will not answer.
BARNARDO.
How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
HORATIO.
Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
MARCELLUS.
Is it not like the king?

Fragment of "Avon" type from the new Shakespeare.

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fine), and is arranged with consummate skill as a matter of page design. The cover, moreover, is quite beautiful, composed of wavy gold lines and flowers on a green ground. There is, however, something unduly precious and a little affected about the general arrangement regarded as a piece of practical book-making.

We now come to three books of a very distinctive character indeed: "Daphnis and Chloe" (1893), "Hero and Leander" (1894), and "The Sphinx" (1894)—the two first published by Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon at the Vale Press, the third designed and illustrated for Mr. John Lane. These three books are all scarce,

Design for the wrapper of The Dial.

and fetch a high price nowadays, but they are essential, together with the *Dial*, to students of Mr. Ricketts's work. The "Daphnis and Chloe" is a pleasant quarto volume, printed on a rather dark-toned paper in an old-face plain type, and probably embellished with woodcuts and initial letters. These were designed and engraved indeterminately by both artists, and occupied eleven months of their time. The style is frankly borrowed from the earliest Italian illustrated books, of which the "Hypnerotomachia" is the best known and most classic example. The "Hero and Leander" (after Musæus) and Chapman's version) is an altogether smaller and simpler work; the illustrations placed more on outlines, and so adapted themselves to tone on the lighter type, whilst the initials are smaller and generally speaking more elaborate. They are less in number compared with those in the older book. What will strike the unsympathetic observer most strongly in both cases is the severe and attenuated drawing of the figures. This is partly an archaism, partly a deliberate artistic canon. Any one who is familiar with Mr. Ricketts's earlier work, as well as with his finished pen-and-ink drawings, knows that he has a perfect mastery over form, and that if he elected to draw long, gaunt figures as illustrations for his books it

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what after the Greek Vase pattern. It is a flat, small quarto volume, consisting of very long line couplets, with the initials printed in green, the text in black, and the illustrations and headlines in red. The pages vary considerably, some containing no more than two, some as many as nine couplets. The illustrations (reproduced in zinc, not cut on wood) are very open, to consort with the light arrangement of type, and are probably as fine as any examples of such work that exist.*

Mr. Ricketts says of "The Sphinx": "Here I made an effort away from the Renaissance towards a book marked by surviving classical traits, printing it in capitals. In the pictures I have striven to combine, consciously or unconsciously, those affinities in line-work broadcast in all epochs. My attempt was to evolve what one might imagine as possible in one charmed moment or place, just as some great Italian masters painted as they thought in the antique manner, studying, like Piero della Francesca, for instance, to fulfil the conditions laid down by Apelles, whose work he had never seen but had taken on trust." Here we have the artist's avowal of his indebtedness to the ancients for inspiration, as well as of the limitation which he set upon it. That "imagining of some charmed moment and place" represents the informing touch of original genius which removes his work at once from the range both of plagiarism and of mere eccentricity.

Illustration from "Hero and Leander."

Up to this point indeed there is little, except as regards the style of the woodcuts, to suggest a direct revival of old printing in books issued from the Vale Press or produced under Mr. Ricketts's guidance; but in 1891 Mr. William Morris had started the Kelmscott Press, taking as his models definitely those Venetian and German printers of the fifteenth century whom experts have agreed to regard as the most perfect artists of their craft. It is significant of the difference between the two revivalists that while the one was devoting his genius and fertility

* In this connection I may quote the following passage from an article by the late Mr. Gleeson White in "The Pageant," 1896, dealing with these very designs: "Such work never has been, and is likely never to be, popular with the multitude. The simplicity of the commonplace they understand; the perplexity of the complex is also sufficiently dazzling to charm, if not to convince them; but the final simplicity which is not to be appreciated without equal knowledge of the unexpressed but deliberate ignoring of all but the essential that can never appeal to any but those already in touch with the idea. Merely to be misunderstood is no proof of genius; but to be misunderstood of the careless or ignorant, and yet understanded of artistic people, has often been the reward of an artist."

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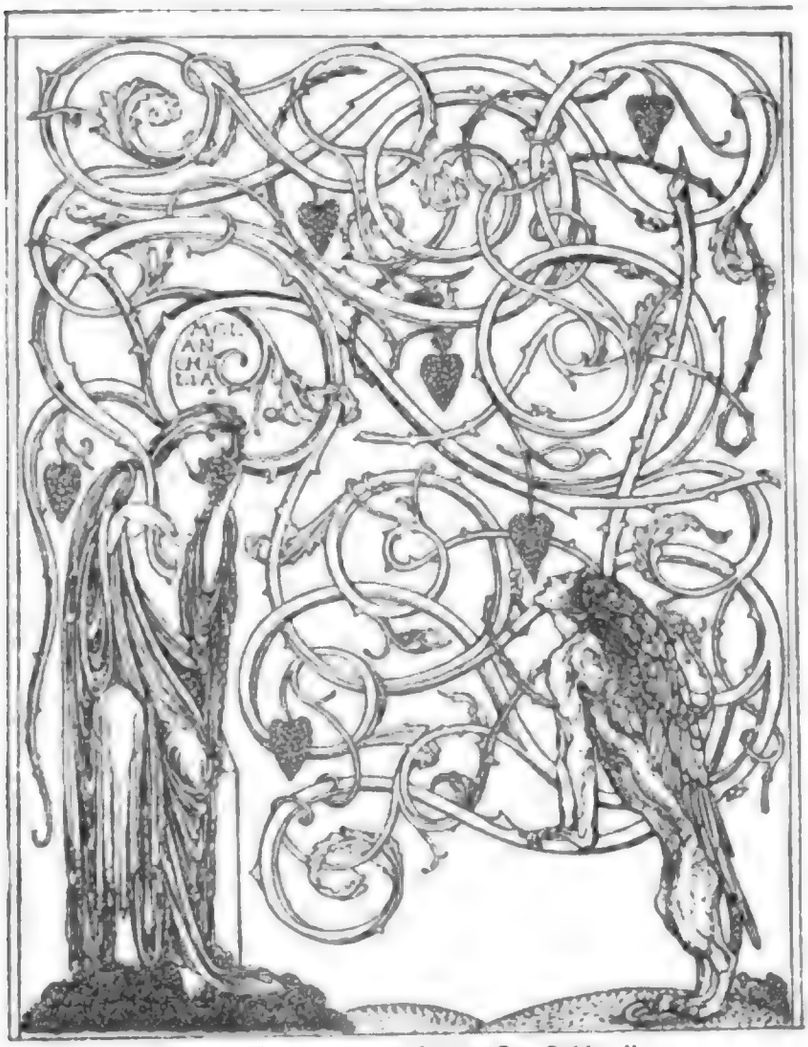

Illustration (reduced) from "The Sphinx."

of invention to the production of original books with modern appliances, the other should have struck boldly at the root of the matter, and with infinite research and experiment evolved a series of printed works based upon ancient masterpieces in respect of type, paper, ink, margin, press-work, and ornamentation, all combined. It is no disparagement of Mr. Ricketts to say that he was quick to recognise in this *ensemble* the fullest realisation of his own aims, and to perceive (possibly for the first time) the advantage of designing a fount of type free from the many imperfections and weaknesses which a long period of decay had introduced. Familiar as we are in our best books with Caslon's reformed types, the utter badness of modern type in general probably does not strike every one with equal force; but Caslon stopped short of perfection. His letters lack the generous fullness, the dignified form of Jenson's or of Spira's. The pitiful economy which led to the gradual narrowing, cramping, and fining down of type, until all meaning and grace had been squeezed out of it, lay upon him, and prevented as wide a departure as he might have made from the bad traditions surrounding him. William Morris, and after him Mr. Ricketts, were hampered by no such restrictions. Independently each modelled his type on the finest work of the ancient die-cutters, and produced founts which, though differing essentially in points of technical detail, are yet so colourably alike that a window-full of books printed in both will often give the impression of being all from the same press. The differences do not call for mention. Speaking generally, it may be said that Morris's type has more freedom, as might be expected from a skilled caligraphist, and Ricketts's more artistic pedantry. One point common to both which I have never seen noted by any of the writers on the subject is that they are alike heavier in face, and produce a far heavier page, than the models they profess to follow. A page of Jenson's Pliny resembles in tone a page of Caslon more than a page of Kelmscott or Vale Press printing, which indeed is as black as the Gothic printing of Caxton. Mr. Morris was so ardent a worshipper of Gothic, and followed German models so closely in his decorations, that I could understand this in his case; but why Mr. Ricketts's fount should also be so heavy I confess has puzzled me. I should have thought that the "sunny pages of the Venetian printers" by which he admits himself fascinated would have led him to something lighter and sunnier than the severe black and white adopted in the Kelmscott

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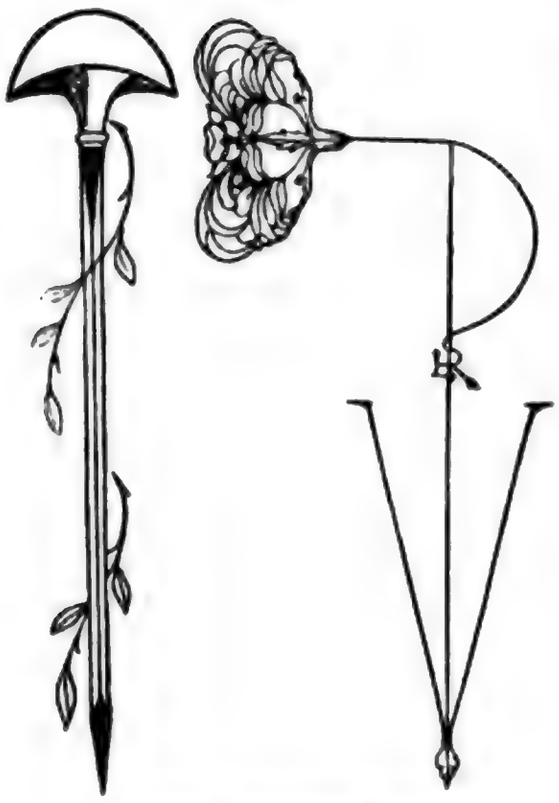

Specimen Press-marks (reduced).

Sign of the Dial" in Warwick Street, Regent Street, and has more recently moved to No. 17, Craven Street, Strand. The works include Poems of Sir John Suckling, Landor's "Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa," "Spiritual Poems" by John Gray, Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets, Michael Drayton's "Nimphidia," Campion's Songs, Matthew Arnold's "Empedocles," two plays by Michael Field, two volumes of Blake, Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets, Keats (2 vols.), Browning's "Dramatic Romances," Shelley's Lyrical Poems, and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." In addition to these may be mentioned an essay in French on the "Art of Typography and William Morris," three tiny books ("Sonnets from the Portuguese," and Rossetti's "Hand and Soul," and "Blessed Damozel"), and a few volumes illustrated by Lucien Pissarro, including a charming version of the Books of Esther and Ruth, "Contes de ma Mère Loye" (with gold decoration), two volumes of "Moralités Légendaires" by Jules Laforgue, and the rare "Queen of the Fishes," a tale printed in colours from wood blocks throughout at the artist's private press, and only included by courtesy among the Vale productions. At this point I may mention that Mr. Ricketts does not, as William Morris did, keep presses of his own, but has the press-work done under his supervision by Messrs. Ballantyne & Hanson, an arrangement which seems to answer perfectly. Most of the above-mentioned books have certain features in common: generally a frontispiece, or a light floral border containing the opening lines in capitals, and initials either geometrical in design, or floral, or a novel combination of both. Some of the smaller books are ornamented with red lines and rubricated. In one is attempted the experiment of black initials with red type and red initials with black type juxtaposed on opposite pages. It cannot be pronounced successful, and has not been repeated. In the matter of covers, some have plain white buckram, others have boards covered with daintily-patterned papers, like end-papers, in the designing of which Mr. Ricketts has shown great taste. The cream of the whole series is, I should be inclined to say, the Keats, which already bids fair to equal its Kelmscott rival in scarceness. Most of the Vale books, however, have gone out of print, some of them long before the date of issue, so wide, or at all events so vigorous, is the appreciation felt just now for this essentially national revival of a long-lost art. The fancy prices paid for Kelmscott books (combined, no doubt, with the very moderate cost of the

Initial T from "Keats."

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their origin, has been phenomenal. At present they are unintelligently used for the most part in conjunction with common type for purposes of that abomination which printers call "display"—a method of jumbling as many styles together as possible. But here and there they have fallen on better soil, and both amongst country and town printers can be found men who are apt and willing to profit by the pure examples afforded them. The revival of printing is still so young (a decade covers its whole history) that too much must not be expected; but England at the present day leads the whole world in respect of it, and the influence once started cannot fail to be lasting. Popular taste may eventually detect its beauties and enforce its canons, for the purpose of all literature, that is, in which the illustrations can be made to subserve and harmonise with the text—work of a romantic, narrative, and poetical character. Come what may, however, the initial experiment at least has an undying interest, and forms a distinct chapter in the history of modern art. On this account, if on no other, collectors will continue to hold in high esteem the outcome of that effort, and will prize for their rarity as well as for their beauty the handsome volumes of the Kelmscott Press and those due to Mr. Ricketts's genius which have been briefly described and catalogued in the foregoing pages.

Press-mark, used in the Shakespeare (reduced).

H. C. MARILLIER.

A CONSOLATION.

WHENAS my Lady forth would fare,
In chain of gold and Silken Gown,
That Lordling, who her Fan may bear,
Doth seem no better than a Clown!

But when, in careless Russet clad,
My Humble song her mood will sing—
Me—but a simple country Lad—
She changeth to a mighty King.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

MY HOST OF THE MOORS

IT was New Year's Eve. For several hours I had been wandering about in search of a little village lying in the heart of the moors, and when, for the twentieth time, I stopped to form some rough idea as to my whereabouts it must have been close upon one o'clock in the morning. The fog was so thick that I could scarcely see a hand before my face. Not a sound was to be heard, and, so far as I could tell, there was not a soul within ten miles of me. Hence I was, even, I could not vow for the life of me imagine. I had a suspicion, it is true, that for the last two hours or more I must have been most accurately circuitous; but when one has lost one's way, and has walked for six hours scarcely knowing in what direction, that is only the least of it, because one's circumstances which to determine one's exact position.

The truth of this reflection forced itself upon me as I now stood staring hopelessly into the gloom, still more when I had pondered a little. From a casual view of my case, there was, it occurred to me that, as far as shelter was concerned, the result would be much the same in the end if I stopped where I was. I should have a far shorter distance to go when I was frozen in the course of the next day or two; if I went on I should probably drop from exhaustion, or come by grief in a bog. On the whole, therefore, I decided to push on. This course at least possessed a slight advantage over the other, in that it offered a choice of evils.

My teeth were chattering with intense cold, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I at last succeeded in unbuttoning my great-coat and drawing my snuff-box from my waistcoat pocket. Having done so, I stopped a moment longer to refresh myself with a pinch or two. But my fingers were numbed, and my snuff-box—one that I set great store by, for it had belonged formerly to my great-great-grandfather, Sir Montague Rothermelle, the only member of our family ever distinguished for military—dropped amongst the bracken at my feet, and, though I searched very diligently for it for some time, no trace of it could I find.

The possibility of a phlogistic inspiration, and an ear too phlebotomist to be easily aroused. Nevertheless, I will readily admit that the loss of this box, ensuing as it did on the top of my other misfortunes, overcame me. For fifty-de cycine a man placed as I then was of the snuff-box that had belonged to his great-great-grandfather, seemed to me as nothing as totally lacking in interest as it was in good taste. Thrusting my hands back in my pockets, therefore, I was upon the point of turning my attention to my daughter when I espied, a short distance ahead of me, something that made me open my eyes.

It was the faint glimmer of a light.

I thought no more about my snuff-box. With a beating heart I plunged

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headlong down the hillside. Stumbling occasionally over rabbit-holes and half-hidden crags, I ran on and on and on, now knee-deep amongst the furze, now twisting my ankles over loose stones, but through all keeping the light carefully in view.

In less than half an hour I found myself standing breathless before it. It came from one of the lower rooms of an old, but otherwise uninteresting, and even commonplace-looking, mansion, which stood alone upon the hill-side. By daylight it might have looked picturesque enough, but at night, and seen through a fog, it appeared somewhat uninviting. With the exception of this one light, it was in perfect darkness. I noticed with some surprise that none of the blinds of the upper windows was drawn down. I began to wonder whether the people of the house could be entertaining guests. But no sound could be heard: the silence was profound. The sight of the house, however, gave me considerable satisfaction—the more so, I may say, because, in addition to its light, I perceived upon the blind the shadow of a man. He was standing with his back towards me, quite motionless, his hands, apparently, being clasped behind him.

For the moment I hesitated, my eyes fixed upon the window. I was undecided whether to seek accommodation for the remaining hours of the night here, or to make my way to the village, which I now concluded to be about two miles farther on. The shadow upon the blind remained motionless. I looked round me at the fog. It seemed to be getting thicker than ever. Then I glanced again at the window; and the contrast formed between the damp dreariness of the night outside and the suggested warmth and comfort of this house, together with a consciousness of an increasing stiffness in my legs, quickly decided me.

Passing through the little gateway, I stepped quietly up to the door and knocked. Receiving no response after waiting a full minute, I knocked a second time. There was no answer. I knocked a third time, very much louder than before. At last I heard some one moving. There was a slow step within, the door was opened, and a tall, handsome man of about twenty-six or seven stood before me. Above his head, and a little forward, he held a lamp, the light of which fell obliquely upon his face. Its expression was one of profoundest gravity. Had it not been for the shadow that I had noticed upon the blind I should have supposed that I had roused him from sleep. As it was, I concluded that he must have been merely wrapped in thought; and I wondered what in the world the man was thinking of at this time in the morning.

Before I could apologise for disturbing him at such an hour he moved the lamp a little. Its light now fell full upon his face. Then, suddenly, I found myself looking at him in surprise. For the moment I was unable to speak. In the first place, he was a gentleman; in the second, his face was one with which, it seemed to me, I ought to be familiar. It was a face that I had certainly seen before, although where, I could not, on the spur of the moment, recollect: so for a second or two I stood staring at him, trying in vain to call to mind where I could have met him.

"I must apologise, sir," I said at last, with a bow, "for disturbing you at such an unearthly hour. But I have lost my way in this confounded fog. I saw your light here, and thought that I might perhaps be able to obtain a night's lodging."

The gentleman regarded me abstractedly for a minute; then he said, very gravely: "Sir, I shall be happy to make your acquaintance."

I was a little embarrassed.

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I expected to find a cottage here, instead of which I find a mansion. You will do me the honour to believe, sir, that I am a

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trifle confounded. My position, sir, is a delicate one. To a cottager, in return for his hospitality, I might easily have offered a few pieces of gold; but——"

"Sir," said he, courteously, "I beg you will not mention it. I count myself fortunate in having it in my power to be of so slight a service to you. Do me the favour of accepting such hospitality as I am able to offer, and the debt, sir, will be mine."

"Sir," replied I, bowing, "you overpower me; but——"

"If you will be so good as to step inside, I'll shut the door. We are letting in the fog, I perceive."

"Zounds! sir, you are devilish kind, but I may be inconveniencing you!"

"Upon my word, sir, it affords me the greatest pleasure in the world to see you. To tell the truth, I had concluded that you had returned to the upper world. I am delighted, sir, to perceive that such is not the case."

As you may imagine, I scarcely knew what to make of this. However, if I had walked a mile that night I had walked twenty; so finding the gentleman thus hospitably disposed, I hesitated no longer, but, thanking him for his kindness and laughing at his pleasantry, accepted his invitation without more ado. He assisted me off with my great-coat, which, with my hat, he hung up on a peg beside the door. Then, taking up the lamp and bidding me follow, he stepped up a dingy passage and ushered me into a cosy little parlour.

It was very dimly lighted, I noticed, and the lamp was evidently going out. On the walls hung a few pictures. In the centre of the apartment stood a small square table covered with a faded green tablecloth. In the far corner was a bookcase, while books and papers were strewn about in profusion. Apparently he had been destroying a quantity of old letters, for the fire was almost choked with ashes and a strong smell of smoke pervaded the room.

On either side of the fireplace was an immense old-fashioned arm-chair, and to one of these my host now gravely motioned me. Then, going to a cupboard, he brought out a couple of glasses and half a dozen bottles of port, which he arranged in a line along the edge of the table. "The devil!" thought I: "it seems we are going to make a night of it!" This done, he inquired whether I cared for anything to eat. I replied that I had no appetite. He looked at me gravely for a moment, but did not press me; and, settling ourselves comfortably before the fire, we remained for some little time staring at the embers in the grate, with our legs stretched out before us.

Where I had seen him before I could not think; but his face certainly struck me as being familiar. I poured myself out a glass of wine, and bowing across to him, raised it to my lips.

"Sir, a Happy New Year! And should you ever happen," said I, "to find yourself in straits such as I have been in to-night, may you be so fortunate as to meet too with the same hospitality!"

After emptying my glass a time or two, I felt considerably revived. Then, having nothing else in particular to say, and as my host was obviously disinclined to talk himself, I proceeded briefly to describe my night's wanderings.

My companion lay back in his chair, apathetically toying with his large gold-mounted snuff-box. Now and again, as he helped himself to a pinch, he nodded slightly, as though to intimate that he was following me. But otherwise he evinced not the least interest in what I said; and, to tell the truth, although I had my doubts at first, I felt tolerably sure, after a minute or so, that he was not even listening. Presently, however, in the middle of a sentence, I paused, and, withdrawing my feet from the fender, sat forward in my chair. It had all at once

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"Then, sir," I observed, pleasantly, leaning forward and tapping him on the knee, "I have set eyes on you before."

"You surprise me," he said.

"I saw you, sir," I continued, "immediately after your marriage—as you left the church, in fact. As soon as I saw you to-night, in the doorway, I knew I had met you before somewhere, but where I could not recollect for the life of me. However," I added, with another bow, "now that I have done so, permit me, sir, to offer you my warmest congratulutions; for, egad! sir, I can truthfully say that the lady whom I saw leaning upon your arm as you stepped down to your carriage that day was one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. Permit me, sir, to drink to her happiness!"

He bowed very gravely across to me, after which he sat gazing at the fire for a moment or so. Then, turning his eyes suddenly upon mine, but without changing his position, he said:

"It will perhaps surprise you, sir—I feel that I have no right to allow you to labour under any misapprehension—it will perhaps surprise you, sir, to hear that she is dead."

You may imagine that after this there was a very awkward pause.

"Dead!" I repeated.

He nodded. "She died a little before one o'clock this morning." Then, leaning forward, he took up the poker, and stirred the fire into a fitful blaze, looked up at me, and added:

"I killed her."

We sat facing each other in silence. For a full minute neither of us spoke. We scarcely seemed to breathe. The only audible sound in the house was the regular ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece.

"You say you saw her?" he asked, presently.

"Ay," I said; and my voice sounded peculiarly unsteady.

There was a little snuff upon his sleeve. He brushed it off.

"As you say, sir, she was exceedingly beautiful," he said; and he smiled.

I refilled my glass, and sipped it critically. There was something in the exquisite *finesse* of that smile that sent a cold chill down my back.

"She was exceedingly beautiful," he repeated, in the same intolerable, matter-of-fact tone, "and decidedly I was fond of her. And so to-night, or rather this morning, I killed her. You see, after all . . . Excuse me, but you do not appear to be listening to me. I was saying that, after all, she evidently did not care a very great deal for me. It may be a little mortifying, sir, to have to acknowledge the fact. No doubt it is so. But it is true, nevertheless. She probably found she loved *him* better. That, you will admit, sir, was an awkward discovery . . . a very awkward discovery!"

He seemed to expect some observation from me, so I said, mechanically: "Ay."

"It certainly was . . . a very awkward discovery!"

He slowly raised his glass, eyed it gravely, took a sip, and set it down again.

"I am not so sure," he resumed, with the air of a man who weighs a difficult consideration, "that she was altogether to blame. Perhaps, sir, she was merely unfortunate. For consider her situation. She was married to a man whom she did not love; she was cut off from one whom she adored. On the one hand was life with me, and the satisfaction of knowing that, in remaining faithful to her marriage vows, she was acting in accordance with one of the prevailing ideas of morality; on the other hand was life with him, and the knowledge that, in having ignored a temporary, and, so far as she was concerned, an ill-contrived, custom, she had

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"Shooting along the passage, I found him lying there."

been faithful to her natural and higher instincts, and had realised her heart's desire. Between the two of us she had to make her choice. She made it. Hers, you will perceive, sir, was a passion for which she was prepared to sacrifice . . . a good deal."

The smile was upon his lips again, and his eyes gleamed very strangely.

I kept my gaze riveted upon his every movement. A horrible suspicion was fast taking possession of me, a suspicion which caused my heart to throb wildly and the cold sweat to stand out in beads upon my forehead.

"Her position, then, you will admit, was precarious," he continued—"distinctly precarious. It was even dangerous, sir. Extremes can only be met by extremes; so I killed her. Nevertheless—I give you my word, as a gentleman—I was fond of her. Decidedly, sir, I was fond of her; so that when, to-night, I discovered that she was about to leave me, it was naturally"—he was at a loss for a word—"a shock." The expression seemed to please him, for he repeated: "It was naturally, sir, a shock. In fact, sir, do you know, at one time I was apprehensive lest it should affect my brain? It made me positively uneasy for a time. She, you see, loved him after all. He, you see, took advantage of it. But what of that?"

He leaned back, with his eyes puckered up, and looked at me from under his eyebrows, lightly tapping the table with the tips of his fingers.

"I had his name and address here on the table an hour ago, in his own handwriting. By an oversight Marion left the letter in her book. It just happened that I chanced to pick that book up, and so found it. It was an affectionate letter, sir, a well-written letter. His periods were pretty well turned, and his arrangement of paragraphs was effective—distinctly effective. In a word, sir, it was the letter of a gentleman. And an hour ago it lay before me here upon the table,—only I have been fool enough to burn it. That was a blunder, a ridiculous blunder; but . . ."

Instead of finishing his sentence, however, he merely smiled. And then I knew without a doubt that my suspicions were correct. I poured myself out another glass of wine, drank it off, and set the glass down upon the table at my side.

He was a madman.

As this horrible truth flashed upon me, the lamp gave a spasmodic flutter and went out. My companion rose from his seat.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with a return of his former air of gravity. "I had forgotten. I should have put more oil in. Fortunately, sir, there is plenty in the house; and if you will have the goodness to make up the fire, I'll put the lamp to rights in two minutes."

He stretched across the table, took the lamp, and left the room. I heard him grope his way along the passage, open a door, and strike a light. Then, springing to my feet, I stepped on tiptoe into the hall and took my coat and hat from the peg. I had had enough of the place. What with a madman below and a murdered woman above, this house was beginning to act on my nerves, and my only thought now was to get out of it as speedily as possible. But suddenly a peal of horrible laughter rang out on the night. There was a report of a pistol-shot, followed instantly by a dull thud; then all was still. And, stealing along the passage, I found him lying there dead, with his brains blown out.

It was still dark when I got outside, and the fog was as thick as ever. But the cold morning air was extremely refreshing; and, pulling on my coat, I hurried off across the moor; nor did I stop until the house was no longer visible, and the faint glimmering of its light was lost amid the gloom.

ANTHONY KIRBY GILL.

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THE TASK.

Sewing.

A LITTLE child is sewing: see
The girlhood know, the gravity;
The tension of the little frame,
And heavy breathing both proclaim
A task so trivial to us
To her exceeding arduous.
She hesitates not here, standing by,
Her mother views her tenderly.

MORNING.

An aged man is sawing on
His calamus and sonnets,
Recording for the young world's
eyning,
His own long winter meta-
phor;
He stands above the cold
earth,
Which holds his seed of new
birth;
And Angels from their cast-
ments
Regard his soul with rever-
ence.

ALICE CHANDLER.

Hood-and Perch.

was mainly for invalids, and to "fetch the farm" was, and still is, the current slang equivalent for getting round the doctor,—but a veritable farmyard with all its appurtenances. Dartmoor is now before everything an agricultural colony. Perched up here, high among the Devonshire tors, at an elevation of some 1600 feet above the sea level, it has become a model farm under the intelligent and enterprising control of such men as Sir Joshua Jebb, Sir Edmund Henderson, Sir Edmund Du Cane, and Mr. Ruggles-Brise, who have in turn been the chief administrators of our Prison Department. For nearly fifty years the reclamation of waste or enormous land has been carried on at Dartmoor; it was in 1850, when the complete cessation of transportation obliged the authorities to seek employment for convicts at home, that the old war prison at Dartmoor was reoccupied. Since then about fourteen hundred acres of moor and bog have been converted into good arable and pasture land. Of the system followed we shall see more directly, on the very spot where it is still in progress, and it is through this admirable development of the soil that the farm flourishes. Its products enable the prison to run a dairy, nine stock, keep pigs, feed sheep; on the land thus rescued are fruitful gardens and thriving plantations.

As we enter the farmyard we come at once upon a characteristic scene full of incident and colour. In the open central space surrounded by the nine-ware buildings of sombre, greenish-grey stone, is a great group of farm labourers, all convicts, driving the cart-loads of splendid swedes brought in by prison teams with recent waggons. It is a healthful, useful occupation—far better, surely, than the much-vaunted system of cellular confinement. These are willing, fairly contented workers, and this in spite of their unhappy condition, so plainly shown by their guardians with the inevitable rifles, and their tocsuls, ordinary farm men—the same hideous caps, knee-breeches, gaiters, and striped smock frocks, only with the added

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Shelties.

glory of broad scarlet facings, for these are "red collar men," the best behaved, most trusted couriers, who are nearing the end of their time, and who are employed in semi-freedom about the place. They are all "red collar men" at the farm; we rouse across them everywhere, in the corkscrew tail curled over a haunch; and one of them harnesses a stout cob into the pony-cart which is to take me shortly to the most distant works.

Meanwhile, the farm bailiff, a shrewd Scot from Aberdeen way, shows me round the buildings, and with pardonable pride calls my attention to his milch cows, upwards of fifty of them, a very level lot, uniformly red in colour and mainly North Devons, the herd layed most suited to those high altitudes, although a dash of other blood has been imported, for good returns in milk are as important as handsome. Another house is full of calves, most little creatures which are being carefully reared for the market. Still more attractive are the perfect little pony stallions, to whom come young mares from all parts of the moor, and whose offspring are so excellent that a prison-bred pony can be recognised anywhere. One of these stallions is a grandson of the celebrated "Tarquin," which another year first prize in his class at the Royal Show at Plymouth. Indeed, the sheds and stalls are plastered all over with printed paper records of these honourable awards, and the ecstatic groom (he had no knowledge of horses previous to his conviction) who leads me for inspection the magnificent corn-brow stallion, is plainly as proud of his splendid charge, and its victories at shows, as if he had won them himself. Many first-rate foals run on the prison paddocks, bred from some of the Clydesdale mares we have already seen at work. Other Dartmoor stock has done well, especially the sheep; "improved Dartmoors" are frequent prize-winners, and their remarkably good wool fetches high prices.

But now the pony-cart is ready, and I take my seat by the farm bailiff, who the sovereign warrior at our backs to signs good, or if need be, to threaten. We have a long drive before us over excellent prison-made roads, all hedged neatly with prison-planted quick-set hedges; the bailiff points them to where they are enclosed on the same way, and exhibit various stages of reclamation. Nearest the prison the grass-land may be at least thirty years old; it was recovered from its sterility more in dose nowadays, and portions of it are being again ploughed up and turned over.

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Stone Quarry.

added to the farm is some five-and-twenty acres per annum, although in the year last passed it was limited to eighteen acres, a diminution caused partly by the rocky character of the soil attacked, which occupied more men in quarrying and removing stone than in stretching partly through the inclement seasons. One great drawback to Dartmoor development is the uncertainty of the climate. A wet summer and a severe winter alike hinder progress; long continued wet or heavy snowfalls will keep the convicts indoors for days, even weeks; while out upon the works it is frequently necessary to go to shelter, and for this purpose of shelter every party has a simple contrivance, a square of corrugated iron which, placed at an angle, gives protection against any sudden storm, and which, being portable, can be moved with the party as their work takes them further afield. But whether on new or old land, the returns are highly satisfactory. Good crops of hay, much damaged at times by rains, but saved by the silos which are largely utilised on Dartmoor; roots in great quantities; vegetables from the garden ground, far more than is needed for the prison kitchen; live stock, as we have seen—heifers, calves, sheep, pigs, poultry, all of which sold well; while arboriculture is being tried, and one or two long strips of fir plantation promised better than might be expected in the exposed situation.

But now the far-reaching prison bell is sounding the recall for dinner, an early meal since there is none; and already the outlying parties are marching homewards. They can be seen like skirmishers converging from all directions upon the prison, the prisoners in a compacted handful, their warders bringing up the rear. It is a strict rule in convict discipline to keep the convicts in front, the best safeguard against their slipping away or making an unexpected assault. As the parties draw nearer and nearer I see the outer circle of watchers closing in, the sentries who

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those under punishment must pass "the point." This brings into strong contrast the two very distinct kinds of employment followed at Dartmoor—the agricultural and the industrial; for about only half the population goes out on to the farm, the other half labours in the *ateliers* indoors. There is a marked difference in the physique and outward appearance of the two classes: the first are ruddy-faced and robust, with mudstained weather-worn garments; the second are for the most part white and pasty-faced, but their clothes are neat and clean. As a general rule the doctor decides to which class of work a man shall be told off on arrival, the strongest and healthiest naturally going out on the farm. Of the two kinds, probably the indoor employment is preferred; but cases are frequent where men ask to leave the "shops," as all the manufacturing departments are generically styled, for "outdoor employment," preferring the fresh air, the rough struggle with the elements, and with Mother Nature in her sternest moods, to the unvarying monotony of stitching and sewing at mail bags, hammocks, coal sacks, pillow cases, and shirts. An immense amount of useful articles, all for prison use or for other public departments, are turned out every year at Dartmoor. Most of the uniform for prison officers, of the prison livery for convicts, boots, breeches, caps, jackets, leggings, flannel drawers, and so forth, the uniform for Greenwich School, seamen's bags, torpedo bags for the Admiralty, canvas labels and twine for the General Post Office, tin cups, cans, candlesticks, wood pails, dinner tins; and, strange as it may sound, a safe key (no doubt by an experienced burglar),—all these were manufactured last year. Besides such handicrafts the convicts are employed regularly as artisans; all repairs to existing buildings, all new constructions are carried out by them, exclusively, of course under skilled direction; and year in year out these works include the erection of new quarters for officers, the strengthening of the old boundary walls, the formation of a new large reservoir and filtering beds, the fixing of new boilers, of new gasholders and new gas mains, with much other work of a difficult and technical kind. It may be confidently asserted that the Dartmoor penal colony is altogether self-supporting and self-contained.

So far I have spoken chiefly of the *personnel* of this strangely constituted establishment; and the prison itself, the centre and kernel of everything, remains to be described. It is really a prison, a place of durance and confinement, only during certain hours; for during daytime the gates stand open and its boundaries are far beyond its extensive and ancient buildings. In the five-and-forty years that have elapsed since its reoccupation an immense amount of money has been spent on Dartmoor; it has been cut and carved about, altered, enlarged, improved; yet it will never quite lose its early character, and will always recall the grim moorland war prison of the beginning of this century. The old wall still surrounds it, with green lichen-grown stonework, fortified and strengthened with brand-new buttresses wherever its foundations are insecure; the interiors of the most ancient blocks of buildings have been modernised, separate cells have been substituted for the great open apartments where the war prisoners were lodged in hundreds, but the outer shell is in many cases much the same.

This old Dartmoor war prison was built between 1806 and 1808, to provide a more secure location for at least a portion of the French and American prisoners than the hulks previously used at our various seaports. These captives were a constant danger there, and their harsh treatment often encouraged the most desperate attempts to obtain freedom: sometimes the prisoners set fire to their floating prisons, at other times they cut through the sides, seized the boats and made for shore. Their removal farther inward was now resolved upon, and the Transport Board, as the controlling authority was styled, then obtained a site on

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Stone-breaking Party.

Dartmoor from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), the lord of the manor. Seven buildings were erected, at the cost of £130,000; they were enclosed by an iron palisading, then by two stone walls, fourteen feet high and twenty-two feet apart, while around all ran a military road, on which were raised high platforms for the armed sentries keeping constant watch and ward. As a further security a continuous wire was fixed upon the outer wall, with bells communicating, so ring into the sentry boxes. Of course a large military garrison was kept up permanently at Dartmoor—upwards of five hundred men.

The war prisoners soon reached a total of nearly ten thousand, of very various nationalities, although nominally either French or American. But Napoleon's far-reaching system brought many foreigners under his rule; and among the so-called French prisoners were Austrian, Moiles, Chinamen, Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, and Danes; and many negroes were captured in American ships. Such was the race hatred between the fourteen Americans and the blacks, shown do they were mainly, that it was found absolutely necessary to lodge them apart, and a special building was appropriated to all "coloured" prisoners. They were a wild, turbulent, reckless lot, these war prisoners; the Americans, according to contemporary records, gaining an unenviable notoriety by their general misconduct, and by being more discontented than the rest with their rations and treatment. The food issued was only a lump pound of bread and half a pound of fresh beef, with an alternative of fish on Fridays. But the prisoners were permitted to earn money and occupy the long hours of their clumsies, rarely hopeless captivity by the manufacture of many small articles, which were disposed of in the daily market held within the prison. Many displayed great taste and ingenuity, carving toys and trinkets out of meat bones and the local granite; plaiting straw baskets

hardy constitutions, was fatal to many of the more delicate sons of the South. They lie, hundreds of them, buried decently nowadays, where a few years back their bones were turned up in great numbers when digging over some ground just outside the prison. Two monuments with suitable inscriptions were raised over these remains during the humane governorship of Captain Walter Stopford, himself a veteran soldier of the old guard ready to do honour to an honourable enemy; and the compliment has been suitably acknowledged by the French nation.

If any one of the inmates of the old prison survives, and could revisit the scene of his sufferings, he would hardly recognise the spot. Neatness, order everywhere prevail. Many new and spacious buildings, two chapels, the hospitals of old days, not very perfect according to most modern notions, yet improved out of all recollection; a spacious kitchen sending out daily large supplies of hot, well-cooked food, ample rations, for nowadays a convict's allowance is sufficient. He would find himself in a strange and somewhat mixed company, the élite of the criminal world, garotters, homicides, burglars, bank forgers, habitual and professional thieves, but all well in hand and under admirable control.

Everything nearly is changed but the old gateway, the outside walls and parts of the old prisons. The climate, too, remains unaltered, with its short wet summer and long rigorous winter, seasons that combine with the situation, and the well-known uses to which the place is put, to give Dartmoor its prevailing gruesome and sadness as a purgatory of punishment and probation. It is so considered and regarded in its immediate neighbourhood and far beyond. Dartmoor is the great "bogey" of the whole district round: the threat that keeps children good, and frightens all native wrongdoers, is, "Send 'im out to Dartmoor."

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MASTER OSWALD BASTABLE.

THIS is the story of the most far-reaching and influentially naughty thing we ever did in our lives. We did not mean to do such a deed; and yet we did do it. These things will happen with the best regulated consciences. It happened when we were in the country for our summer holidays.

The story of this rash and fatal act is intimately involved—which means all mixed up anyhow—with the much greater affair of Oswald, and the one cannot be recorded without the other. Oswald would rather have his story unremembered, but he wishes to tell the truth, and the truth it is what father calls a wholesome discipline to lay bare the awful facts.

It was like this: on Alice's and Noël's birthday we went on the river for a picnic. Before that we had not known that there was a river so near us. Afterwards father said he wished we had been allowed to remain in our pristine ignorance, whatever that is. And perhaps the dark hour did dawn when we wished so; but it was years in coming.

It was rather a fine thing in birthdays, —The uncle sent a box of toys and sweets, things that were like a vision from some gorgeous fairy-story. Besides that Alice had a knife, a pair of strap-up scissors, a silk handkerchief, a book (it was "The Golden Fool," and it is, except where it gets about Love, very gooseyposeyish); also a work-case lined with pink plush, and a boot-lag which no one in their senses would use, because it had flowers in wool all over it. And there was a kitten; but it got ill almost at once, and then she would do nothing but nurse it till it died. And she had a box of chocolates, and a musical box that played "The man who broke" and two other tunes; and two pairs of kid gloves for Sunday, and a box of writing-paper with "Alice" on it in gold-writing; and an egg, coloured red, that said "A. Bastable" in ink on one side. Mrs. Pettygree gave the egg. It was a kindly housekeeper's friendly token.

I shall not tell you about the picnic on the river, because the happiest times have but dull reading when they are over. It does. I will merely state that it was prime. Though buggy, the day was uncontrite. The only thing exciting enough to write about was in one of the locks, where there was a snake—a viper. It was asleep in a warm, sunny corner of the lock-gang, and when the gate was shut it fell off into the water.

Alice and Dora screamed hideously; so did Daisy, but her screams were thinner. The snake swam round and round all the time our boat was in the lock. It swam with four inches of itself—the head end—reared up out of the water, exactly like Kaa in the Jungle Book, so we were kidding it to rise arter, just as Kaa did. We were careful to keep our hands well inside the boat. A snake's eye strikes terror into the hardest heart. When the lock was full father kicked the viper out with a boat-hook. I was sorry for it myself. It was indeed a venerous serpent, but it was the first we had ever seen, except at the Zoo—and it did swim most

Directly the snake had been killed H.O. reached out for its corpse—and the next moment the body of our little brother was seen wriggling conclusively on the boat's edge. This exciting spectacle was not of a lasting nature: he went right in. Father clawed him out. H.O. is very unlucky with water.

Being a birthday, but little was said. H.O. was wrapped in everybody's coats, and did not take any cold at all.

This glorious birthday ended with an iced cake, and ginger wine, and drinking healths. Then we played whatever we liked. There had been rounders during the afternoon. It was a day to be for ever marked by memory's brightest what's-its-name.

I should not have said anything about the picnic but for one thing. It was the thin end of the wedge. It was the all-powerful lever that moved but too many events. You see, *we were now no longer strangers to the river.*

And we went there whenever we could. Only we had to take the dogs and to promise no bathing without grown-ups. But paddling in backwaters was allowed. I say no more.

I have not numerated Noël's birthday presents, because I wish to leave something to the imagination of my young readers. (The best authors always do this.) If you will take the large red catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores and just make a list of about fifteen of the things you would like best—prices from 21*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*—you will get a very good idea of Noël's presents, and it will help you to make up your mind in case you are asked just before your next birthday what you really *need.*

One of Noël's birthday presents was a cricket-ball. He cannot bowl for nuts, and it was a first-rate ball, so, some days after the birthday, Oswald offered him to exchange it for a cocoanut he had won at the fair, and two pencils (new), and a bran-new note-book. Oswald thought, and he still thinks, this was a fair exchange; and so did Noël at the time, and he agreed to it, and was quite pleased till the girls said it wasn't fair, and Oswald had the best of it. And then that young beggar Noël wanted the ball back. But Oswald was firm, though not angry.

"You said it was a bargain, and you shook hands on it," he said, and he said it quite kindly and calmly.

Noël said he didn't care, he wanted his cricket-ball back.

And the girls said it was a horrid shame.

If they had not said that Oswald might yet have consented to let Noël have the beastly ball: but now, of course, he was not going to. He said, "Oh yes, I daresay! And then you would be wanting the cocoanut and things again the next minute!"

"No, I shouldn't," Noël said.

It turned out afterwards that he and H.O. had eaten the cocoanut, which only made it worse. And it made them worse, too—which is what the books call poetic justice.

Dora said, "I don't think it was fair."

And even Alice said, "Do let him have it back, Oswald."

I wish to be just to Alice: she did not know then about the cocoanut having been secretly wolfed up.

We were all in the garden. Oswald felt all the feelings of the hero when the opposing forces gathered about him are opposing as hard as ever they can. He knew he was not unfair; and he did not like to have his conduct misunderstood just because Noël had eaten the cocoanut and then wanted the ball back. Though

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Oswald did not know them about the eating of the coconut, he felt the injustice in his soul all the same.

Noel said afterwards he meant to offer Oswald something else to make up for the eaten coconut, but he said nothing about this at the time.

"Give it me, I say," Noel said.

And Oswald said, "Shan't!"

Then Noel called Oswald names, and Oswald did not answer back—but just kept smiling pleasantly and carelessly, throwing up the ball and catching it again with an air of studied indifference.

It was Martha's fault that what happened happened. She is the bull-dog, and

"Oswald did not answer back, but just kept smiling pleasantly."

very stout and bristy. She had just been let loose, and she came bounding along in her clumsy way, and jumped up on Oswald, who is beloved by all animals. (You know how sagacious they are.) Well, Martha knocked the ball out of Oswald's hands, and it fell on the grass, and Noel pounced on it like a hooded falcon on its prey. Oswald would scorn to deny that he was not going to steal this; and the next moment the two were rolling over on the grass, and very soon Noel was made to bite the dust. And serve him right. He is old enough to know his own mind.

Then Oswald walked slowly away with the ball, and the others picked Noel up and consoled the beaten. But Dicky would not take either side.

And Oswald went up into his own room, and lay on his bed and reflected gloomy reflections about unfairness. Presently he thought he would like to see what the

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others were doing, without their knowing he cared. So he went into the linen-room and looked out of its window, and he saw they were playing kings and queens—and Noël had the biggest crown and the longest sceptre.

Oswald turned away without a word, for it really was sickening. Then suddenly his weary eyes fell upon something he had not before beheld. It was a square trap-door in the ceiling of the linen-room.

Oswald never hesitated. He crammed the cricket-ball into his pocket, and climbed up the shelves and unbolted the trap-door and shoved it up and pulled himself up through it. Though above all was dark and smelt of spiders, Oswald fearlessly shut the trap-door down again before he struck a match. He always carries matches; he is a boy fertile in every subtle expedient. Then he saw he was in the wonderful, mysterious place between the ceiling and the roof of the house. The roof is beams and tiles: slits of light show through the tiles here and there. The ceiling, on its other and top side, is made of rough plaster and beams. If you walk on the beams it is all right—if you walk on the plaster you go through with your feet. Oswald found this out later, but some fine instinct now taught the young explorer where he ought to tread and where not. It was splendid. He was still very angry with the others, and he was glad he had found out a secret they jolly well didn't know.

He walked along a dark narrow passage. Every now and then cross-beams barred his way, and he had to creep under them. At last a small door loomed before him, with cracks of light under and over. He drew back the rusty bolts and opened it. It opened straight on to the leads: a flat place between two steep red roofs, with a parapet, two feet high, back and front, so that no one could see you. It was a place no one could have invented better than, if they had tried, for hiding in. Oswald spent the whole afternoon there. He happened to have a volume of Percy's Anecdotes in his pocket—the one about lawyers—as well as a few apples. While he read and ate he fingered his cricket-ball, and presently it rolled away, and he thought he would get it by-and-by. When the tea-bell rang he forgot the ball, and went hurriedly down. For apples do not keep the inside from the pangs of hunger.

Noël met him on the landing, and got red in the face, and said,—

"It wasn't quite fair about the ball, because H.O. and I had eaten the cocoa-nut. You can have it."

"I don't want your beastly ball," Oswald said kindly, "only I hate unfairness. However, I don't know where it is just now,—when I find it you shall have it to bowl with as often as you want."

"Then you're not waxy?"

And Oswald said no—and they went in to tea together. So that was all right. There were raisin cakes for tea.

Next day we happened to want to go down to the river quite early; I don't know why. This is called Fate or Destiny. We called in at the Rose and Crown for some ginger-beer on our way. The landlady is a friend of ours, and lets us drink it in her back parlour instead of the bar, which would be improper for girls.

We found her awfully busy, making pies and jellies; and her two sisters were hurrying about with great hams and pairs of chickens, and rounds of cold beef, and lettuces, and pickled salmon, and trays of crockery and glasses.

"It's for the Angling Competition," she said.

We said "What's that?"

"Why," she said, slicing cucumber like beautiful machinery while she said it, "a lot of anglers come down some particular day, and fish one particular bit of.

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the river, and the one that catches most fish gets the prize. They're fishing the pen above Stoneham Lock, and they all come here to dine. So I've got my hands full, and a trifle over."

We said, "Couldn't we help?"

But she said, "Oh no, thank you. I really am so busy I don't know which way to turn. Do run along, like dears."

So we ran along, like these timid, but graceful, animals.

Need I tell the intelligent reader that we went straight off to the pen above Stoneham Lock to see the anglers competing? Angling is the same thing as fishing.

I am not going to try and explain locks to you. If you've never seen a lock you could never understand, even if I wrote it in words of one syllable, and pages and pages long. And if you have, you'll understand without my telling you. It is harder than Euclid if you don't know beforehand, but you might get a grown-up person to explain it to you with books or wooden bricks.

I will tell you what a pen is, because that is easy. It is the bit of river between one lock and the next. In some rivers "pens" are called "reaches," but pen is the proper word.

We went along the towing-path: it is shady with willows, aspens, alders, elders, oaks and other trees. On the banks are flowers—yarrow, meadow-sweet, willow-herb, loose-strife and Lady's bed-straw. Oswald learned the names of all these trees and plants on the day of the picnic. The others did not remember them, but Oswald did. He is a boy of what they call most relenting memory.

The anglers were sitting here and there on the shady bank, among the grass and the different flowers I have named. Some had dogs with them, and some umbrellas, and some had only their wives and families.

We should have liked to talk to them and ask how they liked their lot, and what kinds of fish there were, and whether they were nice to eat; but we did not like to.

Denny had seen anglers before, and he knew they liked to be talked to; but though he spoke to them quite like to equals, he did not ask the things we wanted to know. He just asked whether they'd had any luck, and what bait they used.

And they answered him back politely. I am glad I am not an angler. It is an immovable amusement, and, as often as not, no fish to speak of after all.

Daisy and Dora had stayed at home. When we got to Stoneham Lock, Denny said he should go home and fetch his fishing-rod. H.O. went with him. This left four of us—Oswald, Alice, Dicky and Noël.

We went on down the towing-path.

The lock shuts up (that sounds as if it was like the lock on a door, but it is very otherwise) between one pen of the river and the next. The pen where the anglers were was full right up over the roots of the grass and flowers. But the pen below was nearly empty.

"You can see the poor river's bones," Noël said.

And so you could. Stones and mud and dried branches, and here and there an old kettle or a tin pail with no bottom to it, that some bargee had chucked in.

From walking so much along the river, we knew many of the bargees. Bargees are the captains and crews of the big barges that are pulled up and down the river by slow horses. The horses do not swim: they walk on the towing-path with a rope tied to them, and the other end to the barge. So it gets pulled along. The bargees we knew were a good friendly sort, and used to let us go all over the barges when they were in a good temper. They were not at all the sort of bullying, cowardly fiends in human form that the young hero at Oxford fights a crowd of, single-handed, in books.

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late, so Oswald bears her no malice. She went on, "—yesterday, when you were upstairs. And we saw the water-tender open the lock and the weir sluices. It's quite easy, isn't it, Dicky?"

"As easy as kiss your hand," said Dicky; "and what's more, I know where he keeps the other thing he opens the weir sluices with. I votes we do."

"Do let's, if we can," Noël said; "and the bargees will bless the names of their unknown benefactors. They might make a song about us, and sing it on winter nights, as they pass round the wassail-bowl in front of the cabin fire."

Noël wanted to very much, but I don't think it was altogether for generousness, but because he wanted to see how the sluices opened. Yet perhaps I do but wrong the boy.

We sat and looked at the barge a bit longer, and then Oswald said, Well, he didn't mind going back to the lock and having a look at the crowbar. You see Oswald did not propose this: he did not even care very much about it when Alice suggested it.

But when we got to Stoneham Lock, and Dicky dragged the two heavy crowbars from among the elder bushes, behind a fallen log, and began to pound away at the sluice of the lock, Oswald felt it would not be manly to stand idly apart. So he took his turn.

It was very hard work, but we opened the lock sluices, and we did not drop the crowbar into the lock either, as I have heard of being done by older and sillier people.

The water poured through the sluices, all green and solid, as if it had been cut with a knife; and where it fell on the water underneath, the white foam spread like a moving counterpane. When we had finished the lock, we did the weir, which is wheels and chains, and the water pours through over the stones in a magnificent waterfall and sweeps all round the weir-pool.

The sight of the foaming waterfalls was quite enough reward for our heavy labours, even without the thought of the unspeakable gratitude that the bargees would feel to us when they got back to their barge, and found her no longer a stick-in-the-mud, but bounding on the free bosom of the river.

When we had opened all the sluices we gazed awhile on the beauties of nature, and then went home, because we thought it would be more truly noble and good not to wait to be thanked for our kind and devoted action; and besides, it was nearly dinner-time, and Oswald thought it was going to rain.

On the way home we agreed not to tell the others, because it would be like boasting of our good acts.

"They will know all about it," Noël said, "when they hear us being blessed by the grateful bargees, and when the tale of the Unknown Helpers is being told by every village fireside; and then they can write it in the Golden Deed Book."

So we went home. Denny and H.O. had thought better of it, and they were fishing in the moat. They did not catch anything.

Oswald is very weather-wise—at least, so I have heard it said—and he had thought there would be rain. There was. It came on while we were at dinner. A great, strong, thundering rain, coming down in sheets—the first rain we had had since we came into the country.

We went to bed as usual. No presentiment of the coming awfulness clouded our young mirth. I remember Dicky and Oswald had a wrestling match, and Oswald won.

In the middle of the night Oswald was awakened by a hand on his face. It was a wet hand, and very cold. Oswald hit out, of course; but a voice said, in a hoarse whisper,—

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"Don't be a young ass! Have you got any matches? My bed's full of water. It's pouring down from the ceiling."

Oswald's first thought was, that by opening those sluices we had flooded some secret passage, which communicated with the top of the Moat House; but when he was properly awake he saw that this could not be, on account of the river being so low.

He had matches. (He is, as I said before, a boy full of resources.) He struck one, and lit a candle; and Dicky, for it was indeed he, gazed with Oswald at the amazing spectacle.

Our bedroom floor was all wet in patches. Dicky's bed stood in a pond, and from the ceiling water was dripping in rich profusion at a dozen different places. There was a great wet patch in the ceiling, and that was blue, instead of white like the dry part, and the water dripped from different parts of it.

For a moment Oswald was quite unmanned. "Crikey!" he said, in a heart-broken tone, and remained an instant plunged in thought.

"What on earth are we to do?" Dicky said.

And really for a short time even Oswald did not know. It was a blood-curdling event--a regular facer. Albert's uncle had gone to London that day to stay till the next. Yet something must be done.

The first thing was to rouse the unconscious Others from their deep sleep, because the water was beginning to drip on to their beds. And, though as yet they knew it not, there was quite a pool on Noël's bed, just in the hollow behind where his knees were doubled up; and one of H.O.'s boots was full of water, that surged wildly out when Oswald happened to kick it over.

We woke them: a difficult task, but we did not shrink from it.

Then we said,--"Get up! there is a flood! Wake up, or you will be drowned in your beds! And it's half-past two by Oswald's watch."

They awoke slowly and very stupidly. H.O. was the slowest and stupidest.

The water poured faster and faster from the ceiling. We looked at each other and turned pale.

Noël said, "Hadn't we better call Mrs. Pettigrew?"

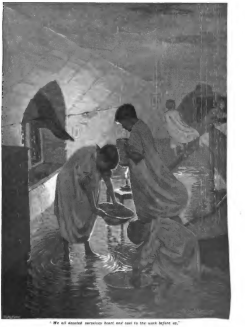
But Oswald simply couldn't consent to this. He could not get rid of the feeling that this was our fault somehow for meddling with the river, though of course the clear star of reason told him it could not possibly be the case.

We all devoted ourselves heart and soul to the work before us. We put the bath under the worst and wettest place, and the jugs and basins under lesser streams, and we moved the beds away to the dry end of the room. Ours is a long attic that runs right across the house.

But the water kept coming in worse and worse. Our nightshirts were wet through, so we got into our other shirts and knickerbockers, but preserved bareness in our feet And the floor was an inch deep in water, however much we mopped it up.

We emptied the basin out of the window as fast as it filled, and we baled the bath with a jug, without pausing to complain how hard the work was. But in Oswald's dauntless breast he began to see that they would *have* to call Mrs. Pettigrew.

A new waterfall broke out between the firegrate and the mantelpiece, and spread in devastating floods. Oswald is full of ingenious devices. (I think I have said this before, but it is quite true, and perhaps even truer this time than it was last time I said it.) He got a board out of the box-room next door, and rested one end on the chink between the fireplace and the mantelpiece, and laid



"We all shouted ourselves hoarse and ran to the spot before us."

the other end on the back of a chair. Then we stuffed the rest of the chink with our nightgowns and laid a towel along the plank, and behold a noble stream poured over the end of the board right into the bath we put there ready. It was like Niagara, only not so round in shape.

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The first lot of water that came down the chimney was very dirty. The wind whistled outside.

Noël said, "If it is pipes burst and *not* rain, it will be nice for the water rates."

Perhaps it was only natural after this for Denny to begin with his everlasting poetry. He stopped mopping up the water to say:

"By this the storm grew loud apace,
The Water Rates were shrieking,
And in the howl of Heaven, each face
Grew black as they were speaking."

Our faces were black and our hands too, but we did not take any notice: we only told him not to gas, but to go on mopping; and he did, and we all did.

But more and more water came pouring down. You would not believe so much could come off one roof.

When at last it was agreed that Mrs. Pettigrew must be awakened at all hazards, we went and woke Alice to do the fatal errand.

When she came back with Mrs. Pettigrew in a nightcap and a red flannel petticoat over her nightgown, we held our breath.

But Mrs. Pettigrew did not even say, "What on earth have you children been up to now?" as Oswald had feared. She simply sat down on my bed and said, "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" ever so many times.

Then Denny said: "I once saw holes in a cottage roof. The man told me it was done when the water came through the thatch. He said if the water lies all about the ceiling, it breaks it down, but if you make holes, the water will only come through the holes, and you can put pails under the holes to catch it."

So we made nine holes in the ceiling with the poker, and put pails and baths and tubs under; and now there was not so much water on the floor.

But we had to keep on working like niggers, and Mrs. Pettigrew and Alice worked the same.

About five in the morning the rain stopped, about seven the water did not come in so fast, and presently it only dripped slowly. Our task was done.

This is the only time I was ever up all night. I wish it happened oftener. We did not go back to bed then, but dressed and went down. We all went to sleep in the afternoon though, quite without meaning to.

Oswald went up on the roof before breakfast to see if he could find the hole where the rain had come in. He did not find any hole, but he found the cricket-ball jammed in the top of a gutter-pipe, which he afterwards knew ran down inside the wall of the house and joined the moat below. It seems a silly dodge, but so it was.

When the men went up after breakfast to see what had caused the flood, they said there must have been a good half-foot of water on the leads the night before for it to have risen high enough to go above the edge of the lead, and of course when it got above the lead there was nothing to stop it running down under it and soaking through the ceiling. The parapet and the roofs kept it from tumbling off down the sides of the house, in the natural way. They said there must have been some "obstruction" in the pipe which ran down into the house; but whatever it was the water had washed it away, for they put wires down, and the pipe was quite clear.

While we were being told this, Oswald's trembling fingers felt at the wet cricket-ball in his jacket pocket. And he *knew*. But he could not tell. He heard them wondering what the "obstruction" could have been, and all the time he had the "obstruction" in his pocket, and never said a single word.

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I do not seek to defend him. But it really was an awful thing to have been the cause of; and Mrs. Pettigrew is but harsh and hasty. But this, as Oswald knows too well, is no excuse for his silent conduct.

Albert's uncle, who is a great friend of ours, came back that day. At tea-time he was rather silent too. At last he looked upon us with a glance full of intelligence, and said:—

"There was a queer thing happened yesterday. You know there was an angling competition. The pen was kept full on purpose. Some mischievous busybody went and opened the sluices and let all the water out. The Anglers' holiday was spoiled. No—the rain wouldn't have spoiled it anyhow, Alice. Anglers *like* rain. The Rose and Crown dinner was half of it wasted because the anglers were so furious that a lot of them took the next train to town. And—this is the worst of all—a barge, that was on the mud in the pen below, was lifted and jammed across the river; then the water tilted her over, and her cargo is on the river bottom. It was coals."

During this speech there were four of us who knew not where to turn our agitated glances. Some of us tried bread and butter, but it seemed dry and difficult, and those who tried tea choked and spluttered, and were sorry they had not let it alone.

When the speech stopped Alice said: "It was us."

And with the deepest feelings she and the rest of us told all about it. Oswald did not say much. He was turning the "obstruction" round and round in his pocket, and wishing with all his sentiments that he had owned up like a man when Albert's uncle asked him before tea to tell him all about what had happened during the night.

When they had told all, Albert's uncle told us four still more plainly exactly what we had done, and how much pleasure we had spoiled, and how much of my father's money we had wasted—because he would have to pay for the coals being got up from the bottom of the river, if they could be—and if not, for the price of the coals. And we saw it *all*.

And when he had done Alice burst out crying over her plate, and said: "It's no use! we have tried to be good since we've been down here. You don't know how we've tried! And it's all no use. I believe we are the wickedest children in the whole world, and I wish we were all dead!"

This was a dreadful thing to say, and of course the rest of us were all very shocked. But Oswald could not help looking at Albert's uncle to see how he would take it.

He said very gravely: "My dear Kiddie, you ought to be sorry—I wish you to be sorry for what you've done. And you will be punished for it." (We were: our pocket-money was stopped, we were forbidden to go near the river, besides impositions miles long.) "But," he went on, "you mustn't give up trying to be good. You are extremely naughty and tiresome, as you know very well."

Noël began to cry at about this time.

"But you are not the wickedest children in the world, by any means."

Then he stood up and straightened his collar and put his hands in his pockets.

'You're very unhappy now," he said, "and you deserve to be. But I will say one thing to you."

Then he said a thing which Oswald, at least, will never forget (though but little he deserved it, with the obstruction in his pocket, unowned-up-to all the time).

He said: "I have known you all for four years—and you know as well as I do how many scrapes I've seen you in and out of; but I've never known one of

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you tell a lie, and I've never known one of you do a mean or dishonourable action. And when you have done wrong you are always sorry. Now this is something to stand firm on. You'll learn to be good in the other ways some day."

He took his hands out of his pockets, and his face looked different, so that three of the four guilty creatures knew he was no longer adamant, and they threw themselves into his arms. Dora, Denny, Daisy and H.O. of course were not in it, and I think they thanked their stars. Oswald did not embrace Albert's uncle. He stood there and made up his mind he would go for a soldier. He gave the wet ball one last squeeze, and took his hand out of his pocket, and said a few words before going to enlist.

He said: "The others *may* deserve what you say. I *hope* they do, I'm sure But *I* don't, because it was my rotten cricket-ball that stopped up the pipe, and caused the midnight flood in our bedroom. And I knew it quite early this morning. And I didn't own up."

Oswald stood there covered with shame, and he could feel the hateful cricket-ball heavy and cold against the top of his leg, through the pocket.

Albert's uncle said—and his voice made Oswald hot all over, but not with shame—he said:—

I shall not tell you what he said; it is no one's business but Oswald's; only I will own it made Oswald not quite so anxious to run away for a soldier as he had been before.

That owning up was the hardest thing I ever did. They did put that in the Book of Golden Deeds, though it was not a kind or generous act, and did no good to any one or anything, except Oswald's own inside feelings I must say I think they might have let it alone. Oswald would rather forget it, especially as Dicky wrote it in, and put this:—

"Oswald acted a lie, which he knows is as bad as telling one. But he owned up when he needn't have, and this lessens his sin. We think he was a thorough brick to do it."

Alice scratched this out afterwards, and wrote the record of the incident in more flattering terms. But Dicky had used father's ink, and *she* used Mrs. Pettigrew's, so any one can read *his* underneath the scratching-outs.

The others were awfully friendly to Oswald, to show they agreed with Albert's uncle in thinking I deserved as much share as any one in any praise there might be going.

It was Dora who said it all came from my quarrelling with Noël about that nasty cricket-ball, but Alice gently yet firmly made her shut up.

I let Noël have the ball. It had been thoroughly soaked, but it dried all right. But it could never be the same to me after what *it* had done, and what *I* had done.

I hope you will try to agree with Albert's uncle, and not think foul scorn of Oswald because of this story. Perhaps you have done things nearly as bad yourself sometimes. If you have you will know how owning up soothes the savage breast and alleviates the gnawings of remorse. If you have never done naughty acts, I expect it is only because you have never had the sense to think of anything.

E. NESBIT.

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appointment with the specialists, and had come to them without a word, even to those who were nearest to her. "Why should I go to them with my trouble?" she had asked herself. "It may not be what I fear, and I should alarm them unnecessarily. If it is—well, there will be time enough to tell them when I know myself."

She thought of them now—at least, she thought of Jack. Was it only last June they had been married? It seemed as if they had always been together, as if they had always belonged to each other, as if life had only really begun when she met him. He came vividly before her—gay, debonair, his brown eyes full of the tenderness she knew so well. She pictured the change that would come in them when she told him—the thought wrung from her what her own suffering had not done. She groaned, and the three physicians at once assumed an air of professional interest.

In the interval of silence they had worn their usual calm. They were suave, polished, hopeful. In this atmosphere of cool, scientific interest, the woman's will asserted itself, and she set her teeth with the determination to meet these men with a calmness equal to their own. She asked that the operation might be performed three days later, and found them thoroughly in accord with her wish to have the matter hastened. Every detail was arranged; the strain was lightened to the extent of a mild professional jest or two, dropped with the friendly wish to convince her that the situation was not hopelessly tragic. Then she went to her carriage, while three pairs of eyes looked after her, and then at each other, with an expression it was well she did not see. She directed the coachman to drive home, and, drawing her furs around her, gave herself again to reflection. Unconsciously she drooped forward a little in her seat, staring at the falling snow outside with eyes which hardly saw the streets and scenes through which she passed. At one point in the journey up town the carriage was stopped for a moment by a sudden congestion of traffic, but she was not conscious of it. Her beautiful face, outlined against the dark collar of her fur coat, and framed by the carriage window, drew the eyes of another woman who stood at the curb waiting for an opening in the lines of vehicles. She, too, was miserable; but something in the expression of the eyes looking over her head made her forget her own burden in a sudden thrill of unselfish sympathy.

Nevertheless, she might have failed to recognise the face had she seen it three hours later, when Mrs. Jack Imboden turned it toward the young Englishman whom her hostess of the evening had assigned to take her in to dinner. She herself knew that she never had looked better, and Jack had confirmed this conviction when he folded her wrap about her as they were leaving home. She had told him nothing of the afternoon's experience; she could not, she discovered. There were limitations even to her courage. She could dress, she could meet a dinner engagement, she could look her best and be her brightest—that much she could and would force herself to do. But tell Jack—no, not yet. Perhaps after all she could arrange it so that he need not know.

She was aroused from her reverie by the soft laughter of the young Englishman at her side. "That is delicious," he said, appreciatively; and she became conscious that she had been talking brightly, as usual, and that what she had just said was rather clever. Jack had caught it, too, and was looking at her with the expression she most loved to see in his eyes—a look of proud and tender proprietorship. Her own expression changed so suddenly that both men noticed it, and Effingham, the Englishman, commented upon it the next morning as he was giving an account of the dinner to his cousin.

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"Mrs. Jack Imboden, who wrote that clever society novel last year, was in her best form," he said. "But for all that, I don't believe she is happy. I can't explain it, but every now and then there was something - and once she looked at Imboden in the strangest way. Do you suppose they have quarrelled, or that he is not treating her right?"

His cousin, the Honourable Cuthbert Effingham, yawned widely. He had not met Mrs. Imboden, and the subject did not especially interest him.

"The germ of an idea," evolved during the dinner that evening, developed well. By taking Jack's partner into her confidence, a rapid exchange of telegrams between the East and West made Mrs. Imboden's plan succeed so well that she drove with her husband to the station the day before the operation, and saw him whirled away in a Westward-bound train. He had rebelled loudly over going; the subtle instinct that is the twin of perfect love had told him something was wrong. Once or twice she had almost faltered, almost confessed—it would have been so great a comfort to have him to lean upon. But she had sent him away, playing her part perfectly until the end.

There was much to be done that last night,—she thought of it, somehow, as the *last* night, absolutely. Her mental process refused to go beyond the events of the next day; and though she did not allow her thoughts to take on more than a hypothetical foreboding of death, she made her will, gave definite instructions to the friends who were now aware of what was to take place, and wrote a long letter to Jack, which was to be mailed to him, "unless," as she put it to her maid, "within three days I myself give you instructions to the contrary."

The great surgeon came in the evening. He was deeply interested in the woman as well as in the case. He persuaded her to take a sleeping draught, mixing it himself with a solicitude which would have surprised his colleagues had they seen it.

"You must sleep well to-night, you know," he said to her, "and you would not do it without this. You'd say you would, and you would try, but you would lie awake all night and think—which would be bad for you."

It was a long speech for the great surgeon. He was a little surprised at himself, and was still more so when late that night he found himself giving his wife the history of the case. It was his rule not to carry professional matters into his home, and he was sorry he had broken it when he saw the tears his remarks called forth.

"I need not tell you to be brave," he said, looking down encouragingly at Mrs. Imboden the next day, a moment before the anæsthetic was administered. "You will be that, I know. But you must be hopeful. We are going to bring you through all right."

The saturated cone settled over her face, and the sweet fumes of the anæsthetic filled her nostrils and crept into her lungs.

"Take a deep breath," she heard a voice say. "Take a deep breath, and count. Begin with one, and count as long as you can."

She counted steadily to eight, drawing in the fumes with each breath, and, unconsciously, breathing as little as possible. At nine a sudden panic came upon her. Her strong will broke, and a sense of darkness and horror filled her. She opened her mouth to shriek, and a great cold wave seemed to lift her and carry her away. She heard some one say "twelve—thirteen—fourteen"—and her heart was filled with pity for a wretched woman, who, far off in another world, was suffering. The words seemed to be forced by a tremendous will from a body in agony. "Seven—te—e - n," "eighteen," "n—i—ne—te - en," moaned the distant voice. Then all was blackness and oblivion.

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When she again became conscious of her own identity she was one of a vast number of souls, floating through a long, dark valley, at the distant end of which gleamed a ray of light. She seemed, like the others, to be propelling herself toward this light with the dimly defined conception that it marked her objective point. But the journey was endless. Centuries seemed to pass, empires to rise and fall, worlds to appear and disappear as she travelled on. At first all was silence; then the air was filled with a low moan, increasing in violence as she drew near the end of the valley, until it swelled to a vast diapason of human agony. Before the horror of it her brain reeled; she grasped blindly at the shadowy forms about her, but each swept on unswervingly. She felt herself falling, and as she sank the conviction settled upon her that this was at last the end. She did not know why, but she realised that if she lost her place in that dim procession she would never get back into the brightness of the world she was seeking. She must wander for ever alone in darkness.

Suddenly a voice, rich and musical, spoke beside her. It was a deep, strong baritone—a human voice. It rose and fell softly, persistently. She did not hear the words, but she knew at once that it was meant for her, that it was striving to reach her and help her. To its humanity and sympathy she responded as a frightened child in the dark responds to the touch of its mother's hand. She felt strong, well poised, resolute. She found herself again a part of the throng around her, hurrying towards the light, which grew brighter as they approached the exit from the valley. Through it all the voice remained beside her, uplifting and sustaining. As it grew stronger the whole valley seemed to her to be full of it, but the other shadows took no heed. The conviction strengthened that it was for her alone—that she alone heard it. A buoyant hope and strength took possession of her, and the appalling sense of loneliness departed. She floated calmly onward, out of the dense gloom into a grey twilight, then at last through the great arch at the end of the valley and into a broad green field over which lay the blessed light of day.

As her eyes grew accustomed to the brightness around her, she saw that the light came not from a sun, but from a brilliant dome arching over the field, and from which radiated myriads of golden wires converging to a vast instrument in the centre. These wires threw out blinding and many-coloured lights. At the instrument sat a woman of heroic size, in flowing white robes that melted into the brilliance around her. Her great face was calm, beautiful, benign. On the green-sward in front of her were thousands of men, women and little children. Each was dressed in white, each face was distorted, and from each open mouth came cries of agony. From time to time the ranks parted, and one person was swept into the space directly before the instrument. The mighty hand of the woman sitting there struck a key, and as the note sounded one of the wires faded, and the shrieking, foremost figure sank from sight.

Florence Imboden stood on the outskirts of the throng and looked at those near her, forgetting her own physical suffering in the sight of theirs. She seemed to understand at once what it all meant, and she accepted without question the explanation that suggested itself, as one accepts the strange experiences that come in dreams.

"This is the World of Pain," she told herself, "and these are the souls of men and women whose tortured bodies are lying on operating tables in our world below. The surgeons tell us when we come back that we have not suffered but we do, we do!"

The young girl standing next to her was suddenly swept by some invisible force to the open space before the instrument. The woman left behind knew that her

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time was coming, and braced herself to meet it. But fear, hideous, sickening, demoralising, again claimed her. The head of the woman at the instrument bent to her, and she felt herself propelled forward. The pandemonium around her grew wilder. She realised now that the distant echo of it was what she had heard in her journey through the valley. She saw the mighty hand before her move towards the key, and her eyes followed it. The surface of the key was a transparent crystal. Looking through, she saw a room, bare, marble-lined, with a table in the centre around which were grouped half a dozen white-robed figures. Four were men and two were women—nurses. On the table lay a figure. As she looked, the cone in the hand of one was lifted; a sudden stir of excitement was noticeable in the tense circle. Under the raised cone she saw her own face, white, still, terrible. There was a quick rush to and fro, the body was raised, something that looked like a galvanic battery was produced and used. The great surgeon turned from the table and threw up his hand in a gesture of hopelessness.

The mighty finger at the instrument moved implacably towards the key, shutting off the glimpse into the world below. She felt herself sinking, going, when again the wonderful voice that had sustained her sounded in her ear—melodious, golden, with musical inflections never heard in any other world, but never to be forgotten now. This time she could hear the words.

"Give her strength for the ordeal before her, and if it be Thy will restore her to the life in which she has done so much good, to the husband whom she has so greatly blessed. We ask it in the name . . . ."

She raised her head without fear, and looked into the calm eyes of the woman at the instrument. The voice went on. She heard the words no longer, but those to which she had listened were enough. She would live. She would live for Jack, "the husband whom she had greatly blessed." Some benign, some powerful influence was behind her, strengthening and upholding her. She would live.

"She is coming round at last," said a voice softly.

"That was a close call, doctor," said another. "I never saw a closer one. I was certain for a few seconds that the pulse——"

She opened her eyes. The white-walled room was whirling round her. Faces, vaguely familiar, appeared and disappeared. One, mist-like at first, gradually shaped itself into the features of the great surgeon. His stern eyes smiled at her.

"It's all over," he remarked tersely. "Now you have only to get well."

"Doctor," she said dreamily, "there is a soul—there is a soul. I have never felt certain of it before. And that voice—that wonderful voice that saved me—the voice that prayed! Whose was it?"

She saw them smile a little at her seeming incoherence.

"Never mind, dear Mrs. Imboden: that's the ether," one of the nurses said gently.

But she persisted and questioned until the surgeon himself came to her bedside.

"Who prayed?" she asked: "who was it that prayed?"

He laid lightly on hers the steady hand that had worked so well for her, and spoke to her as one speaks to a fretful child.

"Dear Mrs. Imboden," he said soothingly, "you must be very quiet. Don't talk. Don't think. As for this voice of yours—there has been no praying here." He drew on his gloves as he added, with professional pride, "We have been working."

She regained strength rapidly, and some of her old-time brightness and buoyancy came with it. But when the news of the accident in which Jack Imboden had met his death was flashed to his New York home, they kept it from her as long

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as they dared. Before this double tragedy in her life her friends succumbed in silent despair. There was none among them strong enough to tell her, so they delayed while she talked of him constantly and counted the days that must pass before he could return to her.

When they finally told her, she turned her face to the wall without comment, and asked them to leave her alone. Through the weary days and nights that followed she lay there making no outcry, no complaint, accepting what was done for her without question—silent, tense, automatic.

"She's losing strength every hour," said the day nurse, uneasily, to one of her associates. "This has destroyed her only chance. They shouldn't have told her,—and yet how could they help it? She was constantly asking for him, and the anxiety and suspense would have been as bad as the truth. Her courage might have pulled her through. But this ends it: she will not have to mourn her husband long."

As the weeks passed, the same conviction came to Florence Imboden, like a flash of light across a midnight sky. After all, what matter? It would not be long. In any case she might not have lived more than a year or two, and if that were so the situation was as Jack himself would have wished it to be. He would have felt that he could not live without her—now she need not live on without him. It was well. Only a short time, and they would be together. *But would they?* The question loomed suddenly before her, black, forbidding, shutting out the light that had entered her soul.

Would they? Was there a hereafter? Was the soul immortal?—or was death merely the sinking of the mortal into that nothing which is poetically called eternal peace and sleep?

In her full, bright life she had never before had those questions come home to her. She had attended church, she had freely given from the abundance that was hers, she had felt deep respect for the aims and teachings of religion and for the convictions of her religious friends. But in her soul she was conscious that she did not *know*—that she had never been convinced—that religion was not the vital thing to her it was to some others. Now her heart cried out for faith, for conviction, for immortality.

"If I could be certain of meeting Jack again," she breathed, "how cheerfully, how gladly I could bear whatever comes!"

She recalled the firm conviction in which she had come back to life after her operation. "There is a soul, there is a soul," she had told the doctors, with her mind full of that experience in the upper world, her ears still hearing the tones of that marvellous voice. They had smiled over her words, telling her the episode was merely an ether vision and a common one at that. No doubt they were right, she told herself. The shock of Jack's death had pulled her down from any spiritual heights she might have reached to the earthly plane on which her only need was the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand. The mysterious voice had haunted her for a few days. She had thought of it -dreamed of it; but now that, too, was gone.

She was getting out of touch with every human thing—worse than that, with every spiritual thing. This, at last, was agony. What had gone before was nothing. She was alone, hideously alone. She had called on God, and heard no answer. She tried to pray, and the prayers seemed hollow mockery. She sank into lethargic despair.

Effingham found her so one day when he had begged to see her for a moment. It was the first time they had met since her illness, as he had unexpectedly sailed

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for England the day after her operation was performed. She had always liked the sympathetic, clean-souled, ascetic young Englishman, and she found herself speaking to him as she had spoken to no one else.

"You believe in a hereafter, do you not?" she asked wistfully, while he was studying, with a sense of shock, the great changes in her.

He flushed a little, with the Englishman's disinclination to touch upon the subjects most sacred to him; but something in her eyes and face made him respond simply and fully.

"Dear Mrs. Imboden," he said, "I do indeed. The faith I have in God and heaven is very near to me. You know," he added slowly, "I am preparing for the Church, and I am here to study with a dear friend who has helped me more than any I have ever known. If you have doubts—if you are looking for strength and conviction, he can help you, I am sure. He is a wonderful man. Will you let me bring him to you, or, better still, will you go with me to his church some day? It is not far up town, and I would like to have you see him among his people. Just now he is giving a series of afternoon talks; every one of them is an inspiration. Perhaps," he added, "you would be willing to drive up there with me now?"

She hesitated. "I have gone out but a few times, you know," she said doubtfully. "I am perfectly able to go, but it seems so hard for me to move—to arouse myself from the condition of lethargy I am in."

The tone and her expression made Effingham unusually persistent.

"Come," he urged; "we'll sit at the back of the church, and nobody will see us. You need not see Livingston afterwards unless you wish, although I fancy you will want to talk to him when you have heard him. People usually do."

She allowed herself to be persuaded, and they drove up town together to the little church, tucked modestly out of the way in an unfashionable side street. The winter day was drawing to a close, and the church was but dimly lighted. As they entered a pew near the door, they saw that all the seats were filled by shadowy figures, leaning forward as if in prayer. They settled themselves comfortably, and gave themselves up to the quiet and peace of the place. Through the door at the right of the sanctuary a man came. She could see his figure but dimly in the uncertain light. He stood for a moment looking over the assembly, and then began to speak.

At the first word, Florence Imboden started to her feet. The voice was a deep baritone, full of musical inflections, heard by her but once before, but not to be mistaken when heard again. It was the voice of the World of Pain—the voice that had comforted, the voice that had saved. She buried her face in her hands, while her brain reeled. Her mind was going at last, she thought; no mind could stand the accumulated horrors of these last few months. She tried to think calmly. It was the voice—but the other had been only "an ether vision." Had they not told her so? This man was strange to her; but that voice was not, could never be. She tried to pray, but could not. A nervous tremor convulsed her. She rose and groped her way out of the pew. Effingham, suddenly roused from his absorption, assisted her without question into the street, where her carriage stood waiting. She motioned the footman away.

"I want the air," she said to Effingham. "Let us walk up and down for a few moments."

They strolled along the deserted street, the young Englishman supporting her with friendly sympathy. He did not speak at first, but as he saw her grow calmer he broke the silence.

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"I am afraid you did not like him," he said, with some disappointment, "and I am so sorry. I felt sure he could help you."

She made no reply, and he went on talking with the friendly purpose of giving her time to collect herself.

"He has helped me, as I have told you, more than any one else, and I have perfect confidence in him. I turn to him not only with my own troubles, but with those of my friends. I hope you won't mind my telling you," he went on, a little diffidently, "that I took yours to him. When I learned of your—your illness, I went to him the day before sailing and asked him to pray for you during the operation, which was to be performed that afternoon at two. When I had been in England a week I had a letter from him. He wrote that your case had strongly appealed to him—had 'taken hold of him,' as he put it. So much so, in fact, he said, that he had knelt down in his study and prayed for you for two hours while your operation was going on. Why, Mrs. Imboden——"

She reeled slightly, but his strong arm held her up. Her mind was not going, after all; it grasped as much of the strange experience as she could understand. She did not know why it should have come to her of all the world, but she did not question, either. It was for some great purpose, she felt. When the human soul was taxed beyond its powers something divine entered in and helped it. She was no mere atom whirling through space, to exist for a little time and perish. Behind the mystery of life was some benign power—she did not know what, but she was satisfied. In these dark hours of her life it had given her this proof that it existed. She could safely trust herself to it. She looked up into Effingham's eyes with a sudden light in hers which gladdened him.

"Your friend can help me," she said, "and he shall—more than any one else in the whole world. He shall teach me, and I will believe—I know it. Let us go to him now."

The people were coming out of the little church as they turned back together. They stood aside for a moment to let the others pass. Off in the darkness the street lamps began to twinkle; above, the crescent of the moon hung pale in the twilight. Florence Imboden drew a deep breath as she looked up at it. The tragedy of life, of which her mind had been so full—what was it? Nothing. Fear, pain, loneliness—all these were swept away by the mental illumination that had come to her. The grim spectre of death itself was a benign friend, waiting smilingly beside her. Her prayers were answered. It was well with her—it was to be well with her. No matter what came, or how long or short the time, she could bear, she could wait. This little life was not the end. There must be another world, another existence—complete, perfect. She did not know where, but it was somewhere, and in it—Jack was waiting!

ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

a watering-can, and knew nothing of the thing that is before all things in Egypt, its most ancient, its most honoured science, begotten by the goodness of the Goddess of the Nile.

Because she smiled satirically at him, and was unresponsive to his enthusiasm, and gave him no chance to tell her of the nobility of the work in which he was going to put his life; of the work of the Pharaohs in their day, the hope of Napoleon in his, and the creed Mahomet Ali held and practised—that the Nile was Egypt and Egypt was irrigation—because of this he became angry, said unkind things, drew acid comments upon himself, and left her with a last good-bye. He did not realise that he had played into the hands of Lucy Gray in a very childish manner. For in scheming that he should go to Egypt she had planned also that he should break with her; for she never had any real intention of marrying him, and yet it was difficult to make him turn his back on her, while at the same time she was too tender of his feelings to turn her back on him. She held that anger was the least injurious of all grounds for separation. In anger there was no humiliation. There was something dignified and brave about a quarrel, while a growing coolness which must end in what the world called jilting was humiliating. Besides, people who quarrel and separate may meet again and begin over again: impossible in the other circumstance.

II.

In Egypt Flinders made a reputation; not at once, but he did make it, by the help of that strong little man in favour with the Khedive, Dicky Donovan. The first two years of his stay he had plenty to do. He was given no responsible position, but meanwhile he studied, and meanwhile certain members of the Government eyed him askance. There was not a report or blue-book on irrigation in Egypt which he did not make his own. At the end of the time he could have drawn a map of the Nile from Uganda to the Barrages; he knew the rains in each district from the region of the Sadds to the Little Borillos; there was not a canal, from the small Bahr Shebin to the big Rajeh Menoufieh or the majestic Ibrahimieh, whose slope, mean velocity and discharge he did not know; and he carried in his mind every drainage cut and contour from Tamis to Damanhur, from Cairo to Beltim. He knew neither amusement nor society, for every waking hour was spent in the study of the Nile and what the Nile might do. He spent the last thousand pounds he had in the world in travelling about the country, in buying scientific instruments, in gathering data, not only as to canals and barrages and drainage cuts, but in finding how the water was distributed, in what way the fellah fared in relation to the pasha, how he paid for his water, and what his crops and his taxes were. At last the Government began to fear him. Reform was a bogey-man to the pashas and the ministers, and Flinders was persistent.

After one of his journeys up the Nile, Imshi Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, said to him: "Ah, my dear friend, with whom be peace and power, what have you seen as you travelled?"

"I saw a fellah yesterday who has worked nine months on the corvée six months for the Government and three for a pasha the friend of the Government. He supplied his own spades and baskets; his lantern was at the service of the Khedive; he got his own food as best he could. He had one feddan of land in his own village, but he had no time to work it or harvest it. Yet he had to pay a house-tax of five piastres, a war-tax of five piastres, a camel-tax of five piastres, a palm-tax of five piastres, a salt-tax of nine piastres, a poll-tax of thirty piastres,

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a land-tax of ninety piastres. The canal for which he was taxed gave his feddan of land no water, for the pasha, the friend of the Government, took all the water for his own land."

Prince Imshi stifled a yawn. "I have never seen so much at one breath, my friend. And having seen, you feel now that Egypt must be saved—eh?"

Imshi Pasha was an Egyptian of the Egyptians—a Turk of the Turks, oriental in mind with the polish of a Frenchman. He did not like Flinders, but he did not say so. He knew it was better to let a man have his fling and come a cropper over his own work than to have him unoccupied, excited, and troublesome, especially when he was an Englishman and knew what he was talking about. Imshi Pasha saw that Flinders was a dangerous man, as all enthusiasts are, no matter how right-headed; but it comforted him to think that many a reformer, from Amenhotep down, had, as it were, cut his own throat in the Irrigation Department. Some had tried to distribute water fairly, efficiently and scientifically, but most of them had got lost in the underbrush of officialdom, and never got out of the wood again. This wood is called *backsheesh*. Reformers like Flinders had drawn straight lines of purpose for the salvation of the country, and they had seen these straight lines go crooked under their very eyes, with a devilish smoothness almost occult. Therefore Imshi Pasha, being a wise man and a deep-dyed official who had never yet seen the triumph of the reformer and the honest Aryan, took Flinders' hands and said suddenly, with a sorrowful break in his voice:

"Ah, my friend, to tell the whole truth as God gives it, it is time you have come. Egypt has waited for you—the man who sees and knows. I have watched you for two years. I have waited, but now the time has come. You shall stretch your arm over Egypt and it will rise to you. You shall have paper for plans, and men and money for travel and works—cuttings, and pumps, and sand-bags for banks and barrages. You shall be second in your department—but first in fact, for shall not I, your friend, be your chief; and you shall say 'go there,' and they shall go, and 'come here,' and they shall come. For my soul is with you for Egypt, O friend of the fellah and saviour of the land: have I not heard of the great reservoirs you would make in the Fayoum, of the great dam at Assouan? Have I not heard, and waited, and watched? and now . . ."

He paused and touched his breast and his forehead in respect to Flinders.

Flinders was well-nigh taken off his feet. It seemed too wonderful to be true: a free hand in Egypt, and under Imshi Pasha, the one able Minister of them all, who had, it was said, always before resisted schemes for irrigation proposed by the foreigner, who believed only in the *corvée* and fate! Had he not heard of Imshi Pasha diverting water from hundreds of feddans of land to his own fields in winter, leaving the poor man with half-grown barley and flax and beans and tobacco? Had not Imshi Pasha in the summer, ere the flood came, monopolised the water in the canals in his own mudirieh for himself and his friends, leaving the poor man lamenting the crop of sultana rice to save which he had worked months on the corvée, sleeping at night with no shelter, starving by day, thinking of the land at home untilled, of the poor feddan he had slaved to buy, the taxes for which had been wrung out of him by the kourbash?

Flinders thought of all this, and rejoiced that at the very beginning of his career he had so inspired the great Imshi Pasha with confidence. With something very like emotion he thanked Imshi Pasha, and said he was proud that the new responsibility had not been offered him through the intercession of English authority, but had come direct from an Egyptian Minister renowned above all others.

"Ah, my dear friend," answered the Pasha, "the love of Egypt has helped us

to understand each other. And we shall know each other better still by-and-by —by-and-by. . . . You shall be gazetted to-morrow. The love of Allah preserve you from all error!"

III.

This began the second period of Flinders' career. As he went forth from Cairo up the Nile with great designs in his mind, and an approving ministry behind him, he had the feeling of a hunter with a sure quarry before him. Now he remembered Lucy Gray; and he flushed with a delightful and victorious indignation when he remembered his last hour with her. He even recalled a song he once wrote for her sympathetic voice, verses of which he had once been proud, with the pride of the amateur. The song was called "No Man's Land." He recited two of the verses to himself now, with a kind of unction:

"And we have wandered far, my dear, and we have loved apace;
A little hut we built upon the sand;
The sun without to brighten it, within your golden face:
A happy dream, a happy No Man's Land.

"The pleasant furniture of spring was set in all the fields,
And sweet and wholesome all the herbs and flowers;
Our simple cloth, my dear, was spread with all the orchard yields,
And frugal only were the passing hours."

A wave of feeling passed over him suddenly. Those verses were youth, and youth was gone, with all its flushed and spirited dalliance and reckless expenditure of feeling. Youth was behind him, and love was none of his, nor any cares of home, nor wife nor children; nothing but ambition now, and the vanity of successful labour!

Sitting on the deck of the *Séfi* at El Wasta, he looked round him. In the far distance was the Maydoum Pyramid, "the Imperfect One," unexplored by man these thousands of years, and all round it the soft yellowish desert, with a mirage quivering over it in the distance, a mirage of trees and water and green hills. A caravan lounged its way slowly into the waste. At the waterside, here and there devout Mahommedans were saying their prayers, now standing, now bowing towards the east, now kneeling and touching the ground with the forehead. Then piercing and painfully musical came the call of the Muezzin from the turret of the mosque a quarter of a mile away. Near by the fellah worked in his onion-field; and on the kiassas loaded with feddan at the shore, just out of the current, and tied up for the night, sat the riverine folk eating their dourha and drinking black coffee. Now Flinders noticed that, nearer still, just below the *Séfi*, on the shore, sat a singing-girl, an a'l'meh, with a dark-faced Arab beside her, a kemengeh in his lap. Looking down, Flinders caught their eyes, nodded to them, and the singing-girl and the kemengeh-player got to their feet and salaamed. The girl's face was in the light of evening. Her dark skin took on a curious reddish radiance, her eyes were lustrous and her figure beautiful. The kemengeh-player stood with his instrument ready, and he lifted it in a kind of appeal. Flinders beckoned them up on deck. Lighting a cigarette, he asked the a'l'meh to sing. Her voice had the curious vibrant note of the Arab, and the words were in singular sympathy with Flinders' thoughts:

"I have a journey to make, and perils are in hiding.
Many moons must I travel, many foes meet;
A morsel of bread my food, a goolah of water for drinking,
Desert sand for my bed, the moonlight my sheet. . .
Come, my love, to the scented palms:
Behold the hour of remembrance!"

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him also that the kemengeh-player was a better-class Arab than he had ever met. The man's face attracted him, fascinated him. As he looked it seemed familiar. He studied it, he racked his brain to recall it. Suddenly he remembered that it resembled the face of a servant of Imshi Pasha—a kind of mouffetish of his household. Now he studied the girl. He had never seen her before; of that he was sure. He offered them coffee, and handed the girl a gold-piece. As he did so, he noticed that among several paste rings she wore one of value. All at once the suspicion struck him: Imshi Pasha had sent the girl—to try him perhaps, to gain power over him maybe, as women had gained power over strong men before. But why should Imshi Pasha send the girl and his mouffetish on this miserable mission? Was not Imshi Pasha his friend?

Quietly smoking his cigarette, he said to the man: "You may go, Mahommed Melik; I have had enough. Take your harem with you," he added quickly.

The man scarcely stirred a muscle, the woman flushed deeply.

"So be it, Saadat," answered the man, rising unmoved, for his sort know not shame. He beckoned to the girl. For an instant she stood hesitating, then with sudden fury she threw on the table beside him the gold-piece Flinders had given her.

"*Magnoon!*" she said, with blazing eyes, and ran after the man.

"I may be a fool, my dear," he said after her; "but you might say the same of the pasha who sent you here."

Flinders was angry for a moment, and he said some hard words of Imshi Pasha as he watched the two decoys hurry away into the dusk. He thought it nothing more serious than an attempt to know of what stuff he was made. Presently he forgot all about it in the contemplation of his plan for building the great dam at Assouan, and a great reservoir in the Fayoum; and he went to bed with dreams of vast new areas watered for summer rice, of pumping-stations lifting millions of cubic metres of water per day; of dykes to be protected by bulrushes and birriya weeds; of great desert areas washed free of carbonates and sulphates and selling at twenty pounds an acre; of a green Egypt with three crops, and himself the Regenerator, the Friend of the Fellah.

In this way he soon forgot that he had remembered Lucy Gray, and the incident of Mahommed Melik and the girl. His progress up the river, however, was marked by certain incidents whose significance he did not see at once. Everywhere his steamer stopped, people came with backsheesh in the shape of butter, cream, flour, eggs, fowls, cloths, and a myriad things. Jewels from mummy cases, antichi, donkeys, were offered him: all of which he steadfastly refused, sometimes with contumely. Officials besought his services with indelicate bribes, and by devious hospitalities and attentions more than one governor sought to bring his projects for irrigation in line with their own particular duplicities.

"Behold, *effendi*," said one to whom Flinders' honesty was monstrous, "may God preserve you from harm—the thing has not been known, that all men shall fare alike. It is not the will of God!"

"It is the will of God that water shall be distributed as I am going to distribute it; and that is, according to every man's just claim. And in another three years there'll be no *corvée* either, save what you rich pashas have to pay for," answered Flinders stubbornly, and he did not understand the vague smile with which his remark was met.

It took him a long time to understand it, and even at the last he did not realise how all along the Nile from Assouan to Cairo, and from Cairo to Alexandria, his way had been ruthlessly beset with traps; that, from the first, Imshi Pasha had tried to corrupt him into the likeness of a good Egyptian, after the

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fashion of others who had gone before him, in many branches of the Egyptian service. It took him a long time to realise that his plans approved by Imshi Pasha were constantly coming to naught; that after three years' work, and extensive invention and travel, and long reports to the Ministry, and encouragement on paper, he had accomplished nothing; and that he had no money with which to accomplish anything. Day in, day out, week in, week out, month in, month out, when the whole land lay sweltering with the moist heat of flood time, in the period of the khamseen, in the dry heat which turned the hair grey and chapped the skin like a bitter wind, he slaved and schemed, the unconquerable enthusiast, who built houses that immediately fell down.

Fifty times Flinders' schemes seemed about to be carried into fulfilment; but something always occurred. There was no money for "immediate action"; or the sums set apart for irrigation had been diverted; or the assent of the nations, through the Caisse de la Dette, had not been obtained. Money came to him in driblets where it ought to have come in a steady stream. His achievements were confined to adapting such schemes of irrigation as had been previously in use. The old game of unequal distribution, the old terror of the *corvée*, went on just the same. His reforms, his plans, his noble designs for the benefit of a country, were still upon paper. He wrote reams of protest, he made many arid journeys to Cairo, he talked himself hoarse; and always he was met by the sympathetic smiling of Imshi Pasha, by his encouraging approval.

"Ah, my dear friend, may God smooth your path! It is coming right. All will be well. Time is the friend of all. The dam shall be built. The reservoirs shall be made. But we are in the hands of the nations. Poor Egypt cannot act alone—our Egypt that we love. The Council sits to-morrow—we shall see." This was the fashion of Imshi Pasha's speech.

And after the sitting of the Council, Flinders would be sent away with promises which were never fulfilled. Meanwhile the rich man robbed the poor, and the man with five feddans of land preyed on the man with one feddan, and when the man with one feddan was at the *corvée* the tax-gatherer came and seized his land, and the rich man harvested it, and made no return.

Futility was written over the Temple of Endeavour, and by-and-by Flinders lost hope and health and heart. He had had Nilotic fever, he had had ophthalmia; and hot with indomitable will, he had striven to save one great reservoir from destruction, for one whole week, without sleeping or resting night and day: working like a navvy, sleeping like a fellah, eating like a Bedouin.

Then the end came. He was stricken down, and lay above Assouan in a hut by the shore, from which he could see the Temple of Philæ, and Pharaoh's Bed, and the great rocks, and the swift-flowing Nile. Here lay his greatest hope, the greatest design of his life: the great barrage of Assouan. With it he could add to the wealth of Egypt one-half. He had believed in it, had worked for it and how much else! and his dreams and his working had come to naught. He was sick to death not with illness alone, but with disappointment and broken hopes and a burden beyond the powers of any one man.

He saw all now: all the falsehood and treachery and corruption. He knew now that Imshi Pasha had given him his hand that he might ruin himself, that his own schemes might overwhelm him in the end. At every turn he had been frustrated—by Imshi Pasha: three years of ceaseless subterranean opposition, with a superficial approval and a mock support!

He lay and looked at the glow, the sunset glow of pink and gold on the Libyan Hills, and his fevered eyes scarcely saw them; they were only a part of

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this last helpless, senseless dream. Life itself was very far away—practical, generous hot-blooded life. This distance was so ample and full and quiet, this mystery of the desert and the sky was so immense, the spirit of it so boundless, that in the judgment of his soul nothing mattered now. As he lay in reverie, he heard his servant talking: it was the tale of the Mahdi and British valour and hopeless fighting, and a red martyrdom set like a fixed star in a sunless sky. What did it matter—what did it all matter, in this grave tremendous quiet wherein his soul was hasting on?

The voices receded; he was alone with the immeasurable world; he fell asleep.

IV.

When he woke again it was to find at his bedside a kavass from Imshi Pasha at Cairo. He shrank inwardly. The thought of Imshi Pasha merely nauseated him, but to the kavass he said: "What the devil do you want, Mahommed?"

The kavass smiled; his look was agreeably mysterious, his manner humbly confidential, his tongue officially deliberate.

"Effendina chôk yasha—May the great Lord live for ever! I bring good news."

"Leave of absence, eh?"—answered Flinders feebly, yet ironically; for that was the thing he expected now of Imshi Pashi, who had played him like a ball on a racquet these three years past.

The kavass handed him a huge blue envelope, salaaming impressively.

"May my life be thy sacrifice, Saadat," he said, and salaamed again. "It is my joy to be near you."

"We have tasted your absence and found it bitter, Mahommed," Flinders answered in kind, with a touch of plaintive humour, letting the envelope fall from his fingers on the bed, so little was he interested in any fresh move of Imshi Pasha. "More tricks," he said to himself between his teeth.

"Shall I open it, Saadat? It is the word that thy life shall carry large plumes."

"What a blitherer you are, Mahommed! Rip it open and let's have it over," said Flinders impatiently.

The kavass handed him a large letter, pedantically and rhetorically written; and Flinders, scarce glancing at it, sleepily said: "Read it out, Mahommed. Skip the flummery in it, if you know how!"

Two minutes later Flinders sat up in his bed aghast with surprise—a surprise that made his heart thump painfully, made his head go round. For the letter conveyed to him the fact that there had been placed to the credit of his department, subject to his own disposal for irrigation works, the sum of eight hundred thousand pounds; and appended was the copy of a letter from the Caisse de la Dette granting three-fourths of this sum and authorising its expenditure. Added to all was a short scrawl from Imshi Pasha himself, beginning, "God is with the patient, my dear friend," and ending with the remarkable statement: "Inshallah, we shall now reap the reward of our labours in seeing these great works accomplished at last, in spite of the suffering thrust upon us by our enemies—to whom perdition come!"

Eight hundred thousand pounds!

In a week Flinders was at work again. In another month he was at Cairo, and the night after his arrival he attended a ball at the Khedive's Palace. To Dicky Donovan he poured out the wonder of his soul at the chance that had

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Flinders' face was pale. He was about to reply, when a lady suddenly appeared, leaning on the arm of Fielding Pasha. At first she did not see Flinders, then within a foot or two of him she suddenly stopped. Fielding Pasha felt her hand twitch on his arm; then she clenched the fingers firmly on her fan.

Fielding knew all he had any right to know—and more—about Lucy Gray, Imshi Pasha, the Caisse de la Dette, and Flinders.

"Ah, Flinders," said this Pasha of many tales, "you must let me introduce you to Mrs. Ashley St. John."

Flinders behaved very well, the lady perfectly. She held out both her hands to him.

"We are old, old friends, Mr. Flinders and I. I have kept the next dance for him," she added, turning to Fielding, who smiled placidly and left with Dicky Donovan.

For a moment there was silence, then she said quietly: "Let me congratulate you on all you have done. Everybody is talking about you. They say it is wonderful how you have made things come your way. . . . I am really very, very glad."

Flinders was stubborn and indignant, and anything that a man can be who has had an unpleasant shock.

"I know all," he said bluntly. "I know what you've done for me."

"Well, are you as sorry I did it as I am to know you know it?" she asked, just a little faintly, for she had her own sort of heart, and it worked in its own sort of way.

"Why this sudden interest in my affairs? You laughed at me when I made up my mind to come to Egypt."

"That was to your face. I sent you to Egypt."

"You sent me!"

"I made the old General talk to you. The inspiration was mine. I also wrote to Donovan Pasha—and at last he wrote to me to come."

"You—why——"

"I know more about irrigation than any one in England," she continued illogically. I've studied it. I have all your reports. That's why I could help you here. They saw I *knew*."

Flinders shook a little. "I didn't understand," he said.

"You don't know my husband, I think," she added, rising slowly. "He is coming yonder with Imshi Pasha."

"I know of him as a many times millionaire," he answered, in a tone of mingled emotions.

"I must introduce you," she said, and seemed to make an effort to hold herself firmly. "He will have great power here. Come and see me to-morrow," she added in an even voice. "Please come—Harry."

In another minute Flinders listened to the great financier, Mr. Ashley St. John, praising his irrigation schemes, and assuring him that the name of Flinders would be for ever honoured in Egypt.

GILBERT PARKER.

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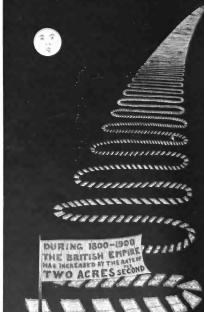

Fig. 1.—During 1800–1900, land has been added to the British Empire at the average rate of Two Acres for every Second of Time throughout the Century.

Colonies, etc., as *possessions* of the United Kingdom. The British Empire should be regarded rather as one extended United Kingdom, the effective centre of which chances to have late in these home-islands by the force of circumstance, and which continues to be here not more by right of ancient establishment than by virtue of modern fitness to the needs of the whole Empire.

We see in No. 3 that in the year 1800 Greater Britain was only sixteen times as big as the United Kingdom, and that in 1900 Greater Britain had increased to fifty-six times the size of the United Kingdom. Roughly, the increase has been from two million square miles to twelve million square miles; and this growth of the ratio the area in 1800 has been going on all over the world.

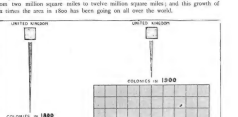

FIG. 3.—A comparison of the Colonies, etc., attached to the United Kingdom in 1800 and in 1900. In 1800, the United Kingdom had a colonial area equal to fifteen times its own area; in 1900, the United Kingdom had a colonial area equal to fifty-six times its own area. The Mosaic Arms Library and the Australasian are not included here.

A British-united map of the world in 1800 would show to us, in place of the present great solid mass marked "Dominion of Canada," which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore, and which is nearly as big from south to north as it is from east to west, merely a few small areas, that even as late as 1867 were widely different from the Canada of to-day, both geographically and politically. The independent British Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and the tiny Canada of 1800, with Newfoundland, were in North America the representatives of the British Empire; and to the north and west stretched the vast regions abandoned to the lonely trappers and fur-traders of the Hudson's Bay Company—wild regions unknown to civilization.

In Asia, a strip or two down by the coasts of India, and at the north,

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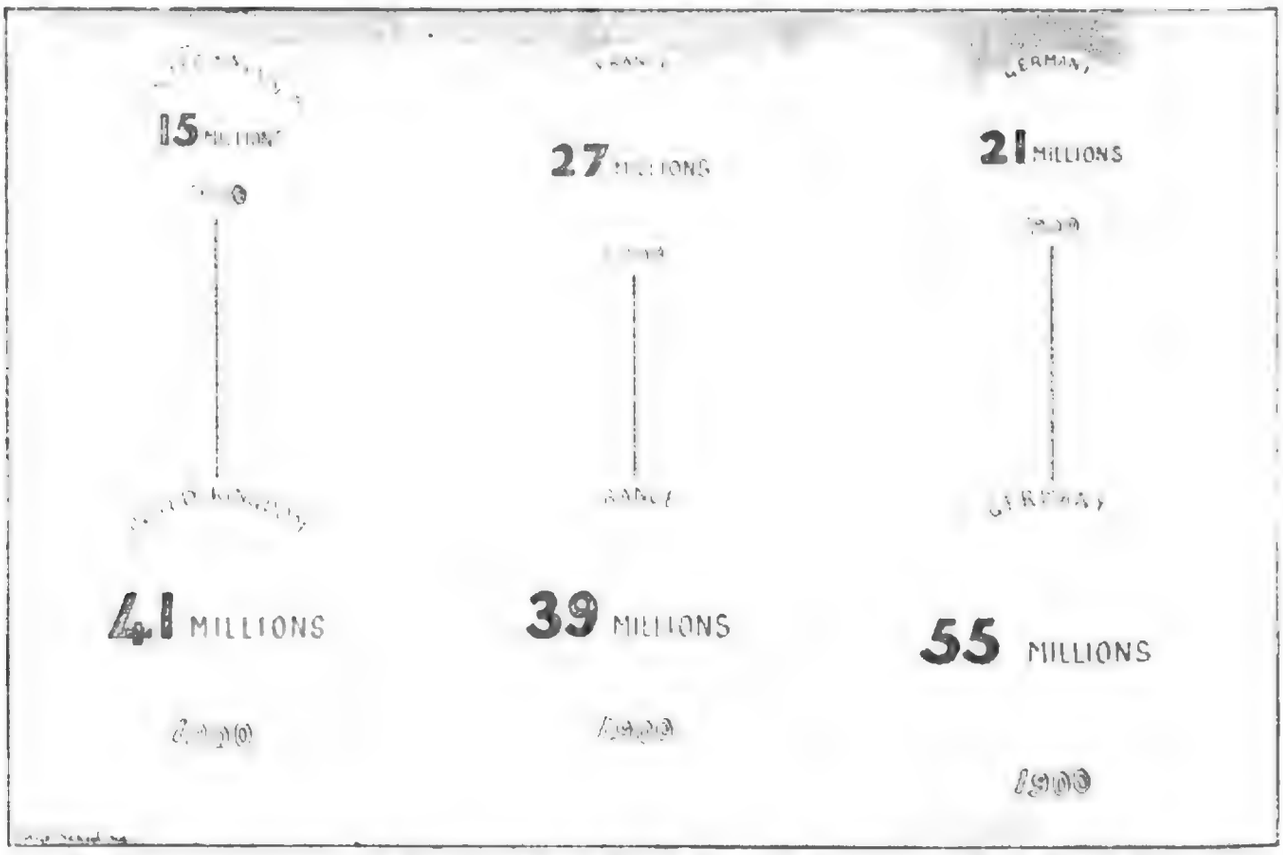
The French, so ardent, so eager for the material signs of greatness and glory, without having perhaps their full share of those qualities that silently go to make a nation great, have for years past been possessed with the idea of making colonies—although they have not sufficient men to maintain the increasing strain of competition with their European rivals. Thus it may well be that the French dislike this great expansion of England; for it is rare for a Frenchman to hold



No. 6.—A comparison of the Populations of the United Kingdom, France, and of the States which are now Germany, in the years 1800 and 1900.

or at any rate to express the very sensible opinion spoken by M. Delcassé in November 1899:—

". . . When we reflect that the population of France scarcely increases at all, and that, consequently, her power of absorption is no longer infinite, we arrive at the conclusion that the essential thing for France is less to seek further aggrandisement in the way of distant territories than to guarantee the safety of that which she possesses, to guard the approaches, and to derive as much advantage as possible from them."

In these words of M. Delcassé there is, in addition to his sensible advice to Frenchmen, the spirit of our own old bad colonial system, now happily gone for ever,—"aggrandisement," "derive as much advantage as possible from them," are words that clearly chime with the mistaken notion of regarding colonies as trophies and as oranges to be sucked dry.

In No. 4 I show a comparison, for the year 1900, between the United Kingdom, France, and Germany, as regards the respective sizes of the colonies, etc., which are attached to each nation:—

The Colonies, etc., attached to Great Britain have an area equal to 96 times the area of Great Britain.

The Colonies, etc., attached to France have an area equal to 18 times the area of France.

The Colonies, etc., attached to Germany have an area equal to 5 times the area of Germany.

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Galileo, in order that the two populations of France may be rightly compared in the matter of genius, has given the proportion of Academy to Arts as 1 to 10. Here is our division:—

Diagram to compare the sizes of portion of lunar disc visible to the naked eye and to telescopes of different powers.

Naked eye	1/100 of the disc.
Telescope	1/1,000 of the disc.
Telescope	1/10,000 of the disc.

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France's slow growth of population is very clearly seen by the light of the above results; and we see also that although Germany has now, and had in 1800, a considerably larger population than that of the United Kingdom, yet the latter has grown at a quicker rate than the population of Germany.

Looking now outside of these islands, and at the population of Greater Britain, one sees as the glance wanders from place to place on the map that some of the red places must contain a vast preponderance of coloured population over white population: illustration No. 7 refers to this.

In the year 1800, and not including the population of the United Kingdom, Greater Britain had a population of about 100,000,000, of which only 2,000,000 were white persons—see the tiny white column in No. 7 on the left of the first black column. One person in fifty was a white.

In the year 1900, Greater Britain has a population of 349,000,000, and rather more than 12,000,000 of these are white persons: one person in twenty-eight is a white—see the second small white column in No. 7.

This increase since the year 1800 in the proportion of white to coloured persons in Greater Britain, from one in fifty to one in twenty-eight, is specially satisfactory when we note that densely-populated and coloured India contributes nearly 290,000,000 to the whole population of the British Empire, and that sparsely populated and mostly white Australasia contributes, despite its larger size, under 5,000,000 to the population of the British Empire—fewer persons than the population of London. Vast Canada, also, supplies the British Empire with only just over 5,000,000 of persons.

If we exclude India, then the population of Greater Britain in 1900, outside of these islands, is 62,000,000, of whom nearly 12,000,000 are whites—say one white person to five coloured.

The British Empire as it now is, as regards size and population, affords plenty of room for every one of its citizens. Its average density of population is 33 persons to the square mile,—a far sparser population than that of any European State, for even European Russia, with its scattered population, has 49 persons to the square mile.

The world has 28 persons to every square mile of land; and although the British Empire has 33 to the square mile, yet all these 390 millions of British subjects, if they would come to London at the close of the Wonderful Century, and at midnight on December 31st, 1900, stand round St. Paul's Cathedral to cheer the Queen and the twentieth century, could so be gathered together and yet occupy on the face of London only the small space shown in illustration No. 8, leaving the rest of the British Empire, both here and abroad, empty of human beings.

This solid square of Queen's peoples would reach from Regent's Park, N.W., to Victoria Park, N.E., from Victoria Station, S.W., to Southwark Park, S.E., from Kennington Oval in the south of London to London Fields in the north. And the square would measure nearly four miles each way.

As the great bell of St. Paul's struck the notes, the deep and booming notes of the passing of the Wonderful Century, how few of that great and motley concourse from many lands would say NO to the question at that moment most solemnly vibrating into the night above their heads—*Has your land been the better for the British rule which has been carried to it by the Expansion of England during this century which is now dead?* The massed shout YES would go up, and the citizens of the British Empire would enter the twentieth century acclaiming their Queen, and shoulder to shoulder as their voices drowned the last deep boom of the Nineteenth Century of Time.

J. Holt Schooling.

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Milton and Addison and Dr. Johnson he was quite familiar. But they did not count for much at the Station Club, and the colloquial English which prevailed at that resort presented new and puzzling complications, untempered by footnotes and glossaries. It was perhaps fortunate for the Pundit that he did not recognise a solecism when he heard it or when he committed it. He treated these embarrassments in the way the Scotch Minister recommended his congregation to treat a peculiarly difficult theological argument when they met it—to look it straight in the face and pass on. To the purist in style his remarks might occasionally seem grotesque or even equivocal; his innocent and quiet mind took them for idioms. It seemed to him, for example, quite unreasonable that he could use the good old scriptural word "belly" without rebuke when he spoke of his horse, but that comment and even remonstrance were excited when he employed it to describe the place where the Judge's wife wore a large silver buckle which formed part of her tennis costume. It is undeniable that he once described the Collector's bungalow as a "harem" of rest, and it took a good deal of explanation to make the Collector's wife believe that he really meant a "haven." He always received our comments on his mistakes with extreme good nature, and repeated them in another form. When he once retorted on his tormentors that at any rate he knew more of their language than they knew of his, the remark was obviously made to express his placid satisfaction with his own acquirements and not to twit them with their ignorance. Anything of the latter sort would have been entirely foreign to his character. His anxiety to avoid giving offence amounted to timidity. A young and inconsiderate police officer was known to have essayed to make fun for himself by confiding to the Pundit certain imaginary atrocities committed by the Collector and the Padre, and ingenuously asking his candid opinion of their characters as so disclosed. But the distress and dismay of the poor victim were so poignant that the youth had not the heart to proceed with the joke.

The terrible possibility that the Pundit had ever before his eyes was that he might lose the good opinion of his European friends and be denied the unique privilege of free admission to their society—without this life to him would have been a blank. How he had secured his footing in that society no one knew. In our little station the English staff changed about every three years. As soon as any one was posted to it he began at once to lay his plans for getting out of it. Each successive generation as it came found the Pundit in possession and left him there as it passed away. Consequently, no one ever remembered the time when he did not figure as a Sahib among Sahibs.

His official position was a sufficiently humble one, and its salary was also modest. He never sought promotion, and gave it as his reason that promotion would involve transfer, and he could nowhere else count on the good fortune of securing that European society which had become a necessity to his existence. He lived comfortably in a nice little bungalow in the Civil Lines, furnished in English fashion, and he explained to the curious or inquisitive that he possessed private means and had not to limit his expenditure by his pay. He was always ready to join in the Station subscriptions for charity or amusement, and had been known even to lend money to impecunious youths who had anticipated pay day. But it was not considered good form to borrow money from the Pundit, so we spared him and backed one another's bills after the evil custom of Anglo-India.

It is scarcely necessary at this stage to remark that the Pundit was a Bengalee. Yet in spite of the characteristics so mercilessly stated by Macaulay which go to prejudice that nationality, we all agreed that the Pundit was, in many ways, about the best specimen of a native we could name. His freedom from prejudice, his

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kindly nature and his unfailing cheerfulness, his anxiety to assist every one, and his almost pathetic gratitude for the smallest kindness, quite won our hearts. We forgot his race and colour and talked before him as freely as if he were one of ourselves. We felt we could do this with safety, as he never mixed in native society and had cut himself apart from all their habits and ideas. In his up-country surroundings he was as much a foreigner as ourselves. When he had to revisit his home in Bengal for some business or social duty he hurried back as soon as he could, and told us the relief he felt at getting free again from the associations of his village life at home. Whenever we talked about the Pundit two points were recognised as beyond the reach of controversy. First that he had assimilated European ideas and habits to an extent which left no room for the superstitions or prejudices or social restrictions which race and education imposed on ordinary natives. Second—that in honesty and truthfulness he was the equal of any English gentleman, and as incapable of deception or self-seeking.

It must be admitted that in one respect the Pundit found it very difficult to live up to the European character. Field sports and manly exercises occupied a large part of the lives we had to live. While professing the utmost enthusiasm about them and talking their jargon most fluently, it was observed that he displayed some ingenuity in losing opportunities for sharing them. He had an excellent gun, beautifully kept, and was immensely particular about the loading of his cartridges: but in the field his reluctance to shoot at moving game was that of the traditional French sportsman. In the matter of horses his little weakness was even less obscured by his other virtues. Polo he frankly eschewed, and in our annual races he confined his exertions to the grand stand and the bit of dusty waste behind it which from sheer force of habit we called the "paddock." There it must be admitted that he shone. He knew all about the weights and colours and distances—the merits of each jockey and the condition of every pony. He put into all the sweeps and lotteries, generally with some success. He invariably entered a pony or two of his own; and more than that he usually managed to have a winner in his stable. But the annals of our Turf Club from the dawn of its history failed to disclose any instance in which the Pundit, to use an idiom he favoured exceedingly, had ever "sported the silk" himself.

Curiously enough, he was regular in his attendance at our pig-sticking meets—where he made himself really useful in getting "Khabbar" of pigs, collecting beaters, borrowing elephants, and in the various other arrangements which are requisite for that king of all sports. His was ever the longest and the brightest spear in the field. When the beat started the great hat of the Pundit could be seen moving energetically, if not rapidly, in the tall grass. But when the boar broke that hat was seen no more till the pig had become pork. Then indeed would the Pundit turn up full of the incidents of the run, and always with a satisfactory explanation of the absence of blood or grease from his spear. In the evening round the camp table none could kill the slain and fight the day's battles over again with the keenness, I might almost say the fierceness, of the Pundit. An unwritten but well-understood rule forbade that any of us should on these occasions remind the Pundit that he had failed to score, though in all our records of slaughter no spear, first or last, ever stood in the Pundit's name. Once, indeed, a sporting Mohammedan gentleman who often led the field and stood many a charge of the grey boar, did, in some dispute between them, tell the Pundit with some abruptness that he was more ready with his tongue than with his spear. But he at once divined from our serious silence that, freely as we chaffed one another on our little failures, we respected the Pundit's susceptibilities; and, like the true gentleman he was, the

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"He saw the beast was in trouble, and so did I."

Death confronted in the clefts of its lairs and coverts. We observed, with a thrill of pleasure, that the lion was not to be despised as an antagonist as the Hunter discovered, to his cost, when he tried to finish off the wounded beast with his hunting-knife. The lion, with a sudden bound, sprang on the hunter, tearing his garment slightly, and not much. To see him leave a

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the antagonism of rival race, and hostile religion, and we continued, as our predecessors had done to let the Pundit run tame among us as the most upright and most anglicised of natives.

I shall always be glad to think that I left the station before the painful episodes occurred which preceded the Pundit's final return to Bengal and his severance from the Public Service. I heard them only the other day from Fitzbrooke in the smoking-room of our club in London, and state them as given by that temperate chronicler, with his usual salting of Hindustani.

"It all began," he said, "over a horse. The Pundit was planted with a dashed three-cornered brute by a condemned Cabuli thief. It had every fault a horse could have and be a horse; but it was as quiet as a superannuated cow in famine time, and that was why the Pundit bought it. Of course the robber who sold it had drugged it and fed it soft. We had a day at the pig in the Ramgurh *jhil*. The Pundit came as usual, and ran the show until the business began. We had three spears out that day besides him, and we all posted ourselves at the crossing near the big seemul tree where the pig always break. We saw the Pundit's *topi* in front of the line and his new Cabuli horse underneath it. Some one on the elephant fired a blank cartridge to start the swine, and the next thing we saw was the *topi* up in the air and the Pundit on the horse's neck and the brute bolting with him at an eighteen-anna gallop. It wasn't ground for an amateur Bengali horseman, and they naturally stayed in the first blind nullah. The horse remained there—took a contract for feeding jackals—and we picked out the Pundit, not fit for much more. He hadn't any external injuries to speak of, but the shock and the fright had changed him into somebody else. He could do nothing but groan and jabber like a mendicant leper. You never saw such a transformation. We took him home and put him to bed. We had a new doctor who didn't know the Pundit, and thought he must be like any other native. However, we got him in, and he vetted the Pundit all over, but couldn't find anything broken, and prescribed a whiskey peg and a game of billiards. Nothing could rouse the beggar—he just lay like a log and whined when he was told to turn over—put his hand on his head and asked for some *pine ka pani*. You know what a chap he was for everything English, and how he pretended to have almost forgotten his own *bat*. Well, if you'd believe me, his English was clean gone—he could neither understand it nor speak it, and all he talked was Hindustani like a drunken syce. As Bateman remarked, he had suddenly changed into a dashed coolie.

"We made him snug for the night and left him there, and told him to go to sleep. Next morning I strolled over and met the doctor coming out. 'I'm not wanted there, I find,' says he with a grin; 'you had better go in and take a hand with your dear Pundit.' I went. You might have knocked me down with a crowbar. He had sent down to the bazaar and got up a Brahman to hold service over him. There they were burning incense and ringing a brass bell and doing *jhar phunk* and the rest of it, with the Pundit lying on his bed and a big idol of Debi or some other deity on the *teapoy* in front of him, and he chucking rice at it and praying to it. They had also got in a Hakeem to treat him, and had plastered his head with turmeric and were doctoring him with pomegranate pips and pigeons' dung. He had discarded his sleeping suit and put on a native '*chudder*.' It was the rummest thing you ever saw. It gave me rather a turn, for here was the man we all thought more European than ourselves. Of course I concluded the poor devil was off his chump, and I spoke to him. He stared at me like an owl till I tried Hindustani, and then

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The Attack on the Bank.

So alarmed is a wombling out of his nest and his two, one bolt and had to fly along as the two are to be encountered. In case of the wombling's nest, the wombling's nest is to be encountered. In case of the wombling's nest, the wombling's nest is to be encountered. In case of the wombling's nest, the wombling's nest is to be encountered. In case of the wombling's nest, the wombling's nest is to be encountered. In case of the wombling's nest, the wombling's nest is to be encountered.

look after him - for you know how friendless he was before. After a bit he said he would like to see Kanta Babu, and when I asked the address he said the Bazaar. I thought he meant his own village in Bengal, and went away, for I was getting rather sick of the perfumery. I met the police inspector outside—the sharp little Kayeth, you remember—and asked him if he knew where Kanta Babu, a *bhai* of the Pundit's, lived. He looked at me a bit queerly, and said, 'Oh, your Honour has heard of him, then?—he lives here in Ram Lal's garden in the big *gunj*.' I didn't understand what it meant—at least just then—but I sent a peon to hunt him out and take him to the Pundit's bungalow.

"In the afternoon Bateman and I looked in. My God! it was like a blessed pantomime. The whole place had turned native. There were *charpoys* in the front verandah, and in what used to be the Pundit's Belattee drawing-room there were two or three brick cooking-places on the floor—regular *chulhas* with earthen pots and chupattis and a smell like the bazaar confectioner's shop, rancid oil and bad butter and worse sugar, and the place a cloud of cowdung smoke. The carpet and the furniture were all cleared out. In possession we found Kanta Babu—an ordinary sneaking Babu, the very living image of the Pundit. No doubt the beggar was his brother, as he claimed to be. He cringed and whined in the usual way, and said his poor brother had been brought to book by the gods at last: he always feared the Pundit had gone too far, he said, especially in the matter of beefsteaks. A course of pilgrimages to Budrinath and Juggernath and a few other Naths was his only hope. As for the Pundit himself, he was a worse wreck than ever: not a word still but a mumble of bazaar Hindustani. He was sitting on his hunkers eating boiled rice with his fingers under the *pipal* tree behind the house, with nothing on him but a loin-cloth and his body covered with caste marks. He whined out to us not to come near him, or we would defile his food, and looked funky about our shadows. He had propped his idol up against a tree and given it the first of his dinner. He called little Bateman 'Your Majesty,' and the police inspector 'My Lord.' Great Scott! it made me quite sick to look at the creature, and think that he had been living among us as one of ourselves, and turning over the music for the Memsahibs. We were so knocked out of time that we could say nothing, but just took ourselves off to the Club and treated one another to a stiff peg before we could settle down to a game of tennis. When the other fellows turned up, and we told them the story, they took it for a sell and went over to see for themselves. They found the Pundit doing *pooja* inside to his idols, and feeding a crowd of Brahmans, and they couldn't get a word out of him.

"The next day he was gone clean and clever—not a trace of him left. The whole place was cleared out—lock, stock, and barrel. Another Bengali had turned up from God knows where; they had sold everything in the place to Framjee the Parsee for money down, and gone off by the 5.37 a.m. train with tickets for Calcutta. The only P.P.C. he left was an official resignation of his appointment.

"Then it all came out. Do you know, that chap had been kidding the whole lot of us all the time! Our dear, simple, honest friend had been carrying on a regular and flourishing business in blackmail and corruption, and was hauling in money all over the place. He gave it out that nothing was to be got out of the Sahibs without money, and that we had all made him our agent to collect it. And, by the Lord, he did collect! Not a big case tried in the Judge's Court but he got a dollop out of both sides and refunded to the loser; not a dashed appointment made in the whole district that he didn't take six months' pay of the

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man who got it; not a man Khan Bahadur-ed or Rai Bahadur-ed that he didn't get hundreds from for his good offices. He and his cursed *bhais* kept a regular shop in Ram Lal's garden, and sold the whole show, as if it was a rotten native state with an idiot for Rajah and a Bunnia for prime minister. 'You see the terms I'm on with the Sahibs,' he'd say; 'if you want your business fixed, just put it in my hands. I'm dining with the Collector to-night, and will settle it after dinner when he is *khush*, or I'll speak to the Memsahib at the Club this evening.' By Jove! the diamond rings and pearl necklaces and sapphire bangles he got to bribe all our wives, would stock a jeweller's shop. And the devil did it all so cunningly that no one ever split on him. If a man didn't win his suit, or didn't get his title, the Pundit refunded his coin, and invented some lie to explain why he couldn't bring it off, and they were all quite content, and regarded him as a very honest broker. The most extraordinary thing is that our native officials and friends knew all about it, and not one of them ever said a word to any of us. He used to bribe some of them and frighten others, and he kept the whole crowd quiet—showed what they thought of us, doesn't it? I asked Kashi Pershad the banker, who was by way of being a candid friend of mine, and letting me know what was going on in the district, why he never gave me a hint; and all he could say was, 'When we saw how intimate your Honours were with the Pundit, we didn't think you would believe anything we said against him.' The little Kayeth Inspector said he thought we must know the raw truth, and were using the Pundit as a sort of informer for picking up secret intelligence. My belief is, the two of them were afraid the Pundit would turn round and let out some of their own misdeeds. God knows; perhaps they went snacks with him. Anyhow, he scored all round. We have been trying ever since to catch him, but he disappeared absolutely, and there is not a trace of his hoof anywhere. We sent to Bengal to hunt him up at his home, and it is not that we can't find him there, but hanged if we could even find the village where he said he lived, or unearth any one who had ever heard of him or it. He was prepared all the time for a bolt. Bateman, the D.S.P., swears he will catch him washing off his sins in the Ganges, and has men on the look-out at all the holy places; but it's my belief that we'll never see him again. The fellow knows too much for any of Bateman's lot to bring him back.

"They talk of nothing else at the Club now, and every one of them tries to make out that he suspected the Pundit all along. What rot!

"Some of them think he had got to the end of his tether, and that his sudden collapse was part of the plant. The devil was capable of that or any other villainy, to be sure; but if he was acting, then the finest artist alive is lost to the world. No; take my word for it, the spill did for him. That's where the blood shows. When he was knocked out of time, he forgot all his lessons and went back to his original sin out of sheer, beastly funk. The old priest in the garden temple says it was the vengeance of the gods for the way he used to laugh at them. Whatever it was, it's jolly well they have some weak spot, or we couldn't make a living in the blessed country!"

My latest information shows that they are still looking for the Pundit.

T. Stoker.

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The Army Service Corps.

The Commissariat and Transport Staff ceased to exist in 1885, and the Army Service Corps rose from its ashes. The establishment in officers of the Army Service Corps till lately was 7 Lieutenant-Colonels, 32 Majors, 77 Captains, 91 Lieutenants, 43 Quarter-masters, and 3 Riding-masters; but for the year 1900–1 an additional 200 officers have been added—a much needed and welcome augmentation. The Corps has been put on an entirely military basis, officers passing exactly the same educational tests in military subjects as their brethren of the Cavalry or Line, not only on first appointment but on promotion to successive grades in rank.

A specially selected Army Service Corps officer now forms part of the general staff of each Military District during peace, while one has been posted to the staff of each General of Division in South Africa. In addition some senior officers of the Corps with previous staff experience have been accredited to the Head-quarter staffs and for staff work on the lines of communication and base. It can be confidently claimed that our present success in all that pertains to transport and supply can largely be attributed to this wise and modern organisation.

The Quarter-master General.

The Quartermaster-General to the Forces, Lord Lieutenant-General Sir C. M. Clarke, Bart., K.C.B., administers the Army Service Corps, and is its nominal head. He is charged with supplying the Army with food, forage, fuel and light, and quarters, with land and water transport, and with remounts; with the movement of troops, and with the distribution of their stores and equipments. Besides administering the Army Service Corps he administers the Pay Department and the establishments employed on the above Services; and those dealing with sanitary questions relating to the Army. He makes such inspections as may be necessary to secure the efficiency of the Services under his control. He also advises the Secretary of State on all questions connected with the duties of his Department. It will thus be seen that the Quartermaster-General's duties are multifarious and important, and in these particulars alone would tax the capacity of any highly-trained business man. The Supply of our Army now in South Africa with food, forage, fuel and light is no easy task. At the moment of writing some 200,000 mouths have to be fed, including Irregulars; 100,000 horses and mules have also to be foraged; and it is with the object of showing how the food and forage for this enormous host is collected and distributed that this paper has been written.

The Quartermaster-General's Department of the War Office estimates and compiles the total quantity of supplies that are required from time to time by the Army in the field. These figures are based on the total number of men and animals in South Africa; each soldier, horse, and mule receiving a definite ration of food or forage per diem, consequently the total quantity of foodstuffs for a given number of men, or forage for their horses, can thus be readily and rapidly calculated.

Field Service Rations.

Field Service rations vary according to the climate and the circumstances of the expedition, and are fixed previous to active operations in consultation with the

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Medical and Veterinary experts. The scales now in force in South Africa are as under:

For each man per diem:—

1 lb. fresh, salt, or preserved meat.
1¼ lb. bread, or 1 lb. biscuit, or 1 lb. flour.
¼ oz. tea.
½ oz. coffee.
2 oz. sugar.
½ oz. salt.
4 oz. jam.
$\frac{1}{36}$ oz. pepper.
½ lb. fresh vegetables where procurable, or 1 oz. compressed vegetables.
Lime juice and rum at the discretion of the General Officer commanding on the recommendation of the Medical Officer.

For each horse per diem:—

12 lb. grain.
12 lb. hay.

For each mule per diem:—

10 lb. grain.
6 lb. hay.

Without going into any elaborate calculation regarding the total quantities of each article that are required by a force of 200,000 men for a six months' campaign, and which the reader can very easily work out for himself if so inclined, it may be of interest to point out that the forage consumed by the horses and mules alone amounts in round figures to about 900 tons a day, a quantity more likely to increase than to diminish as the dry season approaches.

Forage.

South Africa practically produces no forage for our Army, and it has all to be imported into the country. Compressed hay is shipped from the United Kingdom, Canada, United States, Australia, and New Zealand; while Chili and the Argentine Republic furnish large quantities of "alfalfa," a sort of coarse hay peculiar to those countries, and much appreciated by the local animals. Oats are bought from all the oat-producing countries in the world, and are forwarded direct. In purchasing abroad it may be mentioned that one of our chief difficulties is the lack of effective inspection in the country concerned. No trained Army Staff is available for this duty, and British Consuls have largely to be depended on to carry out the work to the best of their ability. Hay is a ticklish commodity at the best of times: beyond knowing whether it is musty or sweet, very few of even so-called "horsey" men can give an intelligent opinion regarding its value as a food. Many hunting men like fine hay, while others stigmatise this variety as "only fit to pack china"; another school prefers coarse hay, the coarser the better.

The newly joined Cavalry subaltern, with not very clearly defined views on anything, has usually clearly defined views on hay, mostly derived from his father's coachman. It takes some time to learn that neither the fine nor the coarse variety need necessarily be bad; and that the grass from which hay derives its scent is not one of the first quality as a food.

The Director of Contracts.

The Quartermaster-General having decided upon the total quantity of supplies required, it is the province of the Director of Contracts to purchase. This official, who is a civilian, and works under the Financial Secretary of the War Office (a Member of Parliament), is charged with the supervision of all contracts for transport, with the purchase or sale of supplies, stores, clothing, lands and buildings; and with the supervision of all special local purchases. He reports on the cost of production of stores in the manufacturing departments, in comparison with the rates at which similar stores could be purchased from the trade. He obtains all supplies and all Army requirements in waggon, harness, and transport equipment,

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as demanded from time to time by the Quartermaster-General; or by the Director-General of Ordnance, either by tender from the trade, or by direct purchase, or through a properly accredited broker.

All supplies are packed in regulation cases, either by the contractors, or at the Reserve Supply Depôt, a Government institution supervised by Army Service Corps officers, where three months' supplies for the Army are always stored ready for shipment. This Reserve Supply Depôt was instituted some years ago as a magazine to supply the war requirements for our Army. On the outbreak of hostilities the Military Authorities immediately ship from this depôt to the scene of operations at least three months' supplies for the whole force engaged, it being obvious, where a large army is operating, that it would be absolutely impossible to purchase these supplies packed in the regulation cases in sufficient time direct from the trade. In England, with our unrivalled commercial facilities, there is no difficulty in obtaining the current requirements of even the largest force, provided time be allowed contractors to erect the necessary machinery and engage extra trained hands. In war, a good start is everything; but we find by bitter experience that feeding an army engaged in operations over sea, certainly in the early stages, cannot safely be counted upon without such an institution.

The Reserve Supply Depôt.

The Reserve Supply Depôt at Woolwich fills the gap, enabling contractors to make preparation to meet the large demands that inevitably arise on an outbreak of war. In this respect the Depôt has certainly of late justified its existence; supplies of all descriptions were and are still being received: jam, rum, tea, sugar, and all other commodities to make up Army issues; hay has been pressed by the hundreds of tons, and tin-lined and plain packing-cases made without end. In this connection it must be remembered that all the Army foodstuffs for the field are packed in specially constructed bags or cases suitable to the transport available at the seat of war. In an empire such as ours this transport includes buck waggons, pack mules or pack bullocks, camels, donkeys, elephants, and coolies. No man can appreciate in advance where or in what climate the British Army will next operate, and to avoid the confusion incidental to this state of affairs, all field stores are packed in cases weighing forty pounds, a size suitable for transportation either by coolie or by elephant, and possessing the advantage of being easily handled by manual labour.

The great bulk of all Army supplies passes through the Reserve Supply Depôt at Woolwich, and it may be of interest to here note that the cash value of the provisions being purchased for the troops in South Africa now reaches the sum of half a million sterling a month—quite an outlay.

The officer in charge of the Reserve Supply Depôt ships goods to South Africa in the regular transports engaged by the Admiralty for the conveyance of troops, or by trade steamers, or by vessels specially chartered for the purpose of carrying supplies. Two such special steamers, each of from four to five thousand tons burden, leave the Depôt weekly for Cape Town and Durban. It says much for the zeal and intelligence of the staff engaged that this huge undertaking should have been worked so successfully by Army Service Corps officers who are not professional business men.

Supplies in the Field.

To turn from the methods of purchase, collection and forwarding of supplies, to their distribution in the field, it may be of interest to state that for this

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purpose the Army Service Corps is the regular Army machinery employed, and is the direct distributing agent to the troops themselves. A number of officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Corps, including bakers, butchers, and clerks, were dispatched to South Africa in advance of the rest of the Army in sufficient time to make all needful preparations against its arrival. Some forty companies were so sent out, one being detailed for the transport and supply duties in connection with each infantry brigade, and each infantry or cavalry division. In addition six other companies were detailed for remount duties, which means the arduous and highly responsible work in connection with the landing, receiving and accounting for the horses and mules arriving by hundreds from over-sea, or which were locally purchased in South Africa.

At Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London disembarking staffs were organised from officers of the Corps. Railway staffs were appointed to each of the main trunk systems, and a bureau for the examination of accounts instituted and duly equipped—a most diabolical though necessary adjunct to all warlike operations.

It has been the time-honoured custom of the British Army to despatch the machinery responsible for the transportation, feeding, equipment, sanitation, and general care of the troops to the scene of operations after the men themselves; the accepted theory being that, so long as the fighting man was on the spot, equipped or not equipped, the rest did not matter. Consequently during the initial stages of nearly all our wars the very greatest confusion and discomfort prevailed. To such an extent was this recognised by even responsible persons that the situation was complacently accepted as inevitable, the British Army being expected "to muddle through somehow."

The folly of such unpreparedness cannot be too forcibly condemned. To use a homely illustration, it is as if a householder, blessed with many children, on moving into a new house, arranged for his servants, his furniture, his coal and gas to be installed in his new premises subsequent to the arrival of the family itself.

This system has now been changed, and the despatch of the Army Service Corps to South Africa with time and opportunity to put its house in order before the disembarkation of the troops has illustrated most forcibly the wisdom of the step actually undertaken.

Rules of Supply and Transport.

In the conduct of all campaigns there are several fundamental rules that should invariably be adhered to in regard to supply and transport arrangements generally.

(1) Transport with the fighting force ought to be as far as possible on a purely military footing, and the property of the Government. That on the lines of communication may be either hired or purchased, the superintendence provided being always, however, military.

(2) Every unit in the fighting force should be provided with regimental transport sufficient to carry the food, forage, etc., necessary to keep it in the field on an emergency for three and a half days at least.

(3) Stations on the line of communications must be within such a distance of each other that the transport of stores and supplies up the line, and of sick and wounded down, may be carried out rapidly and effectively. The situations and distance from each other of the stations and depôts must be considered with reference to the probability of attack by the enemy, and also to the good-will or otherwise of the inhabitants. The shorter the stages, the easier it will be to

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guard them, and therefore the less likely are civilian transport drivers to suffer from panic.

(4) The extent of the reserve of supplies and stores to be retained at the various Army Service Corps supply depôts on the line must be carefully considered. Next to that of the base depôts at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban, the reserve of supplies at the advanced depôts will ordinarily be the largest. The rule that should be observed both with regard to the reserve held in them, and also to those in the intermediate depôts on the lines of communication, should be that such a number of days' supplies for the force in front of the advanced depôts should be kept at the various depôts as will preclude any danger in the case of a reverse or breakdown of transport on the lines of communication. Twenty days' supplies for an advanced depôt and seven days' for an intermediate one may be taken as average proportions.

The Communications Staff.

It is essential that all the arrangements for the supply of stores, ammunition, provisions and all things needful for the force either guarding the lines of communication or operating in front of the advanced depôts, should be under the supervision of the General of Communications through his senior staff officer for Army Service Corps duties. The duties of the various branches should be carried out under the supervision of their respective chiefs; but in order that all work in one harmonious whole it is necessary that they should be welded together in the person of one responsible officer on the Communications Staff.

To turn from general Army organisation to the supplies themselves, these are obtained in war by one of the following methods: contract, purchase, contribution or requisition. The one now employed by the War Office is to contract for almost everything at home or in our Colonies, ship it out as has been described, and to supplement this whenever and wherever possible by local purchase in South Africa. It is rarely found that the country in which our operations usually take place is sufficiently productive to support the force operating therein; and therefore the supplies are provided by a combination of those purchased locally and those forwarded from the Reserve Supply Depôt and obtained in other countries. By the judicious purchase of local supplies the good-will of the inhabitants is obtained and the pacification of even a hostile country advanced.

The Army Service Corps Company.

In concluding this article it may be of interest to give a short description of an Army Service Corps company, to which such frequent reference has been made. During peace each company has an establishment of 2 officers, 60 non-commissioned officers and men, with 34 horses and proportionate waggons. The company is a separate organisation in regard to its own command and interior economy, similar in this respect to a battery of artillery, though of course on a much smaller scale. On manœuvres, or during active operations in the field, one such company, augmented by its reservists, is allotted to each infantry brigade, and to each infantry or cavalry division; to be expanded by bought or hired transport sufficient for the purpose for which the company is detailed. During the last Salisbury Plain Manœuvres this augmentation took the form of Mr. Whiteley's waggons, horses and men; here in South Africa it is mostly American or Argentine mules with Cape or Kaffir drivers. In Ashanti this expansion took the form of the West African coolie. The British Army being ubiquitous, all branches must be modelled accordingly.

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On leaving **La Rochelle**, the yellow commanding one of the ship hailed a boat, and ordered the pilot to be put on board. The pilot refused to go, and he was forced to do so. On the pilot's refusing to obey his commands any more, the yellow commander struck him with a cane. The pilot, on his arrival at Rochefort, entered a memorial against the yellow commander, and the latter was dismissed the service. The yellow commander, on his arrival at Paris, complained to the Minister of Marine, against the pilot, for having refused to obey his orders. The Minister, being struck with surprise at the conduct of the yellow commander, ordered him to be arrested, and sent to the Bastile. The yellow commander was released from the Bastile, on the pilot's being arrested, and sent to the Bastile in his room. The pilot was released from the Bastile, on the yellow commander's being arrested, and sent to the Bastile in his room

HER SON.

IT was no ordinary compliment that she had paid me, this sweet-faced, gentle old lady, as we sat together under the flowering chestnut tree: it was no small mark of confidence that she had shown me when she opened the locket and placed it in my hand.

I looked at the miniature in silence: no need for me to ask who it was. "My son" was her world, her hero; she thought of him by day, she dreamed of him by night; he was at once her memory and her hope. Yet she rarely spoke of him, save to me. No one else in all the village had been deemed worthy to look upon that pictured face. He was not in the least like her, yet it was a handsome face enough. There was nothing very remarkable about it. Not a face that told you very much either for good or for evil; somewhat weak, perhaps; boyishly bright, and yet with some faint suggestion of latent possibilities—was it in the eyes or the lines about the mouth?—that made me look with a tenderer reverence at the sweet old face that was watching me with such pathetic pride, as I said gently,—

"He must have been quite young, then, Madame?"

"He was eighteen; ah, yes, but eighteen! A mere boy, Lucy; but already clever and full of ambition; yet always so good to the old mother. For I was old even then; fifty, when he was but eighteen; and he was everything to me, *ma chère*, everything—just as he is now!"

"It must make you very happy to think that he ——" I paused, hardly knowing how to go on, for fear lest I might say too much; but, absorbed in her all-satisfying theme, she never noticed my hesitation.

"He has always made me very happy," she said simply. "Ah, my child, you understand, to you I can speak freely! But to these others, no: they are too occupied with themselves, with their own little interests. Oh, think not that I blame! It is natural, so natural; only I speak not to them of my Raoul. To you—it is different. One day, perhaps, when the war is over—such a long, long war,—and he——"

Madame de Lainé's voice faltered and died away. Not even to me did she ever speak of her son's return. The thought of it was, no doubt, too great a happiness to be lightly put into words.

In silence I laid the locket in her wrinkled hands; stooping, as I did so, to kiss the thin white fingers. At that moment I could not bear to meet her eyes. The "long, long war" that she spoke of had been ended years ago, and France had risen—phœnix-like—from the ashes of that terrible conflagration; yet still Madame de Lainé waited, still she hoped. Dear Madame, how much pain was spared her; but—at what a cost!

She closed the locket after one long, tender look at the boyish face, and concealed it carefully in the bosom of her dress, amid soft folds of rare old lace. Even the casket that contained her treasure was too sacred to be exposed to the rude gaze of vulgar eyes. I watched her do it with a sympathy that was all the more pitiful for the helpless anger and bitter revolt in my heart.

And all about us the birds sang, and the air was full of the sweetness and happy promise of the spring-time. But the fallen petals of the chestnut blossoms

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lay in crimson splashes on the grass at our feet. Even as I looked, one drifted down till it rested on the spotless lace in Madame's bosom, just above the locket: the delicate white fingers flicked it off with a tiny touch of impatience.

What a sweet, tranquil old lady she was; and how perfectly at rest in her love for her son, her absolute faith in him! She had been a great lady in those far-away days before the war; ay, and for all her gentleness and simplicity, she was a great lady still—was she not of the old *noblesse*?—and proud, proud of her Raoul!

"France has no braver, truer son than my boy!" She looked up at me with kindling eyes. "Ah, Lucy; whether he live or die in the war, I am content: for I know that he will ever bear himself with honour, and serve the country he loves—our beautiful France. For the rest—it is in God's hands."

"True, Madame."

"My little Raoul!" (oh, the tenderness of her tone!) "Even as a child he was brave, a very hero. He wished to make a great name; to be, perhaps, a second Napoleon—yes, but to *save* France, not to ruin her!—A Napoleon; not like him who now leads our armies; but that other, the Corsican. A great man, that first Napoleon; though he was but a *parvenu*, and no true Frenchman. But my son is French, French to the very core; and a patriot indeed."

Napoleon III. was in his grave, he had long ceased to lead the armies of France; but Madame knew naught of that, naught of his abdication, naught of the tragic death of his noble son. Her knowledge of all things that go to make history—yes, and of much besides—had stopped abruptly on one terrible day now many years ago; had stopped, never—please God—to begin anew.

"Lucy," the sweet old voice went on, with its pretty, caressing, foreign accent: "you have a saying, you English I have heard Monsieur your father use it often—that the boy—how should I say? Ah, yes—'the boy is father to the man.' It is true, that saying: it was so with Raoul. He was born a soldier, and a soldier he is. It is the one life for a man like my son; and—he has distinguished himself. That is of course. Where all are brave, he is without peer; a very Bayard! I have heard it; I know. Ah, it is something to be the mother of a man like that!"

"It is indeed, Madame!"

Oh, the irony of the words! They almost choked me.

"But—his wife, Lucy: some day he will have a wife to be proud of him also: but not as I am, child—not as I am."

"No, truly. And now, he is all your own."

"But I would not have it so always. Some day, when the war is ended. . . . But there will be time enough to make a marriage for my son then."

"Time enough, indeed."

"And meanwhile—thou art my little daughter, *ma chérie*"; and she laid her wrinkled hand fondly on my head. "Thou knowest more of him than any one in the world save his mother, little one."

"Save his mother!"

Poor soul! Oh, poor soul! An uncontrollable sob broke from me, and I hid my face on her knee.

"Be calm, my child," she said gently. "Ah, it is hard for the young to wait: but I—I have grown old and very patient. I forget."

She entirely mistook the cause of my emotion, but what of that? If she liked to think that I too was waiting even as she waited—oh, not for the world would I have said one word to undeceive her!

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"Dear Madame, you are indeed very patient! But you are happy?" and I looked up at her anxiously.

She smiled. "Happy! ah, but yes," she said softly. "I have my son."

Exile from her beloved France was nothing to her; never once since my father brought her here, when I was a mere child, had she shown any wish to return. She was, as she said, happy.

And we loved her. Her story, of course, was known to but few; but all in the village were aware that "the old French madam up at Parson's" had been sorely tried by some great sorrow, and on the rare occasions when she went beyond the Vicarage garden she met with nothing but respect and sympathy from our kindly people. Of late she had never done so; she was tired, she said, and the pleasant seat under the chestnut-tree was as far as she cared to go. She grew weaker daily; and we who loved her watched her with redoubled tenderness, for we had been warned that possibly just at the last ——

Oh, God grant that she might be spared *that*! That she might never know ——

"Listen!" and she raised a warning finger. "How gaily the birds are singing! They recall to me a morning long ago, when my son was a boy. He had been away with his father to Paris, and I sat in the garden of the chateau waiting for him—just as I am waiting now. The birds seemed to know how full my heart was of joy, and to praise God for me; oh, how far better than I could myself! The chestnuts were in flower, too; but they were white, not red. These are very beautiful, but—I like the white best, *ma petite*, just for the sake of that other day when my son came home to me. Ah, yes; but soon—very soon now—"

She was silent, and lay back in her chair, gazing musingly before her; and I sat still on the grass at her feet, thinking of many things.

How quiet it was! The birds' glad songs scarcely seemed an interruption, and other sounds there were none. Even the wind had dropped, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the heavy fans of the great chestnut-leaves.

So quiet, that from my day-dreams I drifted into a dreamless slumber.

Something—was it a slight movement on Madame's part?—roused me, and I looked up.

Ah! she, too, was sleeping!

She had drawn the locket once more from its resting-place, and had fallen asleep ere she had thought to shut it. The boyish face smiled up at her; her thin hands lay, lightly crossed, in her lap; her eyes were closed.

Yes; but hers was the sleep from which there is no awakening. Madame was dead!

And, thank God! the cloud that darkened her mind had never lifted: that which we feared had not happened. For she had died happy, not knowing that the son for whom she waited was long since dead.

Raoul de Lainé had died a traitor's death on the day that had robbed his mother of her reason: he was shot as a spy by his comrades for betraying the France he had professed to love.

The shock that had shattered, had saved, her!

EVELYN FLETCHER.

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THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST YEAR'S
BIRTHDAY, I HAD A DREAM.
IN MY DREAM, I WAS STANDING
ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE.
AN ARMY OF SPIDERS WAS
CLIMBING UP THE WALL.
I'M AFRAID OF SPIDERS, SO I
WAS SCARED TO DEATH.
THE NEXT DAY, I WAS TELLING MY FRIENDS ABOUT MY DREAM.
THEY ALL SAID, "THAT'S A GOOD DREAM!" AND "YOU'RE
GOING TO GET A LOT OF PRESENTS!" AND "YOU'RE GOING
TO BE SUPER HAPPY!"
SPIDERS
PRESENTS
HAPPY

scarce to be looked for from *him*. Then, there's the Laureate: he would certainly produce great poetry if he could. But something is against him, and he cannot do it. He tries his hardest; and he cannot do it. He does his best; and Mr. Owen Seaman leaps upon it and guys it, and turns it inside out, and says *he* doesn't think anything of stuff like *that*; and somehow the world is with Mr. Seaman, and the Laureate suffers. All the same, I love and respect the Laureate; for that he remains unchangeable and unchanged. It is true that nobody cares for him—unless, that is, Mr. Seaman be there to speak in his accent and in his name. But it is also true that he, the Laureate, Britain's Alfred the Third, cares for nobody—not a tinker's curse for anybody!—but goes on rhyming "Cecil," and "Wrestle," and all the rest of it, with a dignity, a seriousness, a faith in himself and in his verse, which take one back to the Heroic Ages (so to speak)—to the great days of Colley Cibber, and Paul Whitehead, and those other master-poetasters who, intent on reverencing the Powers that Be, have turned an indifferent cheek to the smiter, and have ever got the best of him in the end by drawing their salary, and publishing their "odes," and generally showing that the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity might yet be witnessed in quarters the most unexpected and at the least promising hands. As for the other possible purveyors of great poetry—Sir Blank This, and Sir Dash That—they may, be their politics what the needs of the hour has made them, go hang; and if the gentleman whose emotions are so inordinate and so immense that they can be expressed only in a mixture of Romany and English* . . . I could go on; but for the moment this is enough. Here are heaps of great poets. Meanwhile, where is the great poetry that is, thus far, not getting written? Let us turn to our *Quarterly* party, and see.

The question is of the plainest. We are face to face with the fact that no great poetry is just now writing; and we are concerned, with our *Quarterly* Reviewer, to know why. Now, if you go with Mr. Herbert Spencer, the answer is instant. According to that "stern philosopher," in these cases the Age is everything, the Man is nothing. 'Tis the Augustan Epoch which is responsible for the *Æneids*—not Virgil; had there been no ship-money, no Strafford, no Laud, no Pym, no Sir Harry Vane, no Praise-God Barebones, no Cromwell, there had been no *Paradise Lost* and no *Samson Agonistes*; so that, if you feel your heart go out to *Hamlet* and *Othello*, it is a fact that it goes out to—not Shakespeare, nor even Bacon, but—"the spacious times of great Elizabeth"; while if you want to unpack your soul about (say) *Aylwin*, you must leave Mr. Watts-Dunton alone, and take it out, if I may so express myself, of the Victorian Age at large. "Which is absurd?" Of course; but it's the novel way, and, no doubt, we should be grateful to Mr. Herbert Spencer for so good an excuse for passing a flat-iron over the surface of history, and bringing time and the gods, and the gifts of time, and the suggestion of the possibility of the gods to so plain and smooth and decent a level. It is like enough—(I am told)—that many Synthetic Philosophers—(such, I believe, is their highly respectable style)—will passionately leap upon this method of explaining differences. But our *Quarterly* Reviewer is not of these—at least, he says he's not; and in fact, after pointing out, with a certain severity, that the obvious

* What a poor devil, when you come to think of it, was Shakespeare! He found English enough for—well! for what we know. But what mightn't he have done, had he but hung upon the lips of a Sinfi Lovell, a Rhona Boswell! Think of it, reader: he might even have written *Aylwin*!

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answer to his question,—"Because there are no great poets,"—is "old-fashioned," he goes on to give a diagnosis of his own, and to prescribe his own electuary. And what it all amounts to is, briefly, this.

He has read us all; and the fact is that "firstly" (thus our arbiter of noble English)—"firstly," I say, "with the exception of Mr. Kipling, there is no one amongst the present generation of poets"—whatever that may mean—"whose work even suggests greatness." And for this reason:—"The general conditions that go to produce great poetry are for the moment wanting." *Il n'y a pas à dire*:—"The faiths, the hopes, and the aspirations of the present generation are not in a state of sufficient, or sufficiently definite, excitement to generate the atmosphere which great poetry requires." True it is that there is this new-fangled thing they call Imperialism, and therefore there is the poetry of Mr. Kipling. But, after all, there are worlds a-wanting even here. Mr. Kipling's verse is not a matter of poetry—"The only words in the only order;" it has nothing to do with diction, rhythm, presentation, perfection of phrase, deliciousness of melody, augustness of purpose and irremovable majesty of effect. Not a bit of it. Nor is there any hint that thus far the true Kipling is, not the Kipling of *The Seven Seas* but, the Kipling of a dozen immortal and impeccable *nouvelles*. No: there is nothing of that in our Reviewer. Only the bald, cold statement that, so far as he can see, there is only the suggestion of great poetry in Kipling.* "Greatness"?—and Byron is not "great." "Greatness"—and who, according to our Mentor, who is "great" but Arthur Hugh Clough?

> "Ah! years may come, and years may bring
> The truth that is not bliss,
> But will they bring another thing
> That may compare with this?"

'Tis of a boy who kisses a girl in Kensington Gardens; and the answer is—Well! what is the answer to this foolish question? The critic who thinks that sort of stuff worth celebrating, and is meanwhile concerned with the task of bringing out the half-articulate, the faintly expressed, the imperfectly realised talent—(he calls it genius; but I refuse to answer the call)—of A. H. Clough, I submit that a Reviewer of this sort, *Quarterly* or other—a Reviewer who cares so little, knows so little, apprehends so little of the essentials of poetry as this one, in his Kiplingising, seems to do, may profitably be put aside, and politely asked to read a little more, and dogmatize a little less.

There are no great poets, then; and consequently there is no great poetry. That is the "old-fashioned" way of putting the case; and if the Reviewer had set out his conclusion in just such terms, he might well be supposed to have said his say. That, however, is exactly what he has not done. On the contrary, he has but begun upon his argument, and with infinite pains he proceeds to demonstrate the reason, *selon lui*, why we haven't a Browning to our name—or even a Clough, for that matter!—but are merely so many voices crying in the desert of a futile and

* He makes some other criticisms: but they are rather sentimental than technical. As thus:—"Mr. Kipling's poetic genius has many limitations. It certainly expresses the Imperial idea, but . . . it is altogether confined to the expression of it. It expresses, moreover, the mere fact of Imperialism. It does not express, as did the genius of Virgil and Horace, any of the deeper effects which Imperialism may have upon life and character." As to the last complaint, Imperialism is but young now in deed, and 'tis hardly fair to blame Mr. Kipling for ignoring something which hasn't yet begun to be.

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unsympathetic time. What he means precisely by "great poetry," is throughout a mystery.* "The poetic expression," he remarks, "however vivid and beautiful, of a mere personal experience, however intense, will never make a great poem": so that Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are, on the face of it, not "great poetry," while lots of Browning (say), whose expression is neither beautiful nor vivid, are—well, are what Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are *not*. This, however, is by the way. "La vraie affaire est de souper." The matter at issue is the explanation why nobody living, with the possible exception of Mr. Kipling, is able to make what the Reviewer holds to be "great poetry." To the Ordinary Mind, the root of things is on the surface; but the Ordinary Mind, convinced and stopped from speculation by the manifest absence of a Byron,† or a Wordsworth, or a Keats—even a Browning or a Clough—is, as the saying is, "not on in this show." The word is with the Reviewer, and the Reviewer's theory is, or appears to be, that the one thing wanting to make "great poetry" possible is a certain special kind of what Byron—(a low, irreverent beast, howbeit a peer)—was wont to call "entusymusy." Given that, it seems, and the desert, our Reviewer thinks, would blossom like a rose; and Mr. Kipling, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Stephen Phillips, might all, if they were put to it, begin to produce "great poetry."‡ For, the fact is, "at the root of all great poetry there is some form or other of strenuous and impassioned optimism, some heightened sense of the value and importance of existence." And by "optimism," mark you, you are not to understand mere "optimism," whether "strenuous" or other. On the contrary, "this is as true of the poetry which expresses sadness, or even deliberate pessimism," as it is of the other sort; inasmuch as "all pessimism that is really impressive in poetry is neither more nor less than the shadow of some vivid optimism"; so that things which look red as hell are for all practical purposes as blue as heaven, and *la Cousine Bette* is, if you will but look at it at the right angle and in the correct light, as cheering a performance as *As You Like It*, or *Pickwick*. 'Tis a wonderful discovery, is it not? And I, for my part, am sternly determined to take the fullest advantage of it that I can. I doubt not that all my brother-rhymesters, my brother-weaklings, will do the same; and that, in no great while, the true and only inspiration thus denoted to us, "great poetry" will steadily proceed from some one or other of us. Steadily: like milk from a cow, or comic platitudes from Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

* The Reviewer's critical faculty is, in effect, a little dubious. Browning is one of his heroes; Clough writes "great poetry"; he thinks the *Proteus* sonnets "as perfect in their lucidity as profound in their thought and feeling"; he recollects with pleasure that a critic in "one of the most thoughtful of our weekly Reviews" coupled the *Proteus* sonnets with Shakespeare's. On the whole, I want better assurance than Bardolph's. Like Master Dumbleton, "I like not the security."

† It is worth noting, by the way, that Byron is no longer held a poet because he lacked the *curiosa felicitas*, and was careless of the *mot propre*. Browning either scorned, or was ignorant of both; yet he is none the less a poet for that. "Igsplain it, men and hangils!" I imagine that Byron has seen the worst that can happen to him. But, if our faith in the *mot propre* and the *curiosa felicitas* have any life in it, there is surely a bad time coming for Browning? Time was when *The Ring and the Book* was described by a person having authority as "the most precious addition to our spiritual possessions . . . since Shakespeare." The writer would scarce pass his word for so much now; and ten years hence . . . But no! I won't be so unkind.

‡ The Reviewer does not say so in so many words; but I cannot but conclude that, his essential inspiration being ever on tap, he would exclude from its potential operation not even Mr. Alfred Austin.

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For myself I think that the "old-fashioned" explanation is the best; and that the reason that there is no great poetry on top just now is that there are no great poets. Still, we never know. The Reviewer admits that the new gospel of Imperialism reads not unlike a reality; and 'tis plain that he does not despair of "great poetry" on the impulse of an optimistic pessimism (or a pessimistic optimism) which shall some day take our Rudyard (like a colic), and constrain him to produce—not "spirited poems," which is all he is fit for, now—but a real achievement in great poetry. But I've my doubts; and, I confess it, I turn with hope and confidence to the conclusions of another Reviewer in this same number of *The Quarterly*. It is so full of cheer for the future of English Verse! This Reviewer's word is that we must "study balance and the use of resolved feet"—that, in a word, we must put our trust in Mr. Robert Bridges, "and he will pull us through." Between the two *Quarterly* Reviewers—the Pessimistic Optimist (or whatever he is) and Mr. Bridges his devotee, can English Verse, the medium of Chaucer and Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton, Herrick and Dryden, Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson, Coleridge, Keats, Blake—can English Verse, I say, go wrong?

I do not think it can. But it behoves Mr. Meredith, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Kipling, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and the rest to make the most of the chance that is here presented to them. If they do, "great poetry" is ours at once. If they do not——! But I decline to discuss so scandalous an alternative.

W. E. H.

GLORIA MUNDI.

DAWN moves abroad in the air, but the gold moon sailing
High in the west, is full and refulgent yet;
Tall trees tower to the blue that is fading, failing,
Dim in the deeps where the sunken stars have set.

There is no sun yet—the leaves stir in their sleep and shiver,
Dreaming, perchance, of frost and the solemn fall:
Grey as an old glass stretches the lonely river,
Pale as the stones in the crumbling cloister wall.

How was the miracle wrought, and from whence unfolden?
Draws it the Night's last sigh—or the Day's first breath?
Close, or beginning, that shines where the dawn grows golden—
Here is the glory of earth—Is it Birth or Death?

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

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characteristic of life on the river is completely vacuous indolence. Except when there are races—a time when wise men avoid the river—nobody there hurries or is strenuous. We have not always a sure sense of the fitness of things, but at least we feel that on the river it is necessary to loaf. Even there we do not entirely divest ourselves of the idea that life is a serious thing. We are apt to scowl at people whose boats bump ours, especially when our own bad steering is in fault; and we are apt to argue about the lengths of reaches and the merits of different kinds of canoes. But in the main we take the river in a proper chastened spirit. We lie as comfortably as we can, and prefer (if it is necessary to progress for drinking purposes) being towed to rowing or paddling, and read, if we read, light novels only, and grow incapable of thought. For my part I take kindly to the river when it is not too crowded. It has been rather spoiled, rather vulgarised, in the last twenty years. One hears, however far up one goes, an occasional cockney voice, one sees an occasional inelegant flirtation. It is not sublime, or romantic, or anything of that kind. But one should not always be superior, and one cannot always have the best, and the river is a very decent *vin ordinaire*. I like it and pay it the homage of vacuity. After a few days of it I cannot understand an ordinary sentence, far less invent several. . . . So I shortened my stay there, and am come back to London for a couple of days to write in my attic. It is pleasant to be conscientious, and if I have nothing much to say I may at least justify my title.

BUT if this were to be published to-morrow I do not think I could write a word. How could I ask any one to read my chatter about the river and books and things while the world is so shaken? When this is published there may be—but it is not likely—a change for the quieter, but as I write it is impossible to keep one's mind from great events. The war in South Africa drags on; we have only just, after many weeks, regained hope for the Europeans in Pekin; and but a moment ago I heard of the assassination of King Humbert. . . . Happily this is not a place for wars and politics: I imagine that even the writers of leading articles must be abashed when they consider the relation of these terrific events to their own importance and capacity. But I permit myself one reflection. There is now extant (July 31st) a hope for our countrymen and the other Europeans in Pekin, but for weeks the probabilities against their surviving were overwhelming. It was almost impossible to doubt that they had had the choice of killing their womankind or leaving them to torture, and if that was so we knew which alternative they must

have taken. Well: we all have thrilled over such horrors in the Indian Mutiny. The pity and terror of them must have haunted the dreams of all of us at times. But here was one happened, as we had to believe, in our own time. And did the horror move us, as one would have expected, ten times more than those which happened nearly forty years ago, when most of us were children or had not been born? I think the contrary. So far as my observation goes, most of us took it calmly, said it was very sad, and then forgot it in the ordinary business and pleasure of our lives.

I WONDER if that is always so with contemporary events—if it takes time and literary expression to work on them

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Bolts or shackle fastenings for securing the lower ends of the shrouds to the channels. Bolts have their heads on the inside of the hull, and a shackle on the outside, to which the lower deadeye is secured. Shackles are also used for the upper ends of the shrouds, and for the lower ends of the backstays.

Bolt for Shrouds

Bolt rope is the rope sewed to the edges of a sail to strengthen it. The bolt rope of the foot of a square sail is called the foot rope, and that of a fore-and-aft sail is called the boltrope. The bolt rope of the leech of a square sail is called the leech rope, and that of a fore-and-aft sail is called the leech rope or leech line.

Bonnet is a canvas piece laced to the foot of a square sail to increase the area of the sail. The bonnet is laced to the foot rope of the sail, and is removed when the sail is to be reefed. Bonnets are also sometimes laced to the foot of a fore-and-aft sail, and are then called jib bonnets or foresail bonnets.

Boom is a spar used to extend the foot of a fore-and-aft sail. The boom is hinged to the mast by the gooseneck, and is supported by the topping lift. The boom is also used to extend the foot of a jib, and is then called a jib boom. The boom is also used to extend the foot of a studding sail, and is then called a studding sail boom.

Boom

Boom crutch is a fitting for supporting the boom when the sail is not in use. The boom crutch is usually made of wood, and is shaped like the letter A. The boom crutch is placed on the taffrail, and the boom is lashed to it.

Boom Crutch

Boom guy is a rope used to steady the boom when the wind is aft. The boom guy is rigged from the end of the boom to the bow or quarter of the vessel.

Boom iron is a fitting for supporting the boom when the sail is not in use. The boom iron is usually made of iron, and is shaped like the letter A. The boom iron is placed on the taffrail, and the boom is lashed to it.

Boom tackle is a tackle used to haul the boom out to the end of the boom. The boom tackle is rigged from the end of the boom to the bow or quarter of the vessel.

Bow is the forward part of the vessel. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the midship section. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson and the floors. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson and the floors and the frames. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson and the floors and the frames and the planking. 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The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson and the floors and the frames and the planking and the deck and the bulwarks and the rail and the figurehead and the anchor and the cable and the chain and the windlass. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson and the floors and the frames and the planking and the deck and the bulwarks and the rail and the figurehead and the anchor and the cable and the chain and the windlass and the capstan. The bow is the part of the vessel that is forward of the stem and the stem post and the keel and the keelson and the floors and the frames and the planking and the deck and the bulwarks and the rail and the figurehead and the anchor and the cable and the chain and the windlass and the capstan and the bitts. 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She is said to be the heroine of *Diana of the Crossways*: "said to be," because in the last edition Mr. Meredith has requested his readers to take the characters merely for people in a book. Hereby hangs a very curious tale, one of the most curious in the history of characters in books and their originals. There can be no doubt whatever that *Diana* was inspired by Mrs. Norton's history: the correspondence is too exact. Now, in the book one is faced by a *crux*. The heroine is made to give away the secret of Peel's intention to repeal the Corn Laws to "Mr. Tonans." The incident is a facer: it seems incredible either that so excellent a woman could be so treacherous or (the assumption of the book) that so clever a woman could imagine she was doing no harm. The explanation was that there was a story of Mrs. Norton's having betrayed this secret to *The Times*, and that Mr. Meredith had to work it in. It was an instance of the impossibility of thoroughly re-creating a real character, of whom there was much known, using all the material and still making the character credible: because in life every one is, so to speak, incredible—we cannot know *all* the circumstances and motives, and therefore we cannot perfectly explain the inconsistencies every one commits. But this was a glaring instance, and one was left to think that Mrs. Norton, however charming, had not so fine a character as Mr. Meredith supposed. But then it turned out that the story about Mrs. Norton was untrue. It was mere tittle-tattle; there was never any evidence whatever for it, and Lord Dufferin, her nephew, among others in a position to know, expressly contradicted it. It seems to me almost a pity that Mr. Meredith could not take the incident out of the book. But that would have been to re-write half of it, and was not to be expected. He took the alternative of intimating (by implication) that his Diana was not to be connected with Mrs. Norton. It is a curious instance of the dangers of mingling reality with invention.

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THE novel I read was *Lost and Saved*, and I was delighted to find it charming. It is not, to be sure, quite so brilliant as Mr. Meredith represents Diana's novels to have been. There is a great deal of rather decked-out sentiment in it, and a great deal of rather obvious moralising. Both, however, are genuine enough in the main: there is no reason to suppose that Mrs. Norton, for all her knowledge of the world, had not a pious mind and a feeling heart. The story is a wee bit improbable. In fact, I came to the conclusion that many of its incidents were concessions to the public demand for remarkable events: in particular at one point, the author, as though conscious that something had to be done, starts one of her characters on a very unlikely career of poisoning her acquaintances. But through the sentiment, through the moralising, through the poisoning, there peeps an instructive and amusing knowledge of life, and there sounds a musical Irish laugh.

The satire is excellent. Selfish young men, intriguing women, tyrannical great ladies, are very neatly and keenly scarified. Mrs. Norton is tolerably indulgent to the young men—to the women she is merciless. There is a demure, fairy-like woman, who deceives her husband and keeps half a dozen "lovers" in tow: her machinations and poses, and the interested toleration of "society" are painted in with a sure touch and (the period of the novel considered) a bold brush. It is intimate social satire of a rare excellence.

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BUT the triumph of the book is the Marchioness of Uptown, a very prosperous and magnificent lady of colossal self-importance and self-absorption. There is malice in it, beyond a doubt. It is impossible not to believe that some such paragon must have been at one time a thorn in Mrs. Norton's side. There is in the portrait all the hatred softness and kindness may feel for hardness and selfishness, Irish

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lightness for English heaviness, wit for dulness. But the humorous appreciation of the great lady's essential absurdity lightens the portrait and makes it irresistible. I say portrait, where many people would say caricature, because I know that such confident domineering and such outspoken brutality have warrant in real life. Nowadays a woman in Lady Uptown's position would be a little less direct in her selfishness—possibly—but in Mrs. Norton's time she might easily have been as she is painted. Nowadays, too, while her grammar might be just as bad in speech, she would probably write it better; but I daresay Mrs. Norton had seen letters as delightfully muddled as those she quotes. One has the pleasure not only of an entertaining presentation, but of a deserved castigation—which, alas, could not hurt, for your Lady Uptowns are impenetrable to satire.

MRS. NORTON is verbally brilliant, but not in the manner of Diana. Lady Uptown's diamonds were "like barnacles on a ship's hull," and there are many flashes of the same sort. For my part I prefer them to Diana's more profound and subtle epigrams. They are in the true Sheridan mould. He would have roared at them and capped them—but I doubt Diana would have frightened him into silence.

SOMEBODY made a fuss a little time ago about reviewers praising or damning books in more than one place. I suppose, therefore, that since I reviewed Mrs. Craigie's *Robert Orange* "at length" in *The Londoner*, I ought not to review

it here. But you may not have seen *The Londoner*, and in that case would miss my valuable opinion, which I hope will incite you to read *Robert Orange* immediately, if you have not read it. It is necessary—a pleasant necessity—to read *The School for Saints* first. Like that, it includes Disraeli, but unlike that it is not in his manner—so gaining, it is possible, in sincerity what it loses in piquancy. It has philosophy, character, humour, romance—the best work so far, I think, of a talent remarkable in its achievement and extraordinarily interesting in its promise.

G. S. STREET.

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LAUS
AMANDI

I SING to you, praise, and
All my affection
Praise, know that, I go singing
Of my Amanda
Wedding my beloved inside the
Cage of my song

Laus is my praise

One day (if we trembling entreaty may
One of Life's wars through the curtain
By our lord's license this sweet drama,

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"Oh, say no on the steadies and bridal shoes!
And yes, yes the cut of tailor suits over sins.
Up on the heavens of streets let parties combine
Lanes of lights."
—Hart Crane, "Cutty Sark"

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had the same diamond bodice as his companion; of these skin also having disappeared, the bones are left showing through the gauze. The "Lady Arabella" has a rich dress of gold and silver tissue, with a pattern of roses and thistles, and the "Lord Admiral" has a doublet of gold and silver tissue, with a pattern of pomegranates, and a mantle of crimson velvet, lined with ermine.

Examples of the Tudor Period, ranging in dates down to that of Elizabeth, are to be found in the Wallington Collection, and in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Of the latter, the most important are the "Ditchley" portrait of Elizabeth, and the "Rainbow" portrait, both with full dress and flat ruff. But they are, as Fairholt says, "more curious than beautiful," and are interesting chiefly as showing the fashion of the time, and the extravagance of the Queen.

The Wallington Collection contains a number of portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, one representing a fancy ball at the Hôtel de Ville, in which the King appears as Henri Quatre, and the Queen as Marie de Médicis. Another shows the Queen in a dress of white satin, with a pattern of roses and thistles, and a mantle of white satin lined with ermine. In June the Earl Grange rides by accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who is in a suit of gilt armour, and a scarf of blue and white. Another picture is a battle-piece, in which the Queen rides in front of her troops, with a page carrying her helmet, and a lady in a white dress and hat riding by her side. The Earl of Angus, who has a great friend in Queen Mary, the wife of Thomas Lyle,

The Young Queen. Sketch-plan of the Full Dress.

who gave him a sword, mounted boy, which, although an Englishman, disappeared in the Scots Guards, and was lost to sight.

Another picture is a battle-piece, in which the Queen rides in front of her troops, with

John, the grandson of the lord, a schoolboy, being called John Wyn-ebbleton, and the family name of Lord Ullswater being Lowther, the name of the house, therefore, is the garden of Wyn-ebbleton, or Winkleton, as it is now called. The house is a large one, and contains many interesting relics of the past. Among the numerous portraits by which the walls are adorned, are those of Lord Lonsdale, who was Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland in the reign of George III., and of Lord Lowther, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of George IV. Of all these pictures the first and a companion piece, the latter's wife, are the most interesting. Lord Lonsdale is represented as a young man, and his wife as a girl of fifteen. Both are dressed in the fashion of the time, and the lady's hair is powdered. Lord Lonsdale's portrait is by Romney, and that of his wife by Hoppner. The latter is considered to be one of the best pictures of the kind by that artist. Lord Lonsdale's portrait is by Romney, and that of his wife by Hoppner. The latter is considered to be one of the best pictures of the kind by that artist.

Hall at Winkleton. It is said that Winkleton is the grandson. Whitney, domestic chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, and author of the "Choice of Emblems," published in 1586, is a large room of the house of Winkleton. The carved mantel is very large, as is the fireplace, and the whole room is in keeping with the rest of the house. The carved mantel is very large, as is the fireplace, and the whole room is in keeping with the rest of the house.

In September 1st the excitement ran high. On the 1st of the grouse month, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Ullswater, and Lord Lowther, all met at Winkleton, and the whole party went out to shoot. The weather was fine, and the sport very good. Among the famous sportsmen who were present were the Duke of Westminster, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Ullswater, and Lord Lowther. The weather was fine, and the sport very good. Among the famous sportsmen who were present were the Duke of Westminster, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Ullswater, and Lord Lowther.

I have been informed lately of a tradition that my ancestress not only tried to conceal Lord Cromartie, but that she actually wrote to Prince Charlie and begged him to allow her to ride with him—previously, of course, to Culloden—and to raise the county for his cause. But I believe none of this. There is another unfounded tradition that Lord Sutherland interceded with the Government for Lord Cromartie, but there is nothing to confirm what one hopes was the case. But what is a fact is that the child born to Lady Cromartie immediately after the terrible time she passed when her husband's life hung in the balance, bore on its neck the mark of the executioner's axe.

The days, one can hardly call them of chivalry, but of civil brawl and internecine warfare, had now closed; the new era had commenced. The power of the Chiefs of the Clans was broken, never to rise again.

On an old stone bridge crossing a pretty brown-coloured burn which rushes from Golspie Glen to the North Sea near Dunrobin, is a carved upright stone, bearing upon it the arms of the house of Sutherland and an Earl's coronet with the following inscription:—Jno f heur Chatt de chearn na drochaite big gairm Chlann Chattigh nam buadh." This trenchant inscription, when turned into English as she is spoke, means, "The great man of the Catts (the Gaelic appellation of Clan Sutherland) to the head of the little bridge calls the Clan Cattaich of the Victories." This was the trysting-place where the chief met his soldiers and clansmen, on a declaration of war, "for to murder and to ravish": now nothing more martial than the fine body of Sutherland Volunteers passes over the spot where for centuries the men of Sutherland met in grim court, to be led to the death by their liege chief and war lord.

In 1747 the Earl lost his wife, and he soon joined her in the silent land, dying in 1750 at Montauban, where he had gone in hopes of recovering his health. His brother, who survived him, writes, on receiving his last letter, to a friend: "O what a merse it wod be to get him home to this plase!" Indeed, the spelling of the "quality" in the middle of last century was arbitrary and peculiar. William was succeeded by his son William, seventeenth Earl.

The most interesting fact about this Earl was that he had his portrait painted by Ramsay, at full length, in full Highland costume—kilt, sporran, philibeg and all. I believe it to be, in spite of all my nephew Archibald Campbell's statements to the contrary, a very early, if not the earliest representation of the kilt as it is now worn. The Highland costume as we know it, is in fact, more a fancy than a real historical costume; and certainly there is no authentic representation of it earlier than this fine full-length portrait of my great-grandfather which hangs in the great state room at Dunrobin.

In 1761 Lord Sutherland married; his wife was a Maxwell. The young couple attended George III.'s coronation and marriage; and Horace Walpole wrote that Lady Sutherland is "a most perfect beauty." But the poor "perfect beauty" lived but a short life; and half a dozen years after the coronation in which she shone Lord George Sackville writes from Bath, saying that "poor Lady Sutherland is dead, and I fear my Lord will not live many days. A more unlucky event never happened. She died worn out with her constant attendance on him," and she was followed to the grave by her husband within a few days. They repose in that beautiful old ruined chapel at Holyrood, and an inscription in Dornoch Church bears the appropriate lines: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Their only surviving daughter, Elizabeth, who was born in 1765, succeeded to the vast estates of the house. Her title was contested by the descendants of Sir Robert Gordon, a worthy who had written in

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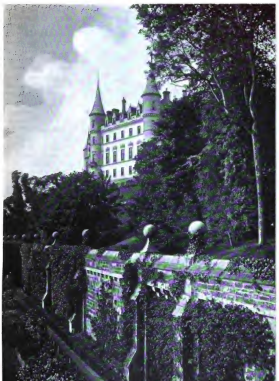

Dunrobin and its gardens.

the sixteenth century a history of the Earldom of Sutherland. The little lady won the case, and was acknowledged, in England as well as in Scotland, rightful heiress of the great Earldom. Robertson the historian directed her studies, and

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Buster Keaton in Sherlock Jr.

to Silent Scot Ray Hunt, who was also a fine cameraman, shooting sequences for Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson. Ray Hunt's son, Marshall Hunt, was a child actor in Hollywood silents and later became a fine character actor. Ray Hunt's daughter, Peggy Hunt, was a child actress in Hollywood silents and later became a fine character actress. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Jack Arnold, was a fine director. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Robert Blees, was a fine writer. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Harry Mackin, was a fine cameraman. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Ellis Kadison, was a fine musician. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Jack Kosslyn, was a fine producer. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Ralph Murphy, was a fine director. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Ralph Dawson, was a fine editor. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Ralph Hammeras, was a fine cameraman. Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Ralph Ralph, was a fine Ralph.

Ray Hunt's son-in-law, Ralph Ralph, was a fine Ralph. Which is the point of the story that started the column. Anyway, there is still no Welsh Ray grandson pitcher, but would he necessarily be expected to be a fine pitcher? Not necessarily. Not necessarily. Not necessarily.

name of the venerated Baroness, I may add that there are only two ladies I have the honour to know who remember the "Duchess-Countess," as my grandmother was called: the first is Her Majesty, the other Lady Burdett-Coutts.

Lady Sutherland was an excellent artist, and her water-colour landscapes of scenes in Sutherland would not disgrace some of the first artists of her day; she also etched, and well; but I fear to be tempted to add, after writing about her proficiency in water-colour painting, that "of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

In her published letters Lady Granville, who had married Lord Gower's younger and half-brother Granville Gower, afterwards first Earl Granville, is hardly fair to my grandmother. She is ever carping at her and at her husband—Lady Granville's brother-in-law. I think the reason that made Lady Granville so unjust in her estimate of my grandmother was because Lady Sutherland was not born a Cavendish or a Howard: outside these two families, and perhaps the Gowers, there seems to have been no salvation in Lady Granville's eyes. My grandmother, when in Rome soon after her marriage, had a sight of the once brilliant and handsome Prince Charlie; when she saw him he was a bloated-faced, tottering old man—a mere wreck of a man. She was not presented to him, as her name could not but awakened sad feelings in the poor old Prince's half softened brain. In 1793 the Countess raised a regiment for the defence of the North, against the French; and this regiment is now known as the Sutherland and Argyll Highlanders—the famous 93rd.

Mary Stuart.

From the Oxbury picture at Dunrobin.

Both Lady Sutherland and her husband were much blamed for the severity with which the evictions in Sutherland were carried out; but to any one who cares to inquire into that subject it will be evident that where the blame should rest was not on themselves but

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on their agents. An immense sum of money was employed by Lord Stafford in improving the county, over which his wife was chieftainess; and the effect of their policy is shown at the present day, where the rents have, instead of being diminished by the Crofters' Commissioners, been raised in many instances.

In 1833 Lord Stafford was raised to a Dukedom, that of Sutherland being conferred on him; but he lived only a few months to enjoy the honours, for he died at Dunrobin in the summer of that year. Ten thousand people are said to have been present when he was buried in the Cathedral Church of Dornoch, which he and his wife had restored in the execrable taste that then obtained in matters relating to Church architecture. His widow survived him six years, dying in London in 1839, in her seventy-fourth year. In a letter written by my aunt, the Duchess of Norfolk, to my father, who was then in Rome, she says:—

"A more entirely easy, placid, contented, and serene last illness never can have been. The beauty of her character has shone conspicuously in it—never one word of complaint, or impatience, but as long as the power of speech remained, always something considerate and kind to say to everybody that came near, and always the most gracious, pleasing way with regard to anything that was done for her. The Queen has been very kind in sending to enquire."

She was laid by the side of her husband in the old tomb of her ancestors in the Cathedral of Dornoch.

Her children consisted of two sons: the eldest my father, born in 1786, and Francis, who became first Earl of Ellesmere; and two daughters, Charlotte, afterwards Duchess of Norfolk, and grandmother of the present Duke, and Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Westminster, mother of the first Duke of Westminster. With the death of the "Duchess-Countess" ends the story of old Dunrobin.

It was my parents who created the new Dunrobin, not touching a stone of the old building, but practically surrounding it with a palace, and with gardens of perfect beauty, of perfect taste, and of exquisite symmetry.

II.

WHAT would one not give, could one find an account written by Queen Elizabeth describing the houses she stopped at during some of her famous progresses? Imagine "Gloriana" describing Kenilworth and Hatfield, Burghley and Sion!

Although no such descriptions by the "Virgin Queen" have come down to us, we can congratulate ourselves on having descriptions of some of the Scottish places visited by our beloved Queen described by herself, and published in the two interesting volumes of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

In the second series of these historic "Leaves," Her Majesty describes most fully her visit to Dunrobin in September 1872, and I think in my notice of that place I cannot do better than quote the admirable description the Queen has left of that visit. Describing the arrival, the Queen writes:—

"Everywhere the loyalty and enthusiasm were very great. In about ten minutes we were at Dunrobin Castle. Coming suddenly upon it as one does, or rather driving down to it, it has a very fine imposing appearance, with its very high roof and turrets, a mixture of an old Scotch castle and French château. Constance Westminster was at the door, and Annie Sutherland's little girl in the hall, which is, as also the staircase, all of stone, with a sort of gallery round opening into a corridor. . . . The Duchess took me to my rooms, which had been purposely arranged, and handsomely furnished by the dear late Duke and Duchess for us both, and consist of a sitting-room next to the drawing-room, which opens into the bedroom and another room, which is my maid's

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room, and was intended for dearest Albert's dressing-room. . . . I will now describe the rooms. They are very high; the bedroom is the largest, and very handsome, with a beautiful bed, with white and gold flowers and doves at each corner (just like one at Cliveden"] [Her Majesty spells Cliveden thus, Clieveden, and I have the audacity to correct that spelling] "with light blue furniture, and gold and white round the centre of the ceiling; pale blue and white panels; blue satin spangled with yellow leaves (which look just like gold) on the walls; and furniture and carpet to match. The dressing-room the same, but pale blue and pink silk fluted, on the walls. The sitting-room pale sea-green satin, with the cyphers of the late Duke and Duchess and their daughters on the ceiling. The furniture of light wood, and the sofas, chairs, tables, etc., remind me greatly of Cliveden and Stuffield House. The little boudoir has a small domed ceiling, spangled with golden stars, and the same furniture. There are some pretty pictures in the sitting-room and prints in the other rooms. . . . I walked out with the Duchess and Beatrice to the steps, of which there are several flights, leading

Dunrobin from Strathfleet.

down to the garden, which is very pretty, and where there are fountains; and from here straight on to the sea, which is closer to the house by half a mile, I should say, than at Osborne. We walked along here, and then up and into the pretty byre for Ayrshire cows; and a little further on to the dairy, a very nice, cool round one. The Duchess told Brown to open the sitting-room, and we found it occupied by a policeman in bed, which we were not at all prepared for, and which seemed much amusement. . . . We walked back through the kitchen garden, which is very well kept. . . . We came home by the steps again. There is plenty of shade, but rather too many trees. The old part of the Castle is as old as the twelfth century. The late Duke enlarged it and added on the towers, and finished the new part in 1849-50."

A few days later on the Queen has the following notice of one of the beautiful memorials in the vicinity of the Castle, a memorial to an old and devoted friend of the House of Sutherland, James Loch. In my father's and grandfather's time he had been factor for their vast estates, not only in Scotland, but in Staffordshire and Shropshire; a man of the highest integrity—a grand type, as I remember him,

of the fat old Scottish gentleman. He, Lord, was the baby of the present Lord Rosebery.

"The Queen visited the Duchess at Dalkeith Palace, Edinburgh, in October, 1842, when the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Rosebery's father-in-law, was born, making, as it is, the fifth Duke."

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"Five years in that splendid palace, on the north side, among the trees, with the Queen's own children, and the Princess Royal, Victoria, Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Prince Arthur, all playing together."

"The Duchess of Kent was there. She, you remember, was the mother of Queen Victoria, and the grandmother of all the children who played in the nursery at Dalkeith Palace."

"It was at Dalkeith Palace that the Queen first saw Prince Albert, who was her cousin, and who afterward became her husband."

to be raised by the clansmen and servants to the memory of my dear Duchess of Sutherland, who was adored in Sutherland. . . . We got out, and I went up on a platform, which was covered over and close to the stone . . . Mr. Joass, the minister there, offered up a short prayer, and after it presented (but did not read) the Address. I then answered what I had thought over, but spoke without reading: 'It gives me great pleasure to testify on this occasion my love and esteem for the dear Duchess, my valued friend, with whose children I am happy to be now staying, and I wish also to express my warm thanks for the loyal and hearty welcome I have met with in Sutherland.' This made me very nervous, but it was said without hesitating. Then the usual ceremony of spreading the mortar and of striking the stone with a mallet was gone through. The Duke gave me a drawing of the intended Memorial, which is to be an Eleanor Cross, with a bust of the dear Duchess, and a medal of her which Ronald Gower had struck."

Harriet, Second Duchess of Sutherland.
(Bust by Matheo Noble).

At a reception that afternoon in the Castle the Queen writes:

"The Duke presented some people to me; amongst others a very old lady, Mrs. Hounsom by name, who is between eighty and ninety, and was a great friend of the dear Duchess and of the Duchess of Norfolk. She was quite overcome, and said, 'Is that my dear Queen,' and, taking the Duke's hand, 'and my darling Duke?'"

Of course the Queen was shown the Museum, formerly the old drinking-house, in the Castle garden. Of it Her Majesty writes as follows:—

"At a quarter to eleven walked with Jane Churchill and the Duke down to the small Museum in the Garden, which is very nicely arranged, and where there is a very interesting collection of Celtic ornaments, some of which are quite perfect, and have been very well imitated, and of all sorts of odd and curious Celtic remains, weapons, utensils, etc., and a very fine large collection of all the birds found at or near Dunrobin. Mr. Joass, the minister, was there to explain everything to us."

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We are ready! Captain Jim Hall of the Australian Museum in the Queen Sheba ship (in front), and A.S. taking in the great surroundings of early morning Mombasa harbour. Behind us are the Kenya Police Launch and the Mombasa Club launch, both of which had been generously put at our disposal for the day. Behind them are the Mombasa Club itself, the Mombasa Yacht Club, and the Kenya Police Launch. Behind the launch on the right is the Mombasa Yacht Club, and behind it the Mombasa Club itself. Behind the launch on the left is the Kenya Police Launch, and behind it the Mombasa Yacht Club.

Sadly, a private view of Karl Weber's, in which Kenyan school boys display in miniature the skills they have learned in his workshops, had to be cancelled. Karl had been taken ill with a bad attack of malaria. He was flown to Nairobi, where he died in hospital on 7th March 1963. Karl was a great character, and a great friend of A.S. and I, and I am glad to think that this is a private memory of Mombasa's Old Town which he shared with us. Karl's widow, Ursula, and his son, Peter, have carried on the workshops.

Our last day in Mombasa was spent in the Old Town, and in the Fort. Built by the Portuguese in 1593, it is one of the greatest landmarks in the Indian Ocean world. Its massive walls and bastions are a reminder of the days when Mombasa was the key to the Portuguese empire in East Africa. Its name is a corruption of the Portuguese *Mombaça*, which is itself a corruption of the Arabic *Mvita*, meaning 'Island of War'. The Fort was besieged by the Arabs for 33 months from 1696 to 1698, and was finally captured by them in December 1698. Only 11 of the 2500 Portuguese who had been in the Fort when the siege began survived to march out. The Arabs held the Fort until 1728, when it was retaken by the Portuguese. It was then used as a prison for slaves awaiting shipment to Arabia. In 1824 it was handed over to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and in 1895 it became the property of the British East Africa Protectorate. It is now a museum.

to have been built before 1600 (p. 144). It is a slightly smaller edifice with a similar arrangement of rooms to Dudmoor Castle.

Of Dudmoor Castle, Mr Hamilton Thompson says in his early article, not especially illustrated, that it is "a fine example of the fortified manor-house of the fifteenth century, photographs of which have been reproduced in these pages, but regretted of which nothing but the ruins remain." Mr Hamilton Thompson's article was published in 1911, and photographs were not at that date one of the chores of Antiquaries. Times have changed.

Many years ago appeared in the *Athenæum Monthly* an article from the pen of Mr Hamilton Thompson, entitled "Dudmoor Castle," which was illustrated by a number of photographs of the ruins. Mr Hamilton Thompson's article was published in 1911, and photographs were not at that date one of the chores of Antiquaries. Times have changed. Dudmoor Castle is a fine example of the fortified manor-house of the fifteenth century, and although surrounded by a small quadrangular moat, it is not a true moated house. Mr Hamilton Thompson says in his article that it is "a fine example of the fortified manor-house of the fifteenth century, photographs of which have been reproduced in these pages, but regretted of which nothing but the ruins remain."

"The moat once made a pleasant lake with the Tyne and Thames to bring the produce of the Low Countries to the very doors of the castle," writes Mr Hamilton Thompson. "Now it is a dry ditch, and the bridge which spanned it has been replaced by a causeway, the entrance to which is the gift of Sir Edward de la Pole's builders, who had nothing to do with the gatehouse, which is of a later date. The gatehouse is a fine example of the fortified manor-house of the fifteenth century, photographs of which have been reproduced in these pages, but regretted of which nothing but the ruins remain. Of the hall, the only one living specimen of the choice of Sybella Castlehouse

The Dudmoor Castle, Northern

And here we are pretty near reached by Mrs. Stow of our author's unfilmed description:

"Every corner of the magnificent & most interesting view is given the utmost attention & freedom. Every old building and its every distinctive grace, the most picturesque bits of the landscape, the most striking effects of light & shade, the most charming glimpses of the river, the most delightful vistas of the mountains, the most beautiful groups of trees, the most graceful curves of the road, the most attractive bits of the roadside, the most delightful resting places, the most inviting nooks, the most picturesque groups of the people and their dress in the fields, — these are all given the most careful attention. The result is a picture which is not only a delight to the eye, but a most valuable record of the past. Many of the buildings which are here shown have since been destroyed by fire, or have been changed beyond recognition. The artistic treatment is in the best style of the modern school."

Old Stone Mill, Newport.

We will but add several quotations from the letters to and books of Mr. Bowles, which will show how he viewed the scenery of the Mail Road. Of the Old Stone Mill, which the road has thrown by, it leads one though, by the approach, "Of all the buildings in America, this is the most interesting to me. It is the only one which has the air of a ruin, and which carries the mind back to the days of the Cavaliers, and the Old World." Of the Mill itself, "It is the only ancient ruin in North America to show the builder's intention, and the only one which has the air of a ruin, and which carries the mind back to the days of the Cavaliers, and the Old World." Of the Mill and the Road, "The Old Stone Mill is the most interesting object in Newport, and the road to it is the most beautiful."

Of Bristol, "Bristol is the prettiest of the old-time New England villages. The houses are all of wood, and are all painted white, with green blinds. The streets are shaded with elms, and are as clean as a parlor floor. The

curtains were of white enamelled shells and coral. The tables and furniture of the room were adorned with shells and coral; even the small moddings were wrought in the form of sea-shells. Nothing could be thought of more quaintly beautiful than the terraced walks, the magnificent staircases, the lovely gardens with their fountains and their flowers, that surround this Castle. With the warm inspiration of the Duchess's lovely and life-giving presence, Dunrobin seems to us like a beautiful dream. And though the rose of England is now faded, though leaf by leaf dropped from it in that long and weary trial of debility and sickness which must end the most prosperous life, yet it is comforting to think that the noblest and sweetest part of what gave the charm there is immortal.

Statue by Rubb of the Second Duke, at Dunrobin.

"Patient continuance in well-doing was the great effort and end of her own life and her husband's. And of all that they possessed, this patient continuance is the only thing that retains permanent value in the eyes of God and man!"

The gardens of Dunrobin, we have seen, were beautiful as far back as the days of Princess Margaret; Sir Robert Gordon, in his history of the House of Sutherland, written in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, alludes to these in his quaint manner. He describes the

"fair orchards, wher ther be pleasant gardens, planted with all kynds of froots, hearbs, and flowrs, used in this kingdome, and abundance of good saphron, tobacco, and rosemarie. The froot heir," he adds, "is excellent, chiefly the pears and cherries."

The head gardener at Dunrobin, Mr. Melville, has given me a list of some of the rare plants that flourish in the gardens at Dunrobin, which I append to these notes. He writes:—

"Some of them stand the winter here, which succumb much further south. I do

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not remember registering more than 19 degrees of frost here, and that only very rarely: so 10 to 15 degrees is about the most usually registered in winter."

Indeed, a very favoured place is Dunrobin, and whether regarded from the extreme antiquity of its Castle, its beauty of situation and surroundings, I know not any other place which combines such beauty as does this old seat of my Northern race.

RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER.

LIST OF RARE PLANTS IN THE GARDENS AT DUNROBIN.

Aralia nobilis, large-leaved shrubby plant, often grows under glass. A large plant has grown out of doors, without protection of any kind, in the kitchen garden, more than twelve years, and is at the present time in good health.

Pharmium tetax (the New Zealand Flax). This plant is often grown indoors further south as a decorative plant. A large plant has grown in the kitchen garden over a dozen years, and is at the present time healthy and strong. This has flowered some three times since planted out. It bears from two to three flowering stems, about ten to twelve feet high, with a number of brownish red flowers.

Salisburia adiantifolia (the Maidenhair Tree). A small tree of this has stood some ten years; it is healthy, but does not add much to its height.

Fuchsia Riccartoni, does well here, and is used in masses in flower-beds; it is usually cut down every year, but flowers well in summer, on the young shoots thrown up each year. Occasionally in mild winters it stands two or three seasons without being cut down. When planted against walls in sheltered positions, it attains considerable size, and flowers freely. One old plant on the house at Rhives is probably from thirty to forty years old.

Arundo conspicua. A grass-like Pampas Grass, but flowers or throws up spikes in summer, instead of late autumn. Large masses of this do well here round the fountains in the flower garden. Some seasons each plant has had from sixty to a hundred spikes or plumes, each six to ten feet long.

Escallonia rubra, a good shrub plant with dark glossy leaves, thrives well at Dunrobin.

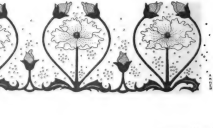
Bambos are being tried, but though I am quite sure they will succeed, yet they have not been tested long enough to say much about them.

Some of the new *Japanese Acers* were planted last year, and appear to have stood the winter well, notably *Acer sanguineus*. *Acer negundo variegata* has been grown here a good many years.

Prunus pissardii, *Laurus nobilis* (sweet bay), *Cytisus albus*, and *Andromeda*, *Amphiglis Tolchii*, *Dimorphanthus Mandschuricus*, succeed very well.

Veronica Andersonii, a climbing flowering shrub, has stood a great many years planted on a south wall, and flowers freely in autumn.

* *Cytisus Adami*—three specimens in near neighbourhood of the Castle.



ALONE.

I WALK by a stream of the sea,
And the waves they are white and
wild,
And the foam rolls out to the sandy
beach,
And the rocks are black and old.

The waves moan with a constant
sound,
And I walk by the stream of the sea,
And the winds blow out of the gray
north-east,
And the night is chill and dark.

Jacob de Gheyn en de Jonge
Van den Vondel (Rijksmuseum)

PHILIPPE LE ROY.
VAN DYCK (HERTFORD HOUSE COLLECTION.)
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"Rose, Rose, fine Rose!"

JULIAN VAN ALSTEN sat before his writing-table, the exquisite luxury of his study enfolding him like a sumptuous garment. He withdrew his gaze from the *chef d'œuvre* before him, half shutting the lids of his eyes, raised his shoulders up to his ears, crossed his arms on his chest, and hugged seclusion.

"And I have created it," he murmured; "created for myself in New York this wonder, despite cable-cars and automobiles." Then he opened his eyes and took in, wide-lidded, the feast of colour his room offered, suffused as it was with soft light, filled with objects of absolute beauty.

"Yet," he acquitted, "no one could call me a shirk from my town's demands upon the citizen. No one could call me a degenerate." Here his strong hand touched the pages before him, as though from their contents he called witness. He gathered up the sheets of closely written paper, and placed in a neat sequence the finished copy of his editorial which should set New York aflame. He mentally reviewed in detail his hundred choice possessions. He thought of his house, decorated and furnished with the precise exigence of the virtuoso and the sensuous prodigality of the artist. He thought with especial delight of a certain piece of Venetian glass changed from its old position in a cabinet to a shelf whereon its amber *reflets* melted into the glowing tapestries of the wall. Thinking thus of æsthetics, he thought of his wife. "All perfect in the setting, and the setting perfect for all." From a gold case in his pocket he chose a cigarette, and lighting it, sat back still farther from the table prepared to enjoy, after a suite of four hours' mental labour. So absolute was the silence of his room that far down the hall the rustle of a woman's skirts could be heard before the wearer reached the door. At the first swish, Van Alsten's brows twitched; decided annoyance deepened, and when the door was pushed gently open, his greeting was almost a frown.

But the woman who entered was so gratifyingly lovely that the artist in him triumphed; he smiled at her with appreciation.

"You have stopped writing?" said the in-comer.

He rose to give her a chair. "Won't you come in?"

Mrs. Van Alsten had an open letter in her hand. She took the seat her husband placed close to the table, put the letter down, and leaned her elbow on it. Her head sank upon her hand. With her other she lightly touched the various articles before her.

Van Alsten forgot her personality. She was an audience. "My dear, I have just finished my article on the Alliance question. (He had it in his hand as he

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MARY. "Why if it does not absolutely rot the ground from under Nature——"

MR. TOM. "Nature!"

MR. TOM. "Nature has shared the disease and the curse. The ruin of the earth is the ruin of man. Nature is the mother of us all, and we are her children, and we feel her heart. The fair fields, sweet, and on the perished pavement, in the eighteen, the twenty-first century, the fair fields will be the same as they are now, and the morning dew will quicken them, and the glorious sun, as it does now, will feed the children of the earth, and the children will be the same as they are now."

He watched the fifteen and twenty walking with critical satisfaction for his theory. "Yes, Nature will be the same, but man will be changed. Look at the boy with the long hair! He looks forward to the twentieth century as the natural, the healthy, the beautiful. Look at the boy with the short hair! He looks backward to the nineteenth," she said.

Tom Jones dragged the boy to the front. "Now, Mr. Tom, what do you say to that?"

MR. TOM. "I say that I have Nature's Warrant. She is on the reactionary side. She is on the side of the long hair."

"Ah, now Nature," said Tom Jones coolly. "I do not understand."

MR. TOM. "Nature is the mother of us all, and she loves us all alike. She loves the boy with the short hair, and she loves the boy with the long hair. She loves the boy who is going to be a soldier, and she loves the boy who is going to be a poet. She would be glad you will leave your hair as it is—to-day."

"Ah, now Nature——"

MR. TOM. "Nature, like the Holy Writ, does, he had noticed, but he had never remarked this beautiful power.

"But come," he said, laughing a little, "this is a *canard, chère amie*: what do you expect me to say to it?"

There was no smile on the woman's face. "Nothing," she slowly replied. "It is not a *canard*. It would not make any difference what you said, Julian," and she shook her head slowly, "I am sorry to say."

He grew pale. "Why, Rose . . . !"

Here a man-servant tapped at the door, pushed the heavy *portière* sufficiently clear for the introduction of his decorous personality. "Dinner is served, sir," he said; and although he had made this announcement regularly for six months during the well-ordered life of these young married people, he brought his diurnal banality this night upon their first experience. Close upon his steps was Van Alsten's brother coming up the hall. Van Alsten had forgotten they were dining people to-night, and he hurried to his dressing-room. He was obliged to leave early to attend a meeting of which he was chairman, but he got away from his colleagues half an hour before their affable discussions usually permitted, and joined his wife in the Reynauds' box at the opera. Rose was evidently a success. Glasses were turned upon her from all parts of the house, and Tommy Reynaud, hanging on her words, was paying too evident tribute to her loveliness. Van Alsten at the back of the box was going through a new phase of feeling. He could distinctly affirm it was not of his own creation.

"You are going to-morrow?" he heard the man by Rose's side remark. "Impossible! Why, Van Alsten can't get away. It is the crisis of his party."

Rose's reply he could not hear. He was fiercely trying to lose nothing of the conversation and yet to give to the woman at his side the phantom of his attention.

"*Alone!*" emphasised Tommy Reynaud. "Going *alone*?"

Here Van Alsten hopelessly lost the drift.

* * * * * * *

Julian Van Alsten came of a long race of thoroughbreds. He had of his forbears the control that takes crises as quietly as daily bread. Sarcasm and display were to him evidence of low breeding. He himself had no motives not in essence above-board. He never suspected—took things for granted—and when in the course of his existence he came to a shock, he viewed it as a monstrosity, never thought to look upon its like again, and straightway resumed his simple view of life.

He passed through the dressing-room into his wife's bedroom. Her large trunks and a steamer trunk stood packed to the full, tissue paper rising like clouds from the trays. The sight gave him a sudden sensation. Not seven months ago these trunks had looked like this at the distant hotel where they had been opened the morning after his marriage. He now went quickly through the open door to his wife's room, where she stood before the toilet-table, looking into their cases the jewels she had worn. Shutting the door behind him, he came up to her, took her hand, then dropped it slowly.

"Will you tell me, please, what all this means?"

"I have told you," she responded. "I am going to London to-morrow to see Frances married."

"And why didn't you tell me before that you wanted to go, so that I might have arranged to go as well?"

"I did. I told you when we were first married when this wedding was to be,

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and that it was the only thing that made any great difference among people to me. She is like my sister: she has been my best friend."

Van Alsten dimly remembered, among the busy vital questions of his career, having heard some girlish confidence to this effect. He drew his brows together over his clear grey eyes.

"My dear Rose," he said, with gentle good-humour, "I cannot take you seriously. I confess that I do not understand at all. You know it is impossible for me to go to England at this moment unless I renounce my career; and it is unheard-of, simply unheard-of, for a young wife, six months married, to go off alone to Europe."

"I spoke of this again," continued Mrs. Van Alsten, ignoring his explanation, "a week or so ago."

"I remember," he nodded; "and I told you then it was impossible for me to go."

"But," she said, "it is not impossible for me." Her dress had been exchanged for an enveloping robe of white that lent itself to the soft lines of her form, and rose closely around her throat. She was flushed with excitement, but dark rings of fatigue showed under her eyes, and there was about her a youth, a frailness particularly appealing.

"My dear child,"—Julian spoke protectingly, as though he bent in his man's dignity to her,—"you *know* I cannot let you go."

"You won't forbid me?" she flashed defiantly.

("And if I do?" was on his tongue to ask, but a singular distrust of her reply kept him silent.) The *ingénue*, the unawakened girl whom six months ago he had married, whose mind, soul, and aspirations, if not of his creation, were to be by him wisely developed, this woman suddenly flashed a mysterious creature, capricious, unexpected—a mystery he was beginning to warmly long to solve. He watched her. She placed the box she held on the dressing-table, and went across the room to where an arm-chair was drawn up before an open fire. She sat down; her husband followed her, standing with his hands in his pockets looking down at her.

"If it were not for the trunks"—he indicated with a backward movement of his head—"and what I overheard you say to Reynaud to-night in the box, I should swear this was a dream. We must find some way out of it," he said, still smiling.

"That's what I have thought," said the woman, "*and I have found the way.*"

Her intense seriousness made his light tone a pose. With a strange sense of the moment's deep significance, his manner dropped to the level of her own.

"A way?" he repeated: "you have found a way out of your home,—from me! Why, you are not unhappy, Rose?"

She lifted the full enchantment of her eyes upon him. "Unhappy!" she said, with fine scorn, "why, don't you know it? don't you see it? Look at me. She threw her arms wide, and the loose sleeves of her gown fell back from the bare, rounded arms. "I am perfectly miserable."

He stared at her, marvelling.

"Why did you marry me, Julian?" she said, with a little catch in her breath.

"Why did I marry you?" he repeated blankly, "why—because I——"

"Wait,"—she held out her hand forbiddingly. "Don't say those words, don't say them to me now. You can't—you can't -you can't look me calmly in the eyes and say, "I married this woman because I loved her."

He stared uneasily, and rapidly cast his thought back: compared to the feeling for his wife that swept him at this moment, he could not say he had loved her six months ago.

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But, as though she had expected no reply, she continued, speaking very fast.

"Look," she said, "around this room. It is full of delightful things; so is your house, from entrance to your own study; it is absolutely complete. It was complete before I came, before you brought me to it. What have I added here? Nothing. I have not displaced an article. I have not changed a vase. Your environment is yours, your creation to the most infinite detail; and I am part of it. These things are all inanimate—they demand nothing. When you found me I must have pleased you for some reason, for you brought me back as you would bring an ornament to look at; but I am living—living," she exclaimed passionately. I demand—I ask—and you have starved me."

"Rose! Rose!" he deprecated.

"No—no—let me go on. I have not even ruffled the tenor of your perfect life. Not an hour has been given to me that was not apportioned by your exact idea of harmony. You have a wonderful intellect, Julian,—I am proud of it, I wonder at it,—but it has absorbed your heart and feelings. I know I am not clever, but I am not an unthinking machine."

"I must have been strangely lacking," he said, "to make you speak to me like this, strangely lacking."

"You have been, indeed," she replied. "I came a stranger to your city, and a stranger I should have remained until I died here, lonely, dreary, at the end of our perfectly regulated married life. Whilst you, touching the world and men, made a career, I would have retired to my corner behind the tapestries and the *bric-à-brac*, which at least you bring your rare guests to see. The invitations we had when I first came to New York were nearly all refused; scarcely any one comes to see us now; to-night is the first time we have dined any one in three months. It is the first amusement in which I have taken part for I hope to forget how long!"

"I am," he said, "a lover of peace and tranquillity. I am contented with my possessions."

"And I am young," she cried, "and full of interest in the world and people. I want to live!" Again she stretched out her arms, with an *abandon* that made her more charming than ever.

A dull fury at her slowly crept up within the man. Every word she said made her more valuable. He had never seen her thus lit before. She was a new, adorable creature, and in her contemplation all his other possessions became as dust.

"Why," he said, "did you marry me?—if I may ask your question."

Her outstretched arms dropped in her lap. She bent her head. The fire died in her quivering body. Julian saw the flame pale as though he had watched a live coal whiten to ash. He waited breathlessly her reply. After a moment's pale silence she again raised her eyes to him—he made a tense exclamation and started toward her. But she withdrew into the recess of the great arm-chair, and her forbidding, akin to repulsion, kept him immovable.

"When I came here," she continued dully, "I had a high, wonderful ideal. I knew your career, your ambitions. I hoped to be a vibrant part of my husband's life. I hoped to be a new individual element which could animate; not what—oh, heaven—not what I am!"

Here Van Alsten broke in. "I cannot let you go on like this; you are mad, Rose, you have woven for yourself a web of fancies, of absolute vagaries; it is unlike you—utterly."

"How do you know that it is unlike me?"

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"The darkness fell like a cloud on the city, and the moaning . . . was the beginning of the storm."

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, "it will be a terrible storm."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of storms," said Mary, proudly. "I'm not afraid of anything. I'm not afraid of the dark, either." And she looked again, flushed with her boldness. "Are you sure that you have not been afraid?" she asked. "Are you sure that you have not been afraid of the dark?" Mr. Thompson was sure. He had been afraid of nothing. He had been afraid of nothing since he was a little boy. He had been afraid of nothing since he was in the morning. He was sure that among the men of the Washington army[1] there was not a man who was afraid of anything. "Are you sure?" Mary asked, incredulously.

"Yes, I am sure," Mr. Thompson answered.

"Why, it is like, too!" she said. "But I'm afraid."

"If," he asked, "you think yourself so little in my life, why do you suppose I chose you for a companion?"

"At that," she said, "I could weep, Julian: your companion! If you only had chosen me for your companion!"

"For what, then, in God's name?"

"For a mirror, in a frame whose pattern pleased you, to reflect you. Your taste approved me, and I harmonised with your surroundings. I am not reproaching you." There was an infinite pathos in her voice. "I am simply deciding that I must have life and freedom, and a chance to be an individual. You are reasonable," she leaned forward as though she took him like a friend into her confidence. "Do you not see my point?" she said persuasively.

He made a fierce exclamation, and in default of being able to take her in his arms he grasped the mantelshelf tightly, and looking up caught sight of himself in the mirror. He was as grey as a sword.

"I know," he said; "I know,—I have thought that I made you happy, and I have failed."

"Yes," she said, "and so have I, no doubt."

"There, no," he said, turning sharply: "on the contrary, you have absolutely succeeded."

The woman rose and extended her hands against him. "Oh," she cried wildly, "why did you say that! Do you mean to say that you have been happy in spite of my starved existence? Was this really all you wanted, Julian! If I hoped you too saw the breach, the suffering, I was wrong, then? It only needed this to make me go, had I hesitated."

She burst into tears. Van Alsten stood looking at her helplessly.

"Of course," he said slowly, "I know what you mean, Rose. Do not blame me if I have found you perfect. But, as you speak, and with a vision of what you are really, of what I have missed—of what," he spoke with effort, "I shall miss, perhaps, after all, the past was not happiness."

"Heaven forbid!" said the girl. The clock in front of Julian struck two. Rose folded her robe around her.

"I am tired," she said, "and to-morrow I must get up early. I have several last things to do, and the ship sails at ten."

"When are you coming back?" he whispered.

"Oh," she said evasively, "after the wedding there will be amusing things to do in London, and I shall go to stay with the Colchesters at Groton."

Van Alsten was white as death. His eyes were deeply sunk in his head; his eyebrows and hair and moustache made trenchant lines on his pale face. "You are never coming back," he slowly said.

Rose lifted her arms nearly above her head, and again her robe fell a little apart to the floor. Her girlish form in its exquisite linen, with knots of ribbon at the breast, and the mass of snowy lace which makes a woman's toilet so enchanting, her beautiful face uplifted, charmed him utterly. If he had married her that morning he could not have felt toward her a more chivalrous adoration. She returned his gaze.

"Never is a long word," she breathed; "life is long too."

"Have pity," he said, "have pity! I love you better than my life." The red flushed under his pallor, and her own cheek warmed slightly.

She shook her head. "To stay," she replied, "I should have to feel as I did six months ago." She took her arms from behind her head and clasped her hands tightly before her.

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Van Alsten came forward and took both her hands and lifted them to his brow; and, as though he sanctified a vow, he said, "You shall return."

As he passed to his own room he looked toward the trunks where the tissue paper rose in billows of white; and again, thrilling him with a pure and exquisite emotion, as though he had passed through a garden of lilies—came the memory of his marriage day.

The next morning at noon Van Alsten went into the Union Club for luncheon.

"Why, Van Alsten, you are a kind of grass widower, I hear," called a man, looking up from his bachelor repast.

"Yes," nodded Van Alsten, sauntering over to him. "My wife sailed on the *Lucania* this morning, running over to London for her best friend's wedding—the Fenshawes of Fenswater, you know. My convention is on for to-night, and I couldn't get off."

He sat down and took up the *menu*. "But I am going on Saturday by the French line," he explained casually.

"There's a modern bride and groom," chuckled the bachelor—"wife on one steamer and husband on the other."

"Yes, very modern," Julian acquiesced.

"But, I say," caught the other, as though the idea dawned on him slowly, "Saturday? this Saturday? Why, you will lose your nomination, man: if you *can* you can't *run*," he laughed.

Van Alsten ordered his luncheon. "I have a very important suit to gain in London," he replied across the wine-card's top to the jocular gentleman, "and it is worth to me everything else in the world."

MARIE VAN VORST.

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BALLADE OF OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

Where are the letters, the letters of love,
Of fire, wrapped from the sight of you,
Of ice, that melted your heart to rue
The day you set the letters to flame?
Where are the letters, the letters of love,
That were your secrets and pride and care
Before you gave them to feed the flame?

Where are the words that I, too, wrote,
Where are the words that I, too, sent,
Where were confessed to a fellow-mind
The hopes and fears that the years have rent?
Where are the words that I, too, wrote,
Where are the things of breath and fate

Yet my heart for love is true,
I'll not change for joy or woe,
All that comes to me I know
Comes and goes but you're the rose
Of my life, my love, my dear,
From the time the year is new
I will love you to the end,
There is none beside you, dear,
You are all I have to send.

Poem: Anonymous, 1600
Music: Edward MacDowell, 1896
Source: Old Songs That Men Have Sung
From out the songs of fourth and first

THE CROSS

Thus the idea was not followed up. Dicky yawned, and said, "Let's go into the barn and make a fort."

So we did, with straw. It does not hurt straw to be messed about with, like it does hay.

The downstairs—I mean down-ladder—part of the barn was fun, too, especially for Pincher. There was as good ratting as you could wish to see. Martha, the bull-dog, tried it, but she could not help running kindly beside the rat, as if she was in double harness with it. This is the noble bull-dog's gentle and affectionate nature coming out. We all enjoyed the ratting that day; but it ended, as usual, in the girls crying, because of the poor rats. Girls cannot help this; we must not be waxy with them on account of it. They have their nature the same as bull-dogs have, and it is this that makes them so useful in smoothing the pillows of the sick-bed, and tending wounded heroes.

However, the forts, and Pincher, and the girls crying and having to be thumped on the back, passed the time very agreeably till dinner. There was roast mutton with onion sauce, and roly-poly pudding.

Albert's uncle said we had certainly effaced ourselves effectually, which means we hadn't bothered.

So we determined to do the same during the afternoon, for he told us his heroine was by no means out of the wood yet.

And at first it was easy—jam roly gives you a peaceful feeling. You do not at first care if you don't play any runabout game ever any more. But after a while the torpor begins to pass away. Oswald was the first to recover from his.

He had been lying on his front part in the orchard, but now he turned over on his back and kicked his legs up and said, "I say, look here! Let's do something."

Daisy looked thoughtful. She was chewing the soft yellow parts of grass, but I could see she was still thinking about that animal race. So I explained to her that it would be no fun without a tortoise and a peacock, and we had neither; and she saw this, though not willingly.

It was H. O. who said:

"Doing *anything* with animals is prime—if they will. Couldn't we have a circus?"

At the word the last thought of pudding faded from Oswald's memory, and he stretched himself and sat up and said:—

"Bully for H. O.! Let's!"

The others also threw off the heavy weight of memory, and sat up and said "Let's," too.

Never, never in all our lives have we had such a gay galaxy of animals at our command. The rabbits, the guineapigs, and even all the bright, glass-eyed, stuffed denizens of our late lamented jungle, paled into insignificance before the number of live things on the farm.

(I hope you do not think that the words I use are getting too long. I know they are the right words. And Albert's uncle says your style is always altered a bit by what you read. And I have been reading the "Vicomte de Bragalonne." Nearly all my new words come out of that.)

"The worst of a circus is," Dora said, "that you've got to teach the animals things. A circus where the performing creatures hadn't learned performing would be rather silly. Let's give up a week to teaching them, and *then* have the circus."

Some people have no idea of the value of time. And Dora is one of these;

she does not understand that when you want to do a thing, you do want to, and not to do something else, and perhaps your own thing a week later.

Oswald said the first thing was to collect the performing animals. "Then perhaps," he said, "we may find that they have hidden talents, hitherto unsuspected by their harsh masters."

So Denny took a pencil and wrote a list of the animals required. This is it.

LIST OF ANIMALS REQUIRED FOR THE CIRCUS WE ARE GOING TO HAVE.

1 Bull, for bull-fight.
1 Horse for ditto (if possible).
1 Goat to do Alpine feats of daring.
1 Donkey to play see-saw.
2 White pigs.—One to be learned, and the other to play with the clown.
Turkeys, as many as possible, because they can make a noise that sounds like the audience applauding.
The dogs for any odd parts.
1 large black pig to be the elephant in the procession.
Calves, several, to be camels and to stand on tubs.

Daisy ought to have been Captain, because it was partly her idea; but she let Oswald be, because she is of a retiring character. Oswald said:—"The first thing is to get all the creatures together. The paddock at the side of the orchard is the very place, because the hedge is good all round. When we've got the performers all there we'll make a programme, and then dress for our parts. It's a pity there won't be any audience but the turkeys."

We took the animals in their right order, according to Denny's list.

The bull was the first. He is black. He does not live in the cow-house with the other horned people. He has a house all to himself two fields away. Oswald and Alice went to fetch him. They took a halter to lead the bull by, and a whip, not to hurt the bull with, but just to make him mind. The others were to try to get one of the horses while we were gone.

Oswald, as usual, was full of bright ideas.

"I daresay," he said, "the bull will be shy at first, and he'll have to be goaded into the arena."

"But goads hurt," Alice said.

"They don't hurt the bull," Oswald said; "his powerful hide is too thick."

"Then why does he attend to it," Alice said, "if it doesn't hurt?"

"Properly brought-up bulls attend, because they know they ought," Oswald said. "I think I shall ride the bull," the brave boy went on: "a bull-fight where an intrepid rider appears on the bull, sharing its joys and sorrows; it will be something quite new."

"You can't ride bulls," Alice said—"at least, not if their backs are sharp like cows."

But Oswald thought he could.

The bull lives in a house made of wood and prickly furze bushes, and he has a yard to his house; you cannot climb on the roof of his house at all comfortably. When we got there he was half in his house and half out in his yard, and he was swinging his tail because of the flies, which bothered. It was a very hot day.

"You'll see," Alice said, "he won't want a goad. He'll be so glad to get out for a walk, he'll drop his head in my hand like a tame fawn, and follow me lovingly all the way."

Oswald called to him. He said, "Bull! bull! bull! bull!" because he did not know the animal's Christian name. The bull took no notice. Then Oswald picked up a stone and threw it at the bull—not angrily, but just to make it pay attention. But the bull did not pay a farthing's-worth of it. So then Oswald leaned over the iron gate of the bull's yard and just flicked the bull with the whip-lash. And

Also the kid did pay attention. He wanted also the **kid stuck too.** That Jimmy Cole was a good kid and he wanted to help him. He wanted to help him get free. Cole was starting to feel down deep in his belly he was caught in the chute for good.

Jim tried frantically to stand once. They did not seem to mind the struggle. They were not trying to hurt him. They were trying to help him. They were trying to help.

Jim tried to stand. He had braced his feet against the sides. He pulled his head up and he got with one anything like, and was busy making room for his body. He was not trying to get out. He was trying to get down. He was pushing and kicked hard. The kid was down. He was down.

Cowgirl said, "I think we'll let him be kid. He kid not mean to break in on us. He kid not mean to be bad."

Jim Cole was down. He was down. He was down. He

in their own house. There were five. And the pigs were in their houses, too. We got them out after long and patient toil, and persuaded them that they wanted to go into the paddock where the circus was to be. This is done by pretending to drive them the other way. A pig only knows two ways—the way you want him to go, and the other. But the turkeys knew thousands of different ways, and tried them all. They made such an awful row, we had to drop all idea of ever hearing applause from their lips; so we came away and left them.

"Never mind!" H. O. said: "they'll be sorry enough afterwards, nasty unobliging things, because now they won't see the circus. I hope the other animals will tell them about it."

While the turkeys were engaged in baffling the rest of us, Dicky had found three sheep, who seemed to wish to join the glad throng; so we let them.

Then we shut the gate of the paddock, and left the dumb circus-performers to make friends with each other while we dressed.

Oswald and H. O. were to be clowns. It is quite easy, with Albert's uncle's pyjamas, and flour on your hair and face, and the red lead they do the brick floors with.

Alice had very short pink-and-white skirts, and real roses in her hair and round her dress. Her dress was the pink calico and white muslin stuff off the dressing-table in the girls' room, fastened with pins and tied round the waist with a small bath-towel. She was to be the Dauntless Equestrienne, and to give her entrancing act of barebacked daring, riding either a pig or a sheep, whichever we found was freshest and most skittish. Dora was dressed for the Haute École, which means a riding-habit and a high hat. She took Dick's topper that he wears with his Etons, and a skirt of the housekeeper's. Daisy dressed the same as Alice, taking the muslin from the housekeeper's dressing-table without saying anything beforehand. None of us would have advised this, and indeed, we were thinking of trying to put it back, when Denny and Dicky, who were wishing to look like highwaymen,—with brown-paper top-boots and slouch hats and Turkish-towel cloaks—suddenly stopped dressing, and gazed out of the window.

"Crikey!" said Dicky: "come on, Oswald!" and bounded like an antelope from the room.

Oswald and the rest followed, casting a hasty glance through the window. Noël had got brown-paper boots, too, and a Turkish-towel cloak. H. O. had been waiting for Dora to dress him up for the other clown. He had only his shirt and knickerbockers and his braces on. He came down as he was—as indeed we all did. And no wonder. For in the paddock, where the circus was to be, a blood-thrilling thing had transpired. The dogs were charging the sheep; and we had now lived long enough in the country to know the fell nature of our dogs' improper conduct.

We all rushed into the paddock, calling to Pincher and Martha and Lady. Pincher came almost at once. He is a well-brought-up dog—Oswald trained him. Martha did not seem to hear. She is awfully deaf, but she did not matter so much, because the sheep could walk away from her easily—she has no pace and no wind. But Lady is a deerhound. She is used to pursuing that fleet and antlered pride of the forest, the stag; and she can go like billy-ho. She was now far away in a distant region of the paddock with a fat sheep just before her, in full flight. I am sure if anybody's eyes ever did start out of their heads with horror, like in narratives of adventure, ours did then.

There was a moment's pause of speechless emotion. We expected every

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We all rushed into the pantry.

instant to see Lady pull down her quarry, and we know what a lot of money a sheep costs, to say nothing of its own personal feelings.

Then we started to run for all we were worth. It is hard to run swiftly as the arrow from the bow, when you happen to be wearing pyjamas belonging to a grown-up person, as I was—but even so, I beat Dicky. He said afterwards it was because his brown-paper boots came undone and tripped him up. Alice came in third. She held up the dressing-table muslin, and ran jolly well. But ere we had reached the fatal spot, all was very nearly up with the sheep. We heard a plop. Lady stopped, and looked round. She must have heard us bellowing to her as we ran. Then she came towards us prancing with happiness. But we said "Down, bad dog!" and ran sternly on.

When we came to the brook which forms the boundary of the paddock, we saw the sheep struggling in the water. It is not very deep, and I believe the sheep could have stood up quite comfortably, and been well in its depth, if it had liked. But it would not try.

It was a steepish bank. Alice and I got down and stuck our legs into the water, and then Dicky came down, and the three of us hauled the sheep up by its shoulders, till it could rest on Alice and me as we sat on the bank. It kicked all the time we were hauling. It gave one extra kick at last, that raised it up; and, I tell you, that sopping wet, heavy, panting, silly donkey of a sheep, sat there on our laps like a pet dog, and Dicky got his shoulder under it at the back, and heaved constantly to keep it from flumping off into the water again, while the others fetched the shepherd.

When the shepherd came he called us every name you can think of, and then he said: "Good thing master didn't come along. He would ha' called you some tidy names."

He got the sheep out and took it and the others away. And the calves too. He did not seem to care about the other performing animals.

Alice and Oswald and Dicky had had almost enough circus for just then, so we sat in the sun and dried ourselves, and wrote the programme of the circus. This was it:—

PROGRAMME.

(1) Startling leap from the lofty precipice by the performing sheep. Real water, and real precipice. O., A. and D. Bastable. (We thought we might as well put that in, though it was over, and had happened accidentally.)
(2) Graceful bare-backed equestrienne act on the trained pig, Eliza. A. Bastable.
(3) Amusing clown interlude, introducing trained dog, Pincher, and the other white pig. H. O. and O. Bastable.
(4) The see-saw. Trained donkeys. (H. O. said we had only one donkey, so Dicky said H. O. could be the other. When peace was restored we went on to 5.)
(5) Elegant equestrian act by D. Bastable, Haute École, on Clover, the incomparative trained elephant from the plains of Venezuela.
(6) Alpine feat of daring. The climbing of the Andes by Billy, the well-known acrobatic goat. (We thought we could make the Andes out of hurdles and things, and so we could have but for what always happens. (This is the unexpected. (This is a saying father told me—but I see I am three deep in brackets, so I will close them before I get into any more.) .) .)
(7) The black, but learned pig. ("I daresay he knows something," Alice said, "if we can only find out what." We *did* find out what, all too soon.)

We could not think of anything else, and our things were nearly dry, except

Dicky's brown-paper top-boots, which were mingled with the gurgling waters of the brook.

We went back to the seat of action, which was the iron trough where the sheep have their salt put, and began to dress up the creatures. We had just tied the Union Jack we made out of Dora's flannel petticoat and cetera round the waist of the black and learned pig, when we heard screams from the back part of the house; and suddenly we saw that Billy, the acrobatic goat, had got loose from the tree we had tied him to. (He had eaten all the parts of the bark that he could get at, but we did not notice it until next day, when led to the spot by a grown-up.)

The gate of the orchard was open, so was the gate leading to the back door. We hastily proceeded in the direction of the screams, and guided by the sound, threaded our way into the kitchen. As we went, Noël, ever fertile in melancholy ideas, said he wondered whether Mrs. Pettigrew was being robbed or only murdered. In the kitchen we saw that Noël was wrong, as usual. It was neither. The housekeeper screaming like a steam-siren, and waving a broom, occupied the foreground. In the distance Jane was shrieking in a hoarse and monotonous way, and trying to shut herself up inside a clothes-horse, on which washing was being aired. On the dresser, which he had ascended by a chair, was Billy, the acrobatic goat, doing his Alpine daring act. He had found out his Andes for himself, and even as we gazed he turned and tossed his head in a way that showed us some mysterious purpose was hidden beneath his calm exterior. The next moment he put his off-horn neatly behind the end plate of the next to the bottom row, and ran it along against the wall. The plates fell crashing on to the soup-tureen and vegetable dishes which adorned the lower range of the Andes.

Mrs. Pettigrew's screams were almost drowned in the discording crash and crackle of the falling avalanche of crockery. Oswald, though stricken with horror and polite regret, preserved the most dauntless coolness.

Disregarding the mop which Mrs. Pettigrew kept on poking at the goat in a timid, yet cross, way, he sprang forward, crying out to his trusty followers, "Stand by to catch him!"

But Dicky had thought of the same thing, and ere Oswald could carry out his long-cherished and general-like design, Dicky had caught the goat's legs and tripped it up. The goat fell against another row of plates, righted itself hastily in the gloomy ruins of the soup-tureen, and then fell again—this time towards Dicky. The two fell heavily on the ground together. The trusty followers had been so struck by the daring of Dicky and his lion-hearted brother, that they had not "stood by" to catch anything. The goat was not hurt; but Dicky had a sprained thumb and a lump on his forehead like a black marble door-knob. He had to go to bed.

I will draw a veil and asterisks over what Mrs. Pettigrew said. Also Albert's uncle, who was brought to the scene of ruin by her screams. *Our* words were few. There are times when it is not wise to argue, however little what has occurred is really your fault.

When they had said what they deemed enough, and we were let go, we all went out. Then Alice said, in a voice which she vainly strove to render firm: "Let's give up the circus; let's put the toys back in the boxes—no, I don't mean that—the creatures in their places, and drop the whole thing; I want to go and read to Dicky."

Oswald has a spirit that no reverses can depreciate. He hates to be beaten. But he gave in to Alice, as the others said so too, and we went out to collect the performing troupe, and sort it out into its proper places.

Alas! We came too late. In the interest we had felt about whether Mrs.

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Pettigrew was the abject victim of burglars or not, we had left both gates open *again*. The old horse—I mean the trained elephant from Venezuela—was there, all right enough. The dogs we had beaten and tied up, after the first Act, when the intrepid sheep bounded, as it says in the Programme. The two white pigs were there; but the donkey was gone. We heard his hoofs down the road, growing fainter and fainter, in the direction of the Police Station. And just round the gate-post we saw a flash of red, white, blue, and black. That told us with dumb signification that the pig was off in exactly the other direction. Why couldn't they have gone the same way? But no, one was a pig; and the other was a donkey, as Denny said afterwards.

Daisy and H. O. started after the donkey. The rest of us, with one accord, pursuited the pig—I don't know why. It trotted quietly down the road; it looked very black against the white road, and the ends on the top where the Union Jack was tied bobbed brightly as it trotted. At first I thought it would be easy to catch up to it.

This was an error.

When we ran faster, it ran faster; when we stopped, it stopped, and looked round at us and nodded.

I daresay you won't swallow this, but you may safely—it's as true as true; and so's all that about the goat. I give you my sacred word of honour. I tell you the pig nodded as much as to say, "Oh yes, you think you will, but you won't!" And then, as soon as we moved again, off it went. That pig led us on and on, o'er miles and miles of strange country. One thing, it did keep to the roads. When we met people, which wasn't often, we called out to them to help us, but they only waved their arms and roared with laughter. One idiot of a chap on a bicycle almost tumbled off his machine, and then he got off and propped it against a gate and sat down in the hedge to laugh properly. You remember Alice was still dressed up as the gay equestrienne in the dressing-table pink and white, with rosy garlands, now very droopy; and she had no stockings on, only white sand-shoes, because she thought they would be easier than boots for balancing on the pig in, in the graceful barebacked Act.

Oswald was attired in red paint, and flour, and pyjamas, for a clown. It is really impossible to run speedily in another man's pyjamas, so Oswald had taken them off, and wore his own brown knickerbockers belonging to his Norfolks. He had tied the pyjamas round his neck to carry them easily. He was afraid to leave them in a ditch, as Alice suggested, because he did not know the roads, and for aught he recked they might have been infested with footpads. If it had been his own pyjamas it would have been different. (I am going to ask for pyjamas next winter; they are so useful in many ways.) Noël was a highwayman in brown-paper gaiters and bath towels, and a cocked hat of newspaper. I don't know how he kept it on. And the pig was encircled by the dauntless banner of our country. All the same, I think if I had seen a band of youthful travellers in bitter distress about a pig, I should have tried to lend a helping hand, and not have sat roaring in the hedge, no matter how the travellers and the pig might have been dressed.

It was hotter than any one would believe who has never had occasion to hunt the pig when dressed for quite another part. The flour got out of Oswald's hair into his eyes and his mouth. His brow was wet with what the Village Blacksmith's brow was wet with, and not his fair brow alone. It ran down his face and washed the red off in streaks, and when he rubbed his eyes he only made it worse. Alice had to run, holding the equestrienne skirts on with both hands; and I think the brown-paper boots bothered Noël from the first. Dora had her skirt over her

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arms, and carried the topper in her hand. It was no use to tell ourselves it was a wild boar hunt; we were long past that.

At last we met a man who took pity on us. He was a kind-hearted man. I think perhaps he had a pig of his own, or perhaps children. Honour to his name!

He stood in the middle of the road and waved his arms. The pig right-wheeled through an open gate into a private garden and cantered up the drive. We followed. What else were we to do, I should like to know?

If the learned black pig did not know anything else, it seemed to know its way. It turned first to the right and then to the left, and emerged on a lawn.

"Now, all together!" cried Oswald, mustering his failing voice to give the word of command: "Surround him! Cut off his retreat!"

We almost surrounded him. He edged off towards the house.

"Now we've got him," cried the crafty Oswald, as the pig got on to a bed of yellow pansies, close against the red house wall.

All would even then have been well, only Denny, at the very last, shrank from meeting the pig face to face in a manly way. He let the pig pass him; and the next moment, with a squeak that said "There now!" as plain as words, the pig bolted into a French window. The pursuers halted not: this was no time for trivial ceremony. In another moment the pig was a captive. Alice and Oswald had their arms round him, under the ruins of a table that had had teacups on it; and around the hunters and their prey stood the startled members of a Parish Society for making clothes for the poor heathen, that that pig had led us into the very midst of. They were reading a missionary report, or something, when we ran our quarry to earth under their table. Even as we crossed the threshold I heard something about "black brothers being already white to the harvest." All the ladies had been sewing flannel things for the poor blacks, while the curate read aloud to them. You think they screamed when they saw the pig and us? You are right.

On the whole I cannot say that the missionary people behaved badly. Oswald explained that it was entirely the pig's doing, and asked pardon very handsomely for any alarm the ladies had felt; and Alice said how sorry we were, but really it was not our fault this time. The curate looked a bit nasty, but the presence of ladies made him keep his hot blood in check.

When we had explained we said, "Might we go?"

The curate said, "The sooner the better"; but the lady of the house asked for our names and addesses, and said she should write to our father (she did; and we heard of it too). They did not do anything to us, as Oswald at one time believed to be the curate's idea. They let us go.

And we went, after we had asked for a piece of rope to lead the pig by.

"In case it should come back into your nice room," Alice said; "and that would be such a pity, wouldn't it?"

A little girl in a starched pinafore was sent for the rope. And as soon as the pig had agreed to let us tie it round his neck we came away. The scene in the drawing-room had not been long.

The pig went slowly, "like a meandering brook," Denny said. Just by the gate the shrubs rustled and opened, and the little girl came out. Her pinafore was full of cake.

"Here," she said, "you must be hungry if you've come all that way; I think they might have given you some tea, after all the trouble you've had."

We took the cake with proper thanks.

"I wish I could play at circuses," she said. "Tell me about it."

We told her while we ate the cake; and when we had done she said,

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"Perhaps it was better to hear about than do—especially the goat part; but I do wish auntie had given you tea."

We told her not to be too hard on her aunt, because you have to make allowances for grown-up people.

When we parted she said she would never forget us, and Oswald gave her his pocket button-hook and corkscrew combined, for a keepsake.

* * * * * * *

Dicky's Act with the goat (which is true, and no kid) was the only thing out

"Alice and Oswald had their arms round him, under the cover of a table."

of that day that was put in the Golden Deed book, and he put that in himself, while we were hunting the pig.

* * * * * * *

Alice and me capturing the pig was never put in. We would scorn to write our own good actions, but I suppose Dicky was dull with us all away, and you must pity the dull, and not blame them.

* * * * * * *

I will not seek to unfold to you how we got the pig home, or how the donkey was caught (that was poor sport compared to the pig), nor will I tell you a word of all that was said and done to the intrepid hunters of the black and horned. I have told you all the interesting part. Seek not to know the rest.

It is better buried in obliquity.

E. NESBIT.

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RECREATIONS OF PRISON.

THERE are sundry tales of the taming of spiders by solitary prisoners, but a fact gleaned easily from natural history may make us cautious in receiving them. The interests of the spider are strictly confined to courting and fly-catching; the creature has no social or friendly emotions whatever. The reader who should set out to tame one might presently conclude that even the dreadful solitude of the prison cell would seldom breed patience for the task.

What seems the most authentic (and what is perhaps the only authentic) story of the kind has Pellisson for hero. Pellisson was the friend and confidential clerk of Nicolas Fouquet, Minister of Finance to Louis XIV. On the downfall and imprisonment of Fouquet, Pellisson followed him into captivity; but while the master went to the fortress of Pignerol, the man was lodged in the Bastille. Here he covered the door and walls of his cell with writing, a form of recreation to some extent traditional in the French prisons of State. Next, he made a kind of ink by soaking bread in his wine, and a pen out of a quill drawn from his mattress, and wrote, between the lines and on the margins of the books of devotion that had been furnished him, an elaborate defence of Fouquet. Finally (at least, this portion of the story has not been disproved), Pellisson tried his arts upon a spider which had spun its web across the bars of the window. He began by placing half-dead flies against the web, and the spider promptly ran down for them, as a spider would usually do. From this, it seems, the creature was gradually tempted to take its food from the prisoner's hand; and the story continues that it would presently come to his call, or to the music of a bagpipe played by a half-witted Basque who at one time shared the cell. As regards the bagpipe, there is nothing improbable; experiment has proved that spiders make little or no distinction between music played softly, and the buzzing of flies. This is the extent of the story; and, if fairly authentic, its value is not great.

The bond of misfortune between Pellisson and Fouquet may doubtless be taken in explanation of the legend that the Minister also tried his hand upon spiders. Fouquet's occupations during the nineteen years of his imprisonment (he died at Pignerol in 1680—an attested fact which destroys an old theory that the Minister of Finance was the "Man in the Iron Mask") were studious and grave. He read books of history and devotion, the lives of saints, and the Bible. What a curious work, by the way, would be the commentaries on the Bible of all the prisoners and captives whose sorrows it has comforted! Fouquet, less a criminal than a victim of the jealous dislike of Louis XIV., endured sixteen years of the closest captivity. We need not quite believe that during all that period he never once quitted his chamber, or communicated with any persons save the governor of the fortress and a prisoner who was given him for valet; but we know very well what the rigours of imprisonment could be in the France of Louis XIV.; and so tightly was Fouquet kept until within a year or two of his death, that, forbidden the use of pen and paper, he was driven to make shift with chicken-

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bones for the one and any substance that could be traced upon for the other. Indeed, man under lock and key has shown himself an animal of much ingenuity. Consider only a few of the materials which have helped him to produce volumes of good, bad, or indifferent literary stuff: for pen or stylus—bones of birds, fish, and other creatures, pointed sticks, pins, nails, straws, needles, toothpicks; for paper—tablets of kneaded bread, scraps of linen, silk, the lining of a doublet or jacket, fragments of wood, plates, the sides or bottoms of drinking vessels, the inside of a cap, the floor, walls, door, ceiling, and window of cell or chamber, and even, in emergency, the bare back of a fellow-prisoner; for ink—soot or bread diluted with wine or vinegar, smoke-black, and blood pricked from the finger or thumb.

Reference has been made to the attempt to identify Fouquet with the "Iron Mask." From time to time, within the last two hundred years, some fifteen or twenty candidates for the mask (which, by the way, was of velvet) have been brought forward by as many different writers; but recent research in France has established beyond possibility of dispute the claims of Count Mattioli, secretary and minister of the Duke of Mantua. The documents proving his reception at the Bastille (after fifteen years' imprisonment at Pignerol and four at the Isles de Sainte-Marguerite) on September 18th, 1698, and his death in that dungeon on November 19th, 1703, are extant. The greater part of his captivity of four-and twenty years seems to have been cruel enough, with little indeed of "recreation." A pretty tale represents the prisoner as an amateur of the guitar, and an extremely silly one describes him as amusing himself solely by plucking the hairs from his beard with "very fine pincers." An old print before me shows him standing in his cell, which is furnished with a draped table and a straight-backed chair; the mask lies on the floor, and the guitar is placed against the chair. There are no pincers,—a kind of plaything not usually given to prisoners of Louis XIV. The pamphleteer who invented the instrument asserts roundly that one-half of it was shown to him; which recalls the proof offered by the monks of Loretto of the "miraculous translation" of the *Santa-Casa*: "Here is the hat of the man who saw the miracle." We may discredit the pincers without a scruple, and it is not too easy to accept the guitar.

How many prisoners in dark places have hungered to look on a flower! Does any one remember a graceful story called "Picciola," written by a French author, M. Saintine, in the second quarter of this century? The imprisoned hero rears a flower which becomes a living friend to him, animates and comforts him, purifies his heart, and wins him at last to love his prison more than he had ever loved the world. Few prisoners in any age have known this happy means of wooing an unhappy fate, but it is on record that the "great" Condé, imprisoned for a time in the famous dungeon of Vincennes, planted pinks in the intervals of playing shuttlecock and tennis.

In several of the prisons of Paris, up to about the middle of this century, the men in one place and the women in another played a curious game of betrothals through the medium of flowers. For instance, three male prisoners in La Roquette, whose sentences were nearly finished, would go to a recognised artist of the prison with a request for a "bouquet" of three flowers. The flowers would be traced on paper, a number attached to each, and the prisoners would make their choice. From La Roquette the "bouquet" was magically wafted to Saint-Lazare, where three women awaiting their release would somehow contrive to receive it. Each of the three would select a flower; the bouquet would return through some mysterious channel to La Roquette; and the affair was arranged.

I forget what bird it was that Mr. Michael Davitt tells us, in his fascinating

"Prison Diary," he tamed and made a pet of at Portland. A prisoner of the Bastille, Constantin de Renneville, narrates how he enticed into his chamber the pigeons that haunted the towers, and tied notes under their wings, in the hope that these messages would reach some friendly hand. One of them reached the hand of the governor, who had all the pigeons shot. Latude was more fortunate for a time than Constantin de Renneville. "There were some pigeons," he says, writing of his days in the Bastille, "in the constant habit of perching on my window. I conceived the idea of taming them. . . . With some threads that I drew out from my shirts and sheets I constructed a noose, which I hung out from my window, and caught a beautiful male pigeon. I soon caught the female also, who seemed voluntarily to partake the captivity of her mate. I tried every means to console them for the loss of liberty; I assisted them to make their nest and to feed their young: my cares and attentions equalled their own. They seemed sensible of this, and repaid me by every possible mark of affection." A quarrel with the gaoler who brought the grain for them resulted in the loss of the birds.

We have seen Constantin de Renneville endeavouring to employ his pigeons as carriers; and I have found one instance of a prisoner seeking to use flies for this purpose! Leo Tikhomirov was his name; a young student confined in 1875, in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in St. Petersburg, on a vague charge of Nihilism. He has written in French, under the title "Conspirateurs et Policiers," a vivid and quite convincing account of his misfortunes, which abounds in illustrations of the simpler wiles whereby the pains of solitary durance may be cheated or relieved.

"My cell in summer-time," he says, "would be swarming with big flies, and the idea seized me of employing them as couriers. Having caught several, I wrote a series of little notes on cigarette papers, tied them to the flies, and then let them go. Later, I made inquiries among the other prisoners, but it seems that my efforts had been futile, for no one had received a letter by my post."

The list of the things that may be tamed in prison—a very small list*—brings us quickly into the company of the rat. Tales of the rat in prison, apt at first to be a little jarring, are natural and even sympathetic. They sum up and reduce to a sentence the tragedy of hopeless existence in all the old dungeons—French, English, German, Spanish, and Italian. The prisoner whose isolation from the world is so complete that he sees nothing human save the hand which pushes his food through a trap-door, and whose sentence of imprisonment has been so vague that he cannot reckon upon entering the world again, comes at last, in his dreadful and immeasurable solitude, to court the vermin that infest his cell. The situation, ugly and poignant in itself, has yielded some amiable stories. A certain Liard, charged with having circulated libels against the King and Court, lay long in the Bastille, with no friends to move for his release. He was found surrounded by a troop of rats, with which, as it appeared, he lived on the best of terms. Every rat had its name—"Ratapon," "Goula," "Friand," etc.—and knew and answered it. When Liard set his plate on the floor for dinner, and the rats began to squeak, he reproved and encouraged them by turns. A fellow-prisoner who once witnessed the scene, declared: "If I had killed one of these horrid creatures, Liard would have flown at my throat." Latude, too, diverted himself with rats, after first trying vainly to rid his cell of them.

* I have seen no animal in prison except a cat. In the prisons of Wandsworth and Wormwood Scrubbs, in London, and in Mountjoy prison, on the outskirts of Dublin, I remember cats in the corridors. The romance of the prison cat, if the materials of romance exist, remains unwritten. It would be a very slight and casual one, for no prisoner would be allowed to keep a cat in his cell; he would as easily obtain permission to play the legendary guitar of Mattioli.

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From time to time we glimpse a lady in these dismal holds, but we do not find her taming rodents. Here is the lively Mdlle. de Launay, later to be known as Madame de Staal, an inmate of the Bastille for her share in the Cellamare conspiracy. The rats, which had the *entrée* of most chambers of the prison, terrified her, and a cat was given her for protection. By-and-by there were kittens, "and the pretty family gambolled before me, and cheered me wonderfully." But Mdlle. de Launay's cage in the Bastille was a gilded one, and she confesses that she was thoroughly happy in it. The Governor invited her to dinner; she played cards and carried on her correspondence; and she was the heroine of a sparkling little comedy of love such as is not often played in the sequestered world of prison. First, there was the King's lieutenant, Maisonrouge, highest in authority after the governor. The King's lieutenant had permitted himself to love the young lady in silence, thinking he was too old to please her. Locked into an adjoining chamber was the youthful and elegant Chevalier de Ménil, also implicated in the Cellamare affair. The Chevalier and the lady were not acquainted with each other, but the chivalrous lieutenant undertook to bring them into communication. He played post between them, carrying from one to the other epistles in verse. The epistles began to whisper of love, and presently nothing would serve but the lieutenant must contrive an interview. It was done. Imagine the moment: two lovers who have never seen each other brought face to face in prison. Impressions on either part were charming, and the interviews were continued under the benevolent surveillance of Maisonrouge, who had sacrificed his own happiness to that of his little friend. But the inevitable hour came. The governor got wind of the affair, and the lovers' recreations were spoiled.

The diversions of prisoners, such as they are able to make for themselves, are of course modified by character. Cardinal de Retz played chess. Lauzun, lover of the Duchesse de Montpensier, a prisoner of State with Fouquet at Pignerol, procured fine clothes, perruques, and jewellery from Paris, and dressed and re-dressed himself before a mirror. Constantin de Renneville read the New Testament through nine times, "and the ninth time with greater avidity than ever." Fréron used to drink his daily allowance of wine at a bout, and sleep off the effects, "to be in a fit condition to support the tedium of this terrible sermoniser called the Dungeon of Vincennes." Baron Trenck, with his neck cased in a "huge iron collar," wrote and designed on pewter. "Having light, I began to carve with a nail, on the pewter cup in which I drank, satirical verses and various figures, and attained so much perfection that my cups at last were considered masterpieces, both of engraving and invention, and were sold dear, as rare curiosities."* The abbé Lenglet Dufresnoy, who made seven or eight trips to

* Does this art obtain in our own prisons to-day? Mr. Michael Davitt mentions a dinner-can served to him one day in Millbank, on the bottom of which the following lines had been scratched with a nail: –

"MILLBANK, for thick shins and graft[1] at the pump;
BROADMOOR,[2] for all lags as go off their chump;
BRIXTON, for good toke[3] and cocoa with fat;
DARTMOOR, for bad grub but plenty of chat;
PORTSMOUTH, a blooming bad place for hard work;
CHATHAM on Sunday gives four ounce of pork;
PORTLAND is worst of the lot for to joke in –
For fetching a lagging there is no place like WOKING."

Crutchy Quinn, 10 *and ticket.*"[4]

[1] "Graft,"—hard labour. [2] "Broadmoor,"—the criminal lunatic asylum. [3] "Toke,"—rations. [4] "10 and ticket,"—ten years' penal servitude, followed by police supervision.

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various State prisons, declared them "the best places in the world to work in." The officer who came to arrest him always had a cordial reception; the Abbé merely asked time to pack his linen, books, and manuscripts, and then despatched a note to his publisher: "You will have the book I am engaged on in a very short time now, for, under His Majesty's good pleasure, I am just being conducted to my study." Fréret edited a Chinese grammar in the Bastille. Voltaire thought out plays, and meditated on his literary future. The philosopher Diderot pounded slate to a powder, infused it in wine, split the point of a toothpick, and wrote on the margins of a volume of Plato his "Philosophical Essay on the Reigns of Claudius and Nero." The fiery Mirabeau, in the dungeon of Vincennes, was incessantly at war with the governor. He could not get leave to write or read, he could not get scissors to cut his hair, nor a barber to dress it for him. At last, the intercession of the Princesse de Lamballe procured him books and writing materials, when he turned out with great rapidity two or three novels (of which, being very characteristic of their age, the less said the better), and that flaming treatise on "*Lettres de Cachet*" which was a prophecy of the Revolution. The philosophers and men of letters, it may be remarked, were apt to come off better than others in the prisons of State, since it was shrewdly guessed that they would quit them pen in hand,—as they generally did. Indeed, during a brief period of the eighteenth century, a term of imprisonment in the Bastille or Vincennes was as good as a paragraph in the papers to a pushing writer. The abbé Morellet, "one of the best of the encyclopædists, was as enthusiastic as Dufresnoy on the subject of his arrest. "I saw some literary glory illuminating the walls of my prison: persecuted, I must be better known. . . . A career was opening before me, and I should be able to pursue it at greater advantage. These six months at the Bastille would be an excellent recommendation, and would infallibly make my fortune."

Taking the Bastille as a type of the State prisons of old France (though, in the strictest sense, the dungeon of Vincennes, not very well known to English readers, was even *more* typical), it is well to keep in mind that the modern apologists of this gaol, the most renowned in history, have carefully withheld from us all that is worst in its annals. "The Archives of the Bastille," the basis of their apologies, are of an almost modern date, and exceedingly imperfect. In the Bastille, as in most French prisons up to the days of the Revolution, the prisoner who was rich, and against whom there was no special grudge on the part of king or minister, could live in very handsome style; the prisoner without money lived wretchedly enough. On the one hand, we have the hyperbolic charge of Linguet, that, "Except perhaps in hell, there are no tortures to approach those of the Bastille"; and on the other hand M. Funck-Brentano, the ablest exponent of the very newest theories of defence, meets us with the assurance that the Bastille was really a kind of hotel,—"elegant, we might almost say luxurious." The middle path is steered without much difficulty by any one who, having read the inner history of the Bastille, will compare it with the histories of the apologists, and who will contrast both with the records of the Conciergerie, the Châtelet, and Bicêtre. No one thinks to apologise for the torture-chamber of the Conciergerie: why such pains to whitewash the indefensible memory of the Bastille?

The prisons of Paris during the Reign of Terror present a spectacle unique in history. The Luxembourg in '93 (a palace transformed into a dungeon), crammed to overflowing with suspects of the bluest blood in France, has been described as a camp or caravanserai with the style of a court. In the evening the aristocrats of both sexes assembled in a common-room—always called the drawing-room—powdered and elegantly dressed; saluted one another by the titles they had

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ceased to own, and disputed precedence as at Versailles. Visits were paid and returned, and cards and chess were played in the evenings. The prisoners amused themselves by keeping their cells or chambers in order, sweeping the corridors, and cooking dinner; and the marquis who found himself deprived of a valet, handled the broom, fetched water, and took his turn at the spit, as if the custom of a lifetime had used him to those offices. Every day the tumbrils were moving steadily to the guillotine, and the evening games were interrupted by the entry of the turnkey with the list of those who were to die on the following morning! At the Conciergerie, the guillotine was actually a game. A hall of the prison was transformed into a tribunal: judge on the bench, imitating the style of Fouquier-Tinville; prisoner in the dock before him; and, when the trial was over, and the inevitable sentence had been passed, the guillotine of chairs and laths was set up, and, amid general applause, the wooden blade was loosed and the victim rolled into the basket. And while the play was being acted, the news-crier of the day might be standing under the prison wall, shouting to the inmates the names of those among them who were to perish on the morrow! One night the twenty-two Girondins, condemned to die within twenty-four hours, were thrown into the Conciergerie. One of their number had killed himself on receiving sentence, and the body was carried to the prison and lay in the corner of the room in which the twenty-two spent their last night. They gathered at a long deal table for a farewell supper, at which, says Thiers, they were by turns gay, serious, and eloquent. They sang solemnly the fervid songs of the Revolution; and at five in the morning, when their summons came, one of them rose and declaimed the Marseillaise. Then the twenty-two went chanting to the scaffold, bearing their dead comrade among them, and the chant was maintained until the last head had fallen.

The transition, I fear, is abrupt, but the "suspects" of the Terror have brought into my mind the "suspects" of Kilmainham during the Irish troubles of 1881. Here again was a prison entirely transformed—but there was no guillotine running red on College Green. Here was no Last Supper of the Girondins, but a perpetual table excellently furnished from the purses of the Ladies' Land League. The great central hall of the prison, one of the finest in the kingdom, was converted into a day-room for the motley crowd of Members of Parliament, priests, doctors, lawyers, journalists, clerks, farmers, tradesmen, cattle-dealers and peasants, imprisoned under the "Crimes Act." There was little restraint over them, and they enjoyed privileges which the "convicted prisoner" knows nothing of. They wrote and received as many letters as they pleased; newspapers, books, magazines, chess-boards, draught-boards, backgammon-boards, and packs of cards were supplied to them; they had flowers and wines on their table; a yard of the prison was laid with concrete to serve as a ball-alley; and the cells were changed into neat little bedrooms. Altogether, it was an immense joke for many of the "suspects," but not so amusing to the governor and his staff, who had no precedents for the administration of prison on the lines of a fashionable boarding-house.

Restrictions in the matter of speech have varied under most penal systems. In one prison, and at one period, speech is free and unrestrained; in another prison, and at some other time, it is rigorously curtailed or entirely forbidden. Prisoners sharing rooms in the old State prisons, or who were accorded what was called "the liberty of the yard," might talk without stint, as in the yards and association-rooms of old Newgate; but there was always the moral restraint arising from the suspicion that one prisoner might be acting as a spy upon the others. This was often the real case, when a secret was wanted from a person under

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detention. On the other hand, State prisoners were often mewed up so closely and cruelly that they could neither speak nor be spoken to. Out of such situations spring the systems of secret communication between prisoners in separate confinement, which nearly all prisons have revealed. A favourite, and perhaps the most universal method, is a code of taps, open as this is to the objection that taps may be conveyed to other ears than those they are intended to inform. In the Bastille in the eighteenth century, and doubtless earlier, the *manière de parler du bâton*, or mode of conversing by raps, was as follows: the prisoner struck the wall or the ceiling of his cell (according to the position of his neighbour) once for the letter *a*, twice for *b*, three times for *c*, and so on to *z*, represented by twenty-four strokes. Thus, *food* would be spelled: six taps, followed by fifteen, followed by fifteen, followed by four. It seems laborious in the extreme, yet Constantin de Renneville assures us that prisoners became so apt at the manœuvre as to succeed in carrying on long conversations, easily and with rapidity, despite the thickness of the walls, the vigilance of the sentinels, and the anger of the turnkeys. M. Tikhomirov gives a diagram of the telegraphic code in use among the prisoners of St. Peter and St. Paul.

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	x	y	z

The reader will master it with scarcely an effort. Here there are two sets of taps for each letter; the first set indicates the *series* in which the letter is found, the second marks the place of the letter in that series. *Prison*, for instance, would be rapped out in this manner: four strokes and one (*p*), four strokes and three (*r*), two strokes and four (*i*), four strokes and four (*s*), three strokes and five (*o*), three strokes and four (*n*). "When you have accustomed yourself to it," says M. Tikhomirov, "this kind of telegraph serves you for conversation on any subject, and in a little while you can guess a word by three letters. I got so used to this language that I could even recognise my correspondents by the way they rapped, just as if I were listening to their voices. More than this: I could tell their moods,—if they were cheery, out of heart, or in a temper. Yet more: I came to know by-and-by whether it were a man or a woman who was speaking to me. The women rapped so quickly that I could scarcely follow them, and over and over again I had to entreat my neighbour to take her time (*et toujours je devais supplier ma voisine de ne pas tant se hâter*)."

A modification of the French and Russian systems is in surreptitious use in every English prison at the present day. The testimony is gathered with most authority from the evidence given to the Departmental Committee on Prisons, whose inquiries were conducted by Mr. Herbert Gladstone from July 1894 to February 1895. An ex-prisoner, "Mr. D——," explained the method of telegraphing by a tattoo on the wall:—"Even if a fresh man enters a cell, if he sees there is a man in the next cell to him, perhaps this man will give a rat-tat on the wall, and he will let him know how long he has got. The other man, perhaps,

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will answer on the wall by so many knocks; if it is days he will go through the whole of the days; if it is months he will knock the number of the months, but if it were seven days he would knock seven days on the wall."

Asked again, if he had any difficulty in making communications:

"No. In my experience (and I look back on it now after being out for four years) I feel that, no matter how stringent the rules may be in prison, it would be utterly impossible to keep prisoners from communicating in some way or other, if it is only with the fingers. I can give you an instance of it. If a new man enters the prison, it might be only in the exercise yard, but if that man has twelve months he would simply put his finger to his ear. If he has six months he would clench his hand. It is a sort of alphabet that seems to get known."

The touching of the ear, if it be considered for a moment, is a natural piece of symbolism (ear=year). Touching both ears signifies two years. The code goes beyond this. Old hands talk together, without opening their mouths, like deaf-and-dumb persons educated under the modern system.

The temptation to talk through a wall must be almost irresistible in prisons conducted as ours are, on a system practically silent. It is the cause of endless breaches of discipline. You enter your cell of an evening, tired after a day in the quarries, at the bench, or in the stone-dressing shed: the man in the next cell is tramping his floor restlessly; a width of corrugated iron (in such prisons as Portland) is all that separates you from him; you begin to work the telegraph, and the felt slippers of the warder may have stopped just outside the door.

In some prisons, a simple form of communication is possible between men and women, recalling faintly the elaborate device that brought La Roquette into touch with St. Lazare. "I can give you an instance in this way," said Mr. D—— to the Departmental Committee. "I got to know things at once at Reading" (the witness had had some seven years' experience of different local prisons): "I used to assist in the washhouse there; the females were having the first three days for their washing, and the last three days, or the latter part of the week, we men used to do our washing. Still I found out through other prisoners being down there that even at that time they were communicating and leaving written papers from one to the other."

The telegraph by tapping on the wall, these notes secreted in the washhouse (few modern prisons, it is to be remembered, receive both sexes), and the little letters known as "stiffs" which are smuggled from hand to hand, almost exhaust the possibilities of communication between prisoners in our own gaols of to-day. Indeed, they exhaust almost the possibilities of amusement. Prisoners of either sex must find what solace they can in their daily tasks, in the earning of marks by diligence, in the progress from a lower to a higher class, and in the privilege bought by good behaviour of writing a letter home at intervals of six, four, or three months. It is a dour existence at best, contrasting sharply at all points with the pampered life depicted in certain "model" prisons of America.* The only legitimate recreation in English prisons, letter-writing excepted, comes from the prison library, which always should be and often is well and wholesomely stocked. In the library at Wormwood Scrubbs I found fiction, travel, and

* Mr. William Tallack cites in his "Penological and Preventive Principles" the letter of a clergyman who had made a round of the New York prisons: "I was surprised, on a visit to the Tombs prison, in New York City, when prisoners took matches from their pockets and lighted cigars while I was preaching, and no one restrained them. It was a surprise to me, too, to learn that if a prisoner had money, he could have any fare he chose to pay for, and friends might bring dainties to the prisoners."

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adventure, essays and poetry, science, philosophy, history and biography, theology, technical and popular educators, and grammars of various languages.

The Romance has faded from prison. Compare Sir Edmund Du Cane's account of the steps by which an offender is brought to justice to-day—from the information to police to the trial in open court—with the sudden seizure by night, no word vouchsafed in explanation, or the mystery that went with the *lettre de cachet*. Observe the police-van driving through Oxford Street of an afternoon; and think of Mattioli, masked, and faring secretly from one State prison to another, in a sealed litter with breathing-holes, armed men on either side, and Governor Saint-Mars riding behind.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

VILLANELLE.

WHEN autumn woods were turning gold,
You bade me sing some simple song . . .
Where only half the heart was told!

You held me in your arms' strong hold,
You kissed me, and you held me long . . .
When autumn woods were turning gold.

The world flushed ripe in field and wold . . .
My voice rose ringing blithe and strong,
But . . . only half the heart was told!

We felt youth's rainbow Dawn enfold
Our heaven of love . . . flowers looked to throng
Where autumn woods were turning gold . . .

To-day our love lies dead and cold . . .
No! we who *dreamed* it love were wrong . . .
For only half the heart was told,
When autumn woods were turning gold!

OLIVE CUSTANCE.

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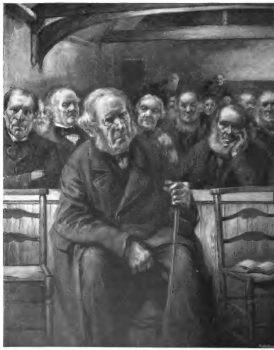

THE NEW MINISTER.

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"THE LOGIN RESCUED."

THE sun was setting behind the Rocky Mountains, one of the most glorious sights in the world, when Mr. Hamilton Hall, of Hall's Ranch, Bear Creek, Wyoming, left the door of his log hut, and looked out over the wide expanse of prairie land which he had reclaimed from the wilderness. Mr. Hall was a man of about forty years of age, and had been a settler in the district for nearly twenty years. He had married a wife from the old country, and had brought her out to the ranch, where they had been living happily ever since, their boy tending

> "Their flocks and herds and corn and oats on his own balance. The boy at the time of which we write was about fifteen years of age, and was a fine, manly lad, full of life and energy.

As I have said, Mr. Hall left the door, and the elder looked dispassionately out over the prairie, and then turned to his wife, who was busy at the stove preparing the evening meal. "Mother," he said, "I am going to look for the boy. He has been away all day working by himself, and I am afraid he may have met with an accident. I shall not be long, and you need not be anxious." Mrs. Hall looked up from her work, and said, "Very well, father, I will not be anxious, but do not be long, for I shall be lonely without you." Mr. Hall then left the house, and, mounting his pony, rode off in search of his son.

Meanwhile, Master Hall, the boy, had been busy all day long. He had been to Salter, four miles from here, with some cattle. It was, with the exception of a few miles, a level road, and he had driven the cattle there in a very short time. He had sold them to a dealer, and had received the money for them. He had then had dinner at the hotel, and had left Salter with the cattle, and arrived at the ranch. But when he got out of the cattle-cart he found, to his dismay, that the cattle had strayed. He had left them in a field, and they had broken through the fence, and were now scattered over the prairie. He had been looking for them all the afternoon, and had not found them. He was anxious to recover his lost cattle before his father arrived, for he knew that he would be angry with him for his carelessness.

"The sermon was nearly an hour long."

on before now, and an elder had been heard to condemn it as "Latitudinarianism," but in the meantime Chrissy Marrac sucked her sweetie and was happy!

Not so the boy, whose dark eyes glowed like coals in his white face. He was not one who was born to take things easily. The minds of the others might rest

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on trivial matters; to him every recurring Sunday was something like the dawn of the Day of Judgment.

A Celt by birth, Angus Campbell had a mind at once sad and imaginative. The pictures painted by the preacher were vivid and real to him, and he was ready to call aloud on the rocks to cover him when he heard of the doom that surely awaited the wicked. He believed it all—every word of it. He was only ten years old, but ever since he could remember anything, his lot had been cast in with the Remnant. He had been sent, an orphan of three, from one of the wildest and most desolate of those Western Islands, "set far amid the melancholy main," to an uncle and aunt in Glasgow, and since that time his home had been with them. They were not exactly unkind to him, but they were an austere couple, disapproving of almost everything, and were models of virtue even in the little band of the Remnant, where the standard was certainly very high. They could not have laughed if they had tried—humour, that great antiseptic, was unknown to them; and if Angus, being young, was now and then merry, his laughter was likened to the crackling of thorns under a pot, and his childish games were looked on as folly that was very nearly sinful. His imagination had nothing to feed on but religion, and while the thunders of the minister fell on deaf ears as far as light-hearted Chrissy, and demure Robina, and Jimmy were concerned, he felt stunned as if Heaven had indeed sent a storm to burst on his head.

It was over at last—the only blessing included in that harsh service was given; and as it ended the children of the congregation clumped or clattered out of the "upper room" in which these meetings were held, leaving the rest of the congregation to partake of the Sacrament. The minister descended from his eyrie, and "The elders will now bring in the elements," were the last words heard before the door was shut, and the elders solemnly filed out to return with plates of bread, and an old-fashioned silver goblet.

The sense of mystery deepened in the mind of little Angus.

There are plenty of wild faiths in the present time, and strange beliefs spring up in a day, to die down as quickly. "The Lord's Remnant" was none of these. It was the lineal descendant of Calvinism, and the Hill People, who had never worshipped under a roof since the days of the "ungodly Stuarts," must have held much the same views. It could hardly have survived so long anywhere but in Scotland. It had never been heard of south of the Border; its home was Glasgow, and it was a small and dwindling body even there—one more proof, in the eyes of its members, of its divine origin. Like the Hill People, they had no church, and in the room where they met twice every Sunday, with the exception of a structure that was something between a pulpit and a platform, and a few benches, all was emptiness.

Angus Campbell's companions shivered as they found themselves at the bottom of the stone staircase, and out in the grey, cheerless street: they preferred the sermon, with its realistic description of the tortures of the damned, in the room that though stuffy had been warmed by humanity, to those cold quays on the left side of the river Clyde, down which a raw November draught came.

It would be hard to believe that the grey waters of the Clyde, the grimy, mud-bespattered walls that made the river look like a sluggish canal, or the smoky distance broken only by the tall chimneys of different "works," could have satisfied any of that craving for beauty that, though latent, was strong within him. No one knew anything about the *tons distingués* of grey, in those days when as yet the Impressionists were not, nevertheless his eyes did take in the pearliness

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of some tints in the middle distance, there was a colour in the sky "like the breest o' a doo" that pleased him, and a line they had sung in church about "pastures green . . . the quiet waters by," ran in his head . . . inapplicable enough, but when materials are scanty one must build as one can.

But all this is a mere epilogue. The reflections of a child of ten, even though he may possess the artistic temperament, can be of very faint interest to any one.

Still, to know Angus at all it was needful to know how starved was his mind in youth, and to realise that love, beauty, mirth and laughter were, to the sect to which he was bound, words of evil omen—snares, pitfalls, and lures of the Evil One.

When Angus grew up he was only known outside the community as a silent young man who went to an office, and was believed to be extremely religious. But at twenty-six who knew him? Not the minister who had thundered over his head for so many years; not the uncle and aunt who seemed to have but one idea left, and that was universal damnation; certainly not Robina Gemmell, who was destined to be his wife—a regular *mariage de convenance* arranged by those in authority. For was it not essential that no one should marry out of the connexion, an alliance with a "Moabitish woman" being a deadly sin? The difficulty was to marry at all, the choice being so limited. Angus Campbell, heir, no doubt, to his uncle's savings, was assigned to Robina, and he did not think of objecting. He knew that favour was deceitful and beauty vain, so what ought it to matter if Robina's face was covered with freckles, if the red hair that grew so scantily on a high round forehead was coarse, and if her eyes were mere slits?

"What do you want more than a douce, God-fearing lass to keep the fireside, and be the mother of your bairns?" said the minister to Angus, in whom he fancied he saw some signs of disaffection. "I've always had my doots of Chrissy Macrae. She's unco' fond of fine clothes and the vanity of this world, or I'm much mistaken, but Robina is no that sort at all. She has been too well brought up for that. Chrissy's grandmother was not a wise-like woman. It's my opinion" (he might have said "it's my will") "that you could na do better than take Robina."

"And if one does na feel, as one may say, drawn to her, minister?" asked Angus, who, like all the "Remnant," looked on him as a sort of pope.

"Drawn! Hoots, toots!" said the minister irritably. "All lassies are the same. There's not a bawbee to choose between any of them. But what ails you at Robina? She's not red-cheekit and sonsy, like Chrissy, but take my word for it, Angus man, she'll make you the best wife."

To hear the minister talk, one might have thought there were but two girls in the world, which from his point of view really was the case.

"But I'm thinking, Angus my man" (not unkindly), "that you're no to say vera stoot just now. You've been dwining all the winter, but now that it's fine and warm, you oughtn't to be so puir-looking. You must pick up, man: what's wrong wi' ye?"

"There's nothing wrong, minister," said Angus, his dreamy eye lighting up with pleasure at this unusual evidence of sympathy. "I think I've been too long in Glasgow—that's all. We're all the better of a change now and then, and I seem to have lost heart for my work lately."

"Lost heart for your work?" repeated the minister incredulously. "Na! na! not so bad as that, I'm thinking. But why don't you try a bit change? Ye'll soon be a marriet man, and there'll be no change then—the wife 'll see to that,"

laughing pawkily; "but I'll tell ye a fine way to combine business wi' pleasure. Don't the Tods" (naming the house in which Angus worked as clerk) "run a boat every month to France? It's for cargo, I ken fine, but they'd let you go as supercargo. You could do their work out there, and the saut water is a fine thing when ye're no to say vera weel. You'd be back in two or three weeks. You must work it, Angus my man, you must work it."

Angus blessed the minister's name as the *Carron Castle*, the old-fashioned 700-ton steamer belonging to Tod & Co. that traded between Glasgow and Rouen, lumbered down the Irish Channel.

The weather was perfect; he had never been at sea before, and it seemed as if every wave that rippled, every fleck of foam that broke against the good ship's side, every sail on the horizon, filled him with joy.

"Ye're just looking a different man since you came on board," said the skipper; "there's no cure like the salt water."

Angus laughed. "There was nothing wrong with me, Captain. I had been a good deal put aboot lately, that was all,"—and he did not add that he found absence from Robina the best cure for low spirits.

Angus wondered if he had been colour-blind all his life before the day that he sailed up the Seine to Rouen. The whole land was bright with the bloom of early summer. The apple-trees were rosy pink, other orchards were dazzingly white, cattle stood knee deep in the rich lush grass, every village that nestled among trees on the river bank was a picture, and a little breeze that brought a hundred sweet odours in its breath from the plains of Normandy, rippled the river.

He was in Fairyland, and he knew it!

The skipper took it as a personal compliment that the "passenger" was so much struck with all he saw, and felt he would like to dazzle him still further. "We'll not sail again for a week, if then," he told Angus, as they neared Rouen. "My time will be well taken up; but you must see the place, and it stands to reason you'd be the better of a guide. Ye wouldna think I would have French relations! As a rule they're no much to boast of, but my brother, who like mysel' came backwards and forwards to Rouen for Tods, married a wise-like woman, though she was French. He never brought her to Glasgow; all her kith and kin were here, and he didna care at which end he found her. He's dead now, puir fellow. There was one lassie, and she and her mother live here; and being papists and all that, they're better here than in Glasgow. Well, Marie, that's the foolish name they call the lassie, will show you all the sights. She has them at her fingers' ends. She'll be on the quays as soon as we're alongside; she's fond of her auld uncle, and she's always on the look-out for the *Carron Castle*."

They were now alongside, and there was plenty of bustle on board, while the "blue blouses" seemed hotter, noisier and more excited than Angus had ever seen working men before. Then the hour for the midday meal arrived; every one cleared off as if by magic, and the place became a desert.

And then across the gangway came a girl, as much of an apparition to Angus as if she had been an angel from heaven.

No one could deny that she had a fair face, but there is many a bonny lassie in Scotland, and Angus had seen sweet brown eyes and rosy lips before now. All the same, he had never seen any one like this girl. As delicately finished as a bit of Dresden china, she had the nameless grace possessed by many French women. Her perfectly balanced figure, her charming little head, her pretty hands and feet, all helped to make the picture perfect; and perhaps the little blue-and-white frock

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that followed each line of beauty so faithfully, the bunch of roses in her breast, the coquettish little hat that crowned her curly locks, struck his eye as something very different to the dingy, homespun garments peculiar to his Robina, or even the more worldly-looking attire that Chrissy Macrae had ventured to sport on the rare occasions when she went "doon the watter!"

The only girls Angus had ever known were shy, awkward, and ill at ease. This girl came on to the deck as if she were certain of her welcome, and happy and smiling, as if she had never been taught that it was just as well to be neither the one nor the other. And then there were kisses for her uncle, and a sweet light-hearted chatter that seemed to delight the old man. "The weemen-folk" had always seemed of small account to the Captain when Angus had met him in Glasgow, but the wiles of this girl were delightful to him.

They were wiles, of course! She could not have beguiled the minister, and Robina and Chrissy would have seen through her at once. How strange she would look among them all! Or stay—was it the other way?

He had not time to make up his mind before "Angus my man," broke on his ear, and he heard the skipper urging him to shake hands and be friends with the girl.

"And noo, my lass, I look to you to oblige me by showing all the sights to my friend. He's an idle man, but even if I had the time I wouldna care to see your churches and such-like. If I had a fancy that way, Glasgow Cathedral would do me; but he's new to the work, and mawbe takes an interest in architecture and a' that."

"I will show you all—all," said Marie, smiling into his dark eyes as no woman had ever smiled before. She spoke English as well as he did himself, but with just enough accent to make all she said sound piquant.

"I should be just as pleased now to see your backs," said the skipper; so they stepped ashore, and Angus trod the warm sun-kissed soil of France for the first time. Along the quays where the steamers and traders were lading and unlading, the sights were familiar to him; but he was in another world when he found himself in the quiet, old-world streets of Rouen.

The sun poured down on them—it lit up the dark corners—its golden fingers touched the Gothic buttresses, the quaint gargoyles, and the painted windows of Cathedral and College. It made a picture of everything. No wonder that Angus walked as if he was in a dream. His beauty-loving soul had been starved all his life—it had now something to feed on. Everything seemed to fill him with joy; the very air seemed to exhilarate him—he was alive at last.

Down dim aisles they passed—they lingered in chapels in which were pictures and flowers and a faint smell of incense—he had never strayed from the fold into which the "Lord's Remnant" was gathered, and he heard "the blessed mutter of the Mass" for the first time. Marie knelt at the shrine of Our Lady; and he, who had never bent the knee in public prayer—for the "Remnant" pray standing—thanked God for the first time for the gift of life. But he was silent, and his dark face and melancholy eyes could not help looking sad.

"What makes you so *triste*?" said Marie, looking at him with sweet, interested eyes. "What have you? Oh! I know what it is. It bores you, as they say in England, to be in a strange place. You would rather be at home. You wish yourself away from here."

Heavens! Was his face only a mask? Could his eyes speak in no language that others might read? Was there no way in which he could find himself in touch with happiness, or rather with the girl who had brought it to him?

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It was as if some pent-up flood burst its boundaries then and there, and his answer was a torrent of words. He told her that this was the happiest day of his life—that it was as if he had never been in the sunshine before. "It isn't one thing, but everything, that makes me happy. It is you—but not you alone. It is the brightness, and the warmth, and even the colour of everything. Look at that red awning over the flower-stall, with that dark arch behind it. I don't think I ever saw anything so effective before. I never seem to have noticed children playing under big trees, with proud mothers looking on. They all seem so happy, and as if they wanted other people to be happy too."

"And is that so strange?" asked Marie; and he blessed "the sunbeam straight as a finger" that made its way through the green leaves and shone on her pretty head: "don't you all do the same over there? Have you none of you the *joie de vivre*?"

"None, none," said Angus vehemently; "our—my religion teaches us that it is very wrong. We may weep, but we must not laugh. It isn't a hard rule, after all. I don't think any of the 'Remnant' feel very mirthful. I don't know how to be merry."

"It cannot be a right religion," said the girl decidedly. "It is when one is happy that one is good. You must forget to be gloomy. You must learn better lessons, and I will be your teacher."

"It is a bargain," said Angus, so joyously that his voice did not sound to him like his own at all; and he took her hand in his in sign of good-fellowship.

But these bargains, though made in perfect good faith, do not always turn out as intended, and love has a way of replacing friendship when hot blood runs in young veins, and before life has killed the emotions. He meant no harm when he poured his story into her ears, and when he told her of his starved childhood, his crushed youth, and his repressed manhood, but forbore all mention of Robina, and of the law, unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians, that decreed that she was to belong to him. Marie never could have understood the narrow ways of the sect to which he belonged—a sect that held that, as there was no salvation out of its fold, even his heart must not stray—that in all God's earth there was but one woman for him, and that was Robina Gemmell, and that to love another was to run to meet the destruction that must fall on those unequally yoked with unbelievers.

And yet when he stood on the deck of the *Carron Castle*, as she slipped down the Seine "homeward bound," he was the affianced husband of Marie, and his word was pledged to come back and marry her as soon as he could set his house in order—that Biblical expression standing in his mind for the fury of the "connexion" when told that one of their most believing was about to break one of the most binding of their unwritten laws.

In their eyes all other religions meant destruction; but there was if possible a deeper depth reserved for the Papist, and Angus fancied he could hear the denunciations hurled at him and the woman he loved. Then what about Robina? She had about as much heart as one of the "chucky stones" that fleck with white the barren fields of Renfrewshire, but she would look on his defection as an insult, and in the dearth of marriageable men belonging to the "Remnant," the chances were she would "die a maid."

"It's a ticklish business," was the opinion of the skipper, as the green shores of Normandy grew distant, and the Seine widened out into the sea. The two men were on the bridge, and Angus had just "put the matter before him." "I'm one of the 'Remnant' myself, though ye ken weel they think me but a lukewarm member. I get off on the score of being a sailor-man who canna be expecktit to

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know right from wrong so weel as ither folk; and the minister being but human, a bottle or two o' fine French cognac has kept him blinder to my failings than I have any right to expect! Still I know them all, and I ken Robina's father forbye. I don't hold to Papists myself, though it's wonderful how small all these diversities of opeenion seem when one's in blue water. But I'm no for their doctrines, and I canna bear their manœuvres in their churches. But Marie, Papist as she is, is a guid girl, and guid as she's bonny, and the 'Remnant' will have to tackle me before they say a word against her."

"A word against Marie!" and the young man's cheek flushed as he repeated the words. "I'll tell you what it is, Captain: I have given my promise to her, and I'm not going back on it—no! not though all the powers in hell were arrayed against me."

It is one thing to get your own way, and quite another to be the better for getting it.

In spite of the minister's denunciations, in spite of Robina's poor-spirited tears, and her father's "bounce," and in spite of being looked on as a traitor and renegade by the "Remnant," Angus brought his papist wife from France to Glasgow. He adored her as only a man of his temperament can adore a woman. He worshipped the ground she trod on, and when he was with her he found some happiness.

But it was not in him to change, and the impressions of a lifetime are hard to efface. He believed, with the "Remnant," that he had sinned almost beyond forgiveness, and he was man enough to face the penalty. It was different when he thought of the fate of his sweet, laughter-loving Marie, who seemed to live but to please him, who gave him love and joy and everything that made life worth having, and yet who could not or would not see the dread future in store for her. She was so facile that when he asked her to accompany him to that upper room in which the "Remnant" worshipped, she went; but the minister's Scotch accent made most of what he said a sealed book to her, and she missed the point of certain denunciations, hurled especially at herself—denunciations that chilled the blood in her husband's veins and froze the marrow in his bones.

But she was hurt by the dislike that she inspired.

"Everybody liked me at home," she said once to Angus, when they had met Robina in the streets, and she had passed them with averted gaze. "We were poor, my mother and I, but every one had a kind word for us—a word and a smile. But here all your friends look at me as Miss Robina did just now. I don't mind very much, for I am with *you*, my Angus: I want nothing more in this world—only to be near you, always at your side. But if you weren't here it would make me very unhappy."

"And I have brought you to this," he answered miserably. He felt these slights terribly, and brooded over them day and night. His one hope was that, as the years rolled on, his little Marie might follow him along the narrow path that he firmly believed was the only road to heaven. Perhaps her love for him would lead her Zionward; the motive would not matter if he could only see her safe, and to assure that safety he would willingly die to-morrow. Her sweetness, her unselfishness, and her natural goodness were, he had always been taught, but "filthy rags." Indeed, they were snares and wiles of the devil to blind the eyes of those who set store by them. Oh! how could he save her? How could he snatch her from the doom that awaited her? These questions had to remain unanswered for ever, and for this reason.

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It had been particularly raw and unwholesome winter weather, even for Glasgow. The white mist that rose from the river, and spread over the town, had been nearly suffocating, and the damp of the fog-laden atmosphere had been too much for a great many weak lungs. The grey, cheerless streets were a sea of mud, and the pavements couldn't dry.

"What's the matter with you, my child?" asked Angus one evening, as he entered the sitting-room of the little flat in which he and Marie, in spite of her gloomy religious prospects, had lived such enchanted hours. He knew there was something wrong when his key turning in the lock had not brought a rush of light feet into the passage. How seldom had he been able to take off his muffler before two young arms had met round his neck!—and as for his great-coat he could never get its first button undone before the woman he loved had flung herself into his embrace. He had always looked forward to these meetings as he hurried along the miserable streets, and mounted the four flights of steep stone stairs that led him home; and he knew, before his eyes lighted on his wife crouching over the fire, that something was wrong.

"What's wrong, Marie?" he said again, anxiously.

"Nothing, Angus," was the answer, in a hoarse, raucous voice; and by the light of the one gas jet that was lit, he saw that her face looked smaller than ever, and white, and drawn. "My chest has been hurting me a little, that's all—and I feel so cold and funny, but I will be all right in the morning," trying to smile, and making rather a poor thing of it.

"How did you get such a cold?" asked Angus, his heart sinking already.

"Oh! I don't know," she said indifferently. "I went to early mass at St. Joseph's yesterday, and I got wet going there, and the church was so cold. I must have caught a chill then, I suppose."

"Your church will kill you body and soul before you have done with it," said Angus fiercely, but under his breath. Aloud he said, "You must get to bed at once, my child, and I'll run for the doctor."

"Oh! no, Angus! It's not necessary." But her opposition was half-hearted, and before her husband, who had run from one doctor's house to another till he found one at home, had brought Dr. Naismith, she was glad enough to see him.

But she didn't care about anything very long, and if Angus had any hope of a death-bed repentance he was disappointed. She was off her head for two or three days, and rambled on a good deal about the roses that she averred were growing on some sheltered wall in her mother's garden at Rouen—she talked about them, and a little in French—tried to sing "Au clair de la lune" in a weak little voice; and once, just before it all ended, he heard something like a prayer, but it was the Virgin Mary whom she besought to pray for her "now and in the hour of death."

That hour came very soon, and when all that was left of his Marie was something under a white sheet, that made a very small mound on the large bed on which she died, Angus was as nearly mad as a man could be—mad, not as the word is sometimes used, but with a brain turned with sorrow, and possessed of one fixed idea that blotted out every other thought and sensation.

She had left him for ever—she, who had never wanted to be away from his side, who was only happy when close to him—and where was she now? That question rang in his ears, and made him deaf to every other consideration. It was not his own loss that distracted him—he was a man, and could and must bear anything—it was of her only that he thought.

He meant to keep away from the minister, but the day came when that was

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no longer possible. He was bound to know the worst; he *must* hear from the mouth of the man whom he believed in as infallible, if there was a ray of hope for Marie.

"She was so young, minister," he pleaded, and great drops stood on his forehead; "she was no just to say accountable. It wasn't like as if she had been one of us, and had rejected the means of grace. She had been taught differently, and who are we that we should condemn her?"

"That's an Erastian doctrine, that'll no hold water," said the minister with severity; and he was so busy turning over the leaves of a concordance that he did not see a curious red light in the eyes of his questioner. "If there are babes in hell, why not she, who canna say in her own defence that she never had a chance? Na, na, Angus, my man, I am grieved for you, for your burden is heavy indeed, but it would be lying before our Maker to give you any false hopes. I canna say 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace. Do you mind when you came to me, lad, after that ill-faured journey of yours to France? Do you mind my opposition when you told me you were about to take to wife one who was not of the fold? Ye have sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

"But my wife—my wife——" and the speaker's voice sounded so strained and harsh that the old man might well have been frightened; but with a mind filled with the terrors of the law he was above human fear.

"Let us look to ourselves," he said gloomily, "and make our calling and election sure."

Then the revolt came, and railings and blasphemies burst from the mouth of the man who could not disbelieve. "She shall not suffer alone, my puir lamb—my election shall not save me. It stands to reason she must not burn for ever and ever alone. I will go to her."

"Whisht, whisht, Angus!" and the minister tried to undo his own work. "You're saved—that's the one thing needful. Ye canna part wi' your birthright."

"Cannot one of the elect be damned?" asked Angus, as if he demanded a concession.

"Hardly, hardly," said the minister soothingly. "The Lord will know his own in the Great Day, and the 'Remnant' needna fear."

No one saw Angus for the next few days; his seat in church was empty, he was never to be met in the street, and "Tods" might sink or swim for all he cared.

But he was much on the minister's mind. The latter was the mouthpiece of a hopeless faith, but in spite of that, there was something human about him, and the despair of his faithful follower had wrung his heart.

He was in his study late one evening, writing notes for his next Sabbath sermon, and, strange to say, found himself "leaning to mercy's side" as he wrote. "What's come over me? I must be faithful. I must play the man." And he lay down his pen, and paced up and down the small room, from whose walls grim pictures of John Knox and Calvin scowled as if they blamed him for his weakness.

The hum of Glasgow did not strike on ears that had heard it for so long, and the silence was oppressive.

But was it so very silent, after all? Was there not some unwonted movement about the house—footsteps that, though cautious, were not entirely muffled?

His elderly housekeeper must have been in bed for hours, and there ought to be no one else in the downstairs regions.

The minister, old as he was, was no coward; and taking the lamp in one hand he opened the door, and went to the top of the kitchen stairs to listen. Yes! there was certainly some one there, and a light in the passage below; and he distinctly heard the sound of a door being forced open.

With noiseless footsteps, in his felt slippers, he stole carefully down, and on the last step he stood aghast, so unexpected was the sight that met his eyes.

"He looked flushed and strange, and his eyes were strained and wild."

The thief in the night was no other than Angus Campbell—Angus, who had just forced open the strong door of the cupboard in the wall in which was kept the old silver cup from whose battered rim the "Remnant" had received the Sacrament for generations. Angus had it in his hand, and as the minister watched him he began to button it inside his coat; he looked flushed and strange, and his eyes were strained and wild.

Even if the minister had not been made of the stern stuff he was, this deed of sacrilege would have given him a strength not his own. As it was, he never for a moment reflected that an old man is no match for a young one, especially when the latter is armed with a murderous-looking weapon that might be used for other purposes than breaking locks and smashing stout wooden panels.

"Angus!" he said solemnly; but if he expected to startle or rout the thief, he was much mistaken.

Angus looked round at him indifferently; and now the minister saw how diluted were his eyeballs, and how strangely his mouth worked.

"What are you about, Angus? Shame on you! shame on you! Put down the Cup."

"Will this damn me?" said Angus, as if he was asking a simple question. "I'm a thief, as you see. I am stealing from the Church. Issa that a deadly sin?"

The old man believed himself to be dealing with a madman, but he felt no fear.

"Angus, my man, I must have that," and with rare gentleness he took the Cup from his breast, and put it back on the shelf on which it had stood for fifty years.

Angus did not seem to mind. "You'll send me to hell for this, Minister, will ye no?" he asked eagerly.

"No, Angus, no!" was the answer: "you're no yourself to-night, my puir lad, and the Almighty 'll no punish you for what is no fault o' yours. Forbye, ye're one o' the elect (the Minister had never owned as much to any man to his face before), and He will not lose one o' His ain. Ye canna forfeit your sure salvation."

"And my wife must suffer alone for ever—I will never be able to win to her," said Angus, more to himself than to the minister: "I am to look down from the skies, and hear her begging for a drop of water to cool her tongue—I am never to be near her again. Is nothing counted sin to the Elect?" he asked cunningly.

"We canna limit His goodness to us," said the minister, soothingly—he realised that his disciple's brain was turned, and all that he could do now was to try to calm him—"we must trust in His mercy to us poor sinners."

It had never been the minister's way to preach mercy; it was hard that it was now going to cost him his life.

"But to lift your hand to another—to send a fellow-creature to his last account—there could be no mercy shown to a murderer?" And Angus pleaded as if his life depended on it.

"Aye, aye, that's true," said the minister sorrowfully, as if forced to admit the strength of that argument; "for in killing a man's body you may be killing his soul also. The murderer canna enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

There was a moment's pause, and then Angus leapt suddenly like a madman upon the old man. "Then die!" he shrieked, beating down the minister with superhuman force to the floor.

There was but one way to meet his love again, and the minister had shown him the road.

* * * * * * *

When Angus Campbell was tried for murder, a few weeks later, the plea of insanity was accepted; and yet the judge, who was a wise man, was not at all sure that it was the proper verdict.

C. Fairlie Cuninghame.

OUTRE MORT.

YOU came to me in visions of the night,
Your pale brow bound by a bright ring of flame,
All high, and unapproachable, and white,
You came.

I rose and called you by your dearest name:—
"Tell me," I said, "how go the hour's flight
In that far land? Do men strive there for Fame

"And Love?" Then I lost sense and sight:
You bent to me! Your kisses were the same
As when long since to be my life's delight
You came.

Marie Van Vorst.

Anastasia Robinson, Countess of Peterborough.
(After Reynolds.)

In the year of Purcell's death (1695) Margherita de l'Epine first sang Italian airs in England; but her rival "Mrs." Tofts was the prima-donna in Clayton's *Arsinoe*, an attempt at Italian music with an English libretto, which was performed at Drury Lane ten years later. These two were the heroines of the first of the many operatic feuds which have raged in England. It culminated on a certain night in January 1704, when the Italian was not only hissed at Drury Lane, but pelted with oranges by one Ann Barwick, who, on being arrested, turned out to be Tofts' servant. Tofts apologised to Rich the manager, assuring him the pelting was not done with her privity, than she abhorred such practices, and hoped that Barwick would be punished as she deserved.

Margherita was known as "Grolier's Peg," from the name of her music master. She stopped in England more than thirty years, saved £6,000, married Dr. Pepusch (who called her Horatè), and "enabled him to live in a style of elegancy which until the time of his marriage he had been a stranger to."

Margherita and Tofts sang together in *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, which ran no less than thirty nights in 1709. At this point the Englishwoman's brain gave way: she imagined herself the queens and princesses she had personated on the stage. On her partial recovery she married and retired to Venice, after a career of only six years. Both she and Margherita have been immortalised by Swift in epigrams, which are not, however, complimentary.

Anastasia Robinson, a contralto, succeeded to the place of prima-donna. Her "Griselda" in Buononcini's opera fascinated that extraordinary person, Lord Peterborough, who married, but did not acknowledge her for eleven years. One night, however, he cared Seresino, the great male soprano, for taking liberties with her. During the height of her ten years' ascendency (1714-24) she received a salary of £1,000, besides benefits and presents. She appeared in some of Handel's early operas.

Lavinia Fenton, who made her name as "Polly" in the *Beggar's Opera* (1728),

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first who sang in an opera by Mozart in this country. There was a singular absence of jealousy among these vocalists, who sometimes appeared together without friction. When the last two retired, in 1826, they were succeeded by Catalani, who made a great hit as "Susanna" in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*.

As a child in a Roman convent she had been prohibited from singing, on account of the jealousy of the sisters. She made £50,000 in Great Britain, and in the tour of Europe which she undertook subsequently, received presents from the sovereigns of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. At St. Petersburg she had an audience of five thousand people. She sang in oratorio as well as opera, sometimes undertaking tenor and bass songs and passages written for the flute or violin. In

Mrs. Billington in the character of the "Peruvian."

order to keep her first engagement in London she had to embark secretly at Morlais, in Brittany, as Napoleon had informed her that her talents would not be appreciated in England, and had engaged her to remain in Paris at a salary of 100,000 francs. Her last public appearance took place at Dublin, in 1828.

Real acting was introduced into opera by Madame Pasta. After her success in *Semiramide*, in 1824, she received £14,000 for a season. Four years later she sang the part of "Othello" to Sontag's "Desdemona," when her acting is said to have been terrific. She made a great sensation by her impersonation of Mary Stuart in a now forgotten work.

She won for Donizetti and Bellini their first great successes, and in 1832 created the part of "Norma."

Mosebeles compared the evolution of her voice on the stage to the unfolding from the cloak. She retired in her old age to a villa on Lake Como, having survived the loss not only of her voice, but of her fortune.

Malibran, Grisi, and Sontag were the last of the *prime-donne* of the old school.

Malibran was the daughter of the tenor Garcia, the original "Almaviva" in the *Barber of Seville*. When the neighbours heard shrieks coming from their house in Paris, they were told it was only Garcia teaching his daughters to sing. At seventeen she was married to an old merchant of bad character, who soon became bankrupt; she then married a Belgian violinist, De Bériot, but was never known by his name.

Her chief characteristics were energy and vivacity, and she was exceedingly amiable withal. Her favourite parts were Bellini's "Norma," "Amina," and "Romeo," and she made a great sensation in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*. She knew every note of *Don Giovanni* by heart. She was a good horsewoman and swimmer, and could paint passably well in water colours. She

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died suddenly in the midst of the Manchester Festival of 1836, from the effects of a horse accident and (probably) the bleeding of her doctors. De Bériot and his doctor for some strange reason went off and left her to be buried by the Manchester people.

Giulia Grisi, though an Italian by birth, passed the greater part of her life in England. In her youth she sang with Pasta in *Norma* at Milan, but suddenly threw up the engagement; and never again appeared before an audience of her countrymen.

She went to Paris, where her elder sister Giuditta was taking leading parts at the Théâtre des Italiens. Giulia made a great hit in *Semiramide* (in spite of its being the 13th of the month), and afterwards sang with Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache in the *Puritani*.

In 1845 Heine heard her in *Don Pasquale*. Giulia Grisi made her début in England at Her Majesty's in 1834, and continued to appear in London during every year, one only excepted, until 1861. Three years after her arrival Mario was sent for from Paris by Lumley, and on June 6th, 1839, he and Grisi sang together for the first time as "Gennaro" and "Lucrezia Borgia." They were married in 1844, and became a most devoted couple—their happy marriage being a great rarity in the annals of artists.

Contralto.

The tenor, by the way,

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to give her information as to her Highland plaid for the *Donna del Lago* (Lady of the Lake). Even before her marriage with Count Rossi, Sardinian Ambassador at Frankfort, Sontag had been ennobled by the King of Prussia. After her marriage she ceased to perform publicly; but when Rossi lost his fortune, owing to the disasters of his country, she returned to the stage. In 1848 she was seen again in London in *Linda di Chamouni*, though Jenny Lind had now arisen; in 1850 she conquered French incredulity; four years later she was the first prima-donna to go to America. She died of cholera in Mexico.

Jenny Lind, when a little girl, was heard by the maid of Mademoiselle Lundberg, a Stockholm opera dancer, singing to her cat. After several failures to obtain admission to the School of Music, she at last succeeded. At the age of fourteen her high notes seemed about to fail, and she devoted herself for a time to the piano and the study of harmony. At length, having obtained an opportunity of being heard in *Robert le Diable*, she obtained a regular engagement. "Agatha" in *Der Freischütz* was her first part. In 1840 she came to Paris, and took

Sontag.
(*After Delaroche.*)

lessons from Manuel Garcia; but though she attracted the attention of Meyerbeer in Paris, it was at Berlin and Vienna in *Norma* that she made her name in the operatic world. She made her début in London on May 4th, 1847, as "Alice" in *Robert the Devil*. She also impersonated "Norma," "Amina," and "Susanna" (*Nozze di Figaro*). Next year

sIve was heard as "Lucia," and in the *Puritani*; and a provincial tour brought her £ 10,000. A contemporary critic described her as "neither handsome nor plain, neither pretty nor ugly, but something that hovers about the abstract qualities of everything." She was fair, blue-eyed, well-proportioned, but had no striking feature. Her short operatic career in England closed on May 8th, 1849, with the part in which her début had been made. She next went to America with Barnum as impresario. The tour was of equal advantage to singer and manager, and Jenny Lind cleared £ 35,000 for less than a hundred concerts.

Jenny Lind (In later years.)

Barnum admitted that he speculated on her popular personality as much as upon her artistic gifts, and before the commencement of the tour revised the original contract, altering it in her favour.

Jenny Lind's reception in America was rapturous. On the night after her arrival at New York she was serenaded at her hotel at 1 a.m. by a hundred and thirty musicians and seven hundred members of the fire brigade; whilst a crowd of thirty thousand people waited outside the Irving House. Tickets for admission to the first performance were put up to auction, and the names of the purchasers were printed in the papers. One of them, a hatter named Genin, paid $225 for a stall, and obtained a valuable advertisement.

In June 1851 she terminated her contract with Barnum, and married Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist whom she had first met on the Continent two years before, and who afterwards accompanied her in America. After the marriage, which took place at Boston, Massachusetts, in February 1852, Jenny Lind and her husband lived for two or three years at Dresden. In deference to his wishes she abandoned her operatic career, but in the season of 1856-7 was heard in oratorio at Exeter Hall. After this she only occasionally appeared in public; and in her last years lived in retirement at Malvern, where she died in November 1887.

Jenny Lind was the most brilliant of sopranos, her voice ranging over two octaves and a sixth. But her strength was hardly equal to her ambition; and in opera it was remarked of her by the competent, if churlish critic, Chorley, that she had only four parts. Nevertheless the enthusiasm she excited surpassed in intensity the Catalani and Sontag fevers, and even the furore over Paganini.

When fulfilling engagements she always refused invitations to dinners and evening parties with artistic conscientiousness. One evening at Vienna she had been encored in *La Sonnambula*, but felt so anxious lest she should fail from sheer exhaustion, that she was fain to appear before the curtain and beg "five minutes for a glass of lemonade!"

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This, if unusual, was nothing to the breach of etiquette committed by the prima-donna when she called in person at Buckingham Palace, and, insisting on seeing the Queen, apologised for not obeying a command to sing before her on account of the terms of her contract with Lumley.

Among other prima-donnas of the present century, Madame Bosio, the ideal "Zerlina," the "Gilda" of *Rigoletto*, the only "Violetta" of the *Traviata*, could not read music; while Ilma de Murska, the heroine of the *Flying Dutchman*, had so powerful a note memory, as to be able to master her part by reading it over in bed.

If there is any luck in numbers, Christine Nilsson should have had her share, having been the seventh child of a seventh child.

Nilsson, Patti, and Lucca were all born in the year 1843. Patti's mother was singing in *Norma* on the actual night of her birth.

Titiens, the Hungarian *diva* (who was born at Hamburg of Hungarian parents), was the first "Ortrud" in an English *Lohengrin*, Nilsson taking the part of "Elsa," the heroine.

G. Le Grys Norgate.

CONCLUSIVE.

IS it a Queen you'd be,
Mignonne, Sweet?
Have me, a stern old fogey,
At your feet?

Chut! There are boys enough:
Won't they do?
I am too old, too *blasé*,
Child, for you.

What is it that you hold,
Clasped so tight?
Paper! Some lines! Some verses!
Bring the light!

There! I can read them now,
"Pine" and "climb" . . . .
Likely enough, perhaps—if
They would rhyme.

Ah! What reproachful eyes!
Tears appeal.
Nay, I was wrong—They're charming!
See! I kneel!

M. J. Marshall.

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A NIGHT ON THE MOOR.

THE sun had set in a dull red glow, and twilight fell with odd swiftness. Although the sparse thorns of the moor, all inclining from west to east, in obedience to the prevalent winds, were scarce tinged with the bright hues of autumn, a few thin flakes of snow were falling gently. Lindsay Warnsworth, who had rented the shooting from Squire Greenleaf, buttoned his coat, and finally discharging his gun, prepared to return to the lodge. That afternoon, since his friends had passed on to other places, and a new party was not to arrive until the following day, he had been obliged to tramp alone. Barton, the old keeper, had complained mysteriously of rheumatism in his shaky knees, and after begging him on no account to be benighted, had tottered homeward when they reached the confines of the park. The bag which hung over Warnsworth's shoulder was heavy with slaughtered grouse; a brace of woodcock, too rare a prize to be carried in such plebeian company, bulged in his right-hand pocket.

This great stretch of table-land, in the very heart of the Peak Country, was covered chiefly with ling and sphagnum. Here and there, round beds of rushes, wet and blood-coloured, disclosed the existence of treacherous marsh. Warnsworth, after passing a Druids' Circle, found an ancient bridle-path of hollowed slabs, which he had never seen before, and surmising that it passed in the direction of his resting-place, he began to hurry, thankful to be relieved from the necessity of carefully picking his way over the sodden ground. As far as he could understand, he had more than three miles to cover before reaching comfortable shelter; but being young and hot-blooded, he felt no tremors, and, lifting a powerful voice in a popular hunting song, he shaped the rhythm to the muffled sound of his footsteps. After a while, however, so intense grew the blackness and so heavy the snowfall, that he stopped short in his elegy of "John Peel," and with a sudden uneasiness drew out his compass, struck a match, and strove to discover if he were on the right track. A gust blew out the light immediately, but not before he had seen that the needle had fallen from its pivot: without further delay he continued to proceed, trusting to a keen sense of locality, which he had never known to fail.

After he had proceeded for at least an hour, and not yet reached the sloping clough at whose lower end stood the Lodge, he found that he had left the path, and was straying knee-deep in heather, whose branches were so tough that no living creature have been done for years. The snow was still rising, and the wind rose in low soughs. He began, unwillingly, to realise that he was lost, and, in

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spite of Barton's deprecations, in all probability must remain on the moor until daybreak. Fortunately, just as he had resigned hope of finding any shelter, his outstretched left hand touched a stout wooden door, and after a brief struggle with the latch he entered a shepherd's hut, mud-walled and thatched with turves. On striking another match, he discovered, to his great relief, that the place was waterproof, and that, in readiness for the winter, a huge faggot of fir-boughs lay in a corner, beside a great stone, above which rose a narrow chimney. To set light to a few twigs was the work of a moment; soon a brave fire was crackling lustily. A bed of dried bracken was spread on trestled boards; he sat down, drew out his pipe, and thanked the gods for a harbour of refuge. The resinous sap of the fir-wood diffused a fragrant odour that overpowered the fumes of the tobacco, and the flames cast dancing shadows on the dark-brown walls.

Ere long the heat of the place made him drowsy; he lay full length on the bracken, and, with his face turned towards the glow, fell fast asleep. He was awakened very soon, however, by the distant barking of a dog, and in the belief that some one was searching for him, he sprang to his feet and threw open the door. Outside the blackness was denser than ever; the firelight struck against a barrier of mist. The downfall had ceased, there was no longer any moaning of the wind. Half convinced that the noise had existed only in his own fancy, he placed his fingers again on the latch, when it was repeated; and peering in the direction whence it came, he saw, near by, the greenish light of a lantern. In another moment a young woman glided forward and stood, like a gorgeous shadow, on the threshold. The lantern swung from one hand, the other held a gauzy handkerchief, slipped through the collar of a timid white fawn; in the background crouched a huge old mastiff, whose eyes gleamed sullenly.

The lady's beauty, coupled with the quaintness of her attire, numbed Warmsworth's faculty of speech; he did nought but gaze stupidly on the strange picture. Her skin was very fair, touched with a faint pink in the cheeks; her eyes were deep blue and lustrous, her mouth archly curved. On either temple hung a cluster of black curls, connected across the smooth forehead with a jewelled trellis-work; above rose a turban of gold gauze, (one fringed end of which fell to her neck,) surmounted with the plumage of some bright bird. Her gown, of carmine velvet, was not of the present fashion; the bodice was tight to the waist and heart-shaped at the bosom, the skirt swelled over a great hoop. This was nearly covered with a long white-satin-lined mantle of beet-red with vast sleeves; a collar and cape of sable lay lightly on her polished shoulders, unclasped so that a brilliant necklace was visible. There were no signs of travel in her costume; her bronze sandals were not even damped with the snow.

"La!" she cried, in dismay, "I had hoped to find shepherd Nawe here, to beg him to shelter my poor fawn. Marlowe turned her out on the moor, hoping, perchance, she'd die before daybreak. He hates all gifts that others offer me. I took Lightfoot and went a-seeking her. Not a long task: the wretch lay under my chamber window!"

Warmsworth was still tongue-tied; the stranger shrugged and pouted. "Lord, what an outlandish costume!" she cried. "Prythee, good gentleman, art come from the shores of Greenland?"

He flushed, and found his speech. "No, madam, but from Calton Lodge," he said. "I am belated here, after a day's shooting: I have kindled a fire to rest by till morning."

"A *monsieur*!" she exclaimed, with a merry laugh: "no Englishman spoke with such an accent. But you are wrong, sir, in meditating a night spent here.

before the hearth; Warmsworth closed the door, and the lady, who refused to relinquish the lantern, walked a few paces in front, with the dog at her side.

"I must tell you that Steve is a man of odd fancies," she observed. "As jealous a rogue as was e'er begotten, he cannot bear those whom he loves to give word or look to another! But you, an outlandish stranger, benighted, he won't fail to offer you a hearty welcome."

There was a shade of doubt in her voice; she paused, as if reflection told her that she had been better advised to leave Warmsworth in the shepherd's hut. She sighed lightly because of her fleeting cowardice, then hurried on again.

"To-night he had a whimsy for turning my Crystalla loose. I doted on her too much, said he, and 'twas because my lord the Earl of Newburgh bred her. If I had not unchained Lightfoot and donned my cloak and run out, the poor angel would have frozen stark. I'll send her back to my lord to-morrow, if I can find in my heart to part with her. Yet Steve's a good soul, though there's black blood in his veins. Sometimes, I protest, he makes me tremble like an aspen leaf. He was in one of his wildest humours an hour ago, but I ne'er show that I'm daunted, and I gave him word for word—told him nought should hinder me from having my own way. Yet, though I prattle on with other men, in my heart his roots twine everywhere."

Her fantastic excitement and tantalising confidences wrought Warmsworth to great curiosity; but he dared ask no questions. At a gateway in a lofty arch of limestone, she fitted her master-key in the lock.

"'Tis the nearest way," she said, "though there is no boundary betwixt the garden and the moor on the eastern side. Were it not night-time, and over-cold, we would loiter here and you should tell me of life in town. Ay me, Steve has not let me leave this prison for two dreary twelvemonths! None but country joskins to talk folly with; the overflow of my love to fall on silly creatures like Crystalla and old Lightfoot."

As much of the garden as the lantern-light discovered, showed leaden statuary, slender fountains, yews clipped in the shape of boars and foxes and weasels. Ere they had passed half-way up the broad path the valves of a great door swung inward and a man appeared on the topmost stone of a staircase that descended to a terrace. To Warmsworth's bewilderment, he was attired as quaintly as the lady, in black satin coat and knee-breeches, and vest of embroidered green. A white periwig covered his head, in peculiar contrast with the jetty curved eyebrows. His sparkling eyes were of a hue to match; the corners of his mouth were drawn upward, uncovering small white teeth. Despite the malevolence of his expression, it was impossible to deny that his beauty was equal to the lady's.

She caught Warmsworth's sleeve and drew him forward. "Steve," she said, in a voice that quavered perceptibly, "in my journey for the fawn's safety, I came across a wayfarer, poor gentleman, who had taken shelter in Nawe's hut, and knowing that you delight in showing hospitality to all, I brought him here."

Her husband lifted his forefinger to his brow, as if to smooth out a gathering frown, then giving Warmsworth a cordial welcome, led the way to the hearth of a dining-parlour.

"I am vastly wearied of the folk I know," he said, "and 'tis indeed a pleasure to see a stranger in this house. For my wife's sake" (the lady gave a little cry of surprise), "I live here and make the best of 't. This is her inheritance, remote from the world of gaiety; I warrant Sophia loves the seclusion."

"Bah!" she exclaimed: "I do not love it—I shall never love a gaol-house, although I may love my keeper."

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She flung off her mantle and glided across the room to an opened spinet; still standing, she used her right hand to draw out a few chords, then sang the first words of "Phyllida flouts me":—

"Oh, what a plague is love! I cannot bear it,
She will inconstant prove, I greatly fear it."

Warmsworth, glancing at his host, saw in his countenance a look of agonising pain, that changed instantly into an agreeable smile. The wife left her spinet and went to an oaken buffet, that bore, amongst bright pewter-ware, a stone flask and a silver loving cup. She drew out the stopper of the former, filled the vessel to the brim, then drank lightly.

"Here's to a happy meeting!" she said. "Here's to a joyful break in our dulness!"

She passed it to Warmsworth, touching meaningly that part of the edge which her lips had pressed. Stephen Marlowe's back was turned for the nonce, and the young man, unaware that he faced a mirror, nodded and drank, ending with an audible kiss, at sound of which the husband swung round suddenly upon his heel. Sophia thereupon made a demure curtsey, her hands clasped over her bosom, where the velvet met the frilled muslin of her chemisette.

"Alack and well-a-day," she sang, "She loves me to gainsay."

Stephen strode forward and caught her by the wrist. "Damn you!" he muttered huskily, "You *have* met this man before!"

"And if I have, what then?" she responded. "Surely I met men before I met you. At the Court, indeed, I knew *gentlemen*, ere I was fool enough to listen to your prayers. I command you to release my hand! I have no liking for purple bracelets made by your iron fingers!"

"My God!" he groaned, as he thrust her roughly aside, "you go too far, Sophy—to speak thus in a stranger's presence!"

Then, without waiting for her reply, he averted his face and abruptly left the chamber.

She sighed wearily, motioned Warmsworth to rest by the fire, and putting down her rebellious hoop she sank into the recesses of a heavy, gilt-framed, brocade-covered armchair.

"Alas!" she said, almost whimpering, "'tis very hard to live with such a housemate. Had I known that Marlowe 'ld use me thus, I'd have stopped my ears with wax—as Ulysses did when the Siren chanted. A belle—the most famous toast of three years agone—to be kept barred in a cage, to be slighted afront a foreigner! See, his violence hath already marked my poor skin; there's five scarlet spots growing darker every instant."

She held out her hand; Warmsworth knelt and drew it nearer the firelight. Curiously enough, the quaintness of their manners reflected itself upon him; he began unconsciously to mimic demeanour and speech.

"Prythee, mistress Sophia," he said, "do not blame me, though I be the cause——"

Her merry laugh rang out again: perhaps that was why the tapestry curtain of another doorway, opposite to that by which they had entered, fluttered convulsively.

"Not mistress!" she cried: "Lady Sophia—Sophy to my friends and to my jealous husband. A marquis's daughter, wedded to a commoner. . . . Ah, I do not blame you, sir; I ask but a panacea—each stain to be kissed. A kiss is the best salve in the world."

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"La! Sir Michael, to think that to-night we should meet so unexpectedly, when to-morrow, by assignation at the Druids' Circle, which I described in my summons, you were to wait my coming, whilst Steve was a-hunting the fox. He never knew of your existence: by Gemini! he never shall know what passed between us. There's an infinitely keener joy in stolen kisses—such as you wot of in Nawe's hut."

"Ay," said Warmsworth—"ay."

"Dost remember at my aunt's ball—the Bath Assembly Rooms the place—after young Mr. Beckford had led me through the minuet, you fumed and fretted (foolish boy!) and swore that you would spit him on your rapier. There was budding down on your upper lip then, and your skin was fair as mine. And to appease you, dearest, I promised to wed you some day, but sure I was not in earnest. Why, heart o' me, I was scarce sixteen at the time, and you were but three months older! When your folk sent you on the Grand Tour, we both wept like bantlings!"

She linked her arm around his neck, hollowed her palm to support his chin, and turned his face upwards. A rebelliôus fever heated his veins; he would have given much for her words to have been sober truth.

"Why play comedy any longer?" he murmured, hoarsely.

"Nay, you'll spoil my pretty, mischievous plot," she whispered in return. "Be your old self, Sir Michael," she cried. "Steve hath no inkling of whom you are, or how we loved—and still love."

"Ay," he said.

"I vow," she continued, "that you're as goodly to look upon as you were eight years ago. Many and many a night have I awoke in my bed, thinking that no comelier man was ever created since the days of Adam. We were made for each other—there's conceit for you! . . . Can you say in earnest that I am still as beautiful as in those days when you called me your little wife, and we broke asunder a silver ring?"

"Lovelier," said Warmsworth, with an enthusiasm that was not pretended—"infinitely lovelier."

Her cheek was pressed against his, her breath stirred the tiny curls on his temples.

"Had I known that time would work no change in your affections," she said, "I'ld ne'er have hearkened to Steve's protestations. But he swore to kill himself if I said him nay—he followed me like a spaniel, battered at my door till in very hopelessness I let him enter. And you were flaunting abroad with your tutor, loving the maids of Italy and France and Allemagne, whilst I had nought of you save a broken bit of silver."

She drew hereby to her full height and stood apart, casting a mischievous look at the further doorway. Warmsworth rose from his knees and confronted her; his eyes bright as hers, and as vivid a colour in his cheeks.

Steve is far away," she said, "working off his fury in a flight over the moor. He has never learned—shall never learn—what is hidden in the trinket I keep warm against my heart" (her fingers began to toy with the laces of her bosom), "for I kept it sacred to you, and swore no other man should e'er open it."

Warmsworth no longer remembered his injunction to say nought but "ay." He moved nearer; she retreated a step.

"Let me see it!" he cried.

The coquette laughed for the last time, and thrust out her arms, as if to fend his touch. "Nay," she said, "of my own will I'll ne'er show it." She plucked

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from her bodice a loop of sky-blue ribbon. "You shall not make me do what I would not."

He came nearer still, and clutching the ribbon strove to draw the locket from its nest. Of a sudden she grew white and faint, reeling back against her chair.

"The comedy is played," she faltered.

Marlowe strode forward, tearing the tapestry from its hooks. So fearful was he to behold that Warmsworth shrank aside, as if in grim earnest the man was possessed with a demon. Sophia strove to retain her composure, and grasping one of his clenched fists essayed to relax its tension.

"My dearest," she stammered, piteously, "'twas but a piece of acting: I ne'er saw the man before to-night, and I knew that you were present all the time. I saw the curtain shake; I heard you gasp and groan."

Then she quailed in silence before the madness she had evoked. Warmsworth laid his hand on the lappet of Marlowe's coat.

"The lady speaks the truth, man!" he cried.

But Marlowe, paying no heed to his words, pointed to the door by which they had entered, and his wife crept from the chamber, with him following stealthily in her wake. The door slammed, and Warmsworth heard the turning of a key. He beat upon the panels, but nobody came; he hastened to the other door, to find it barred with an invisible spring. Beyond the heavily-mullioned oriel window a faint ray of moonlight showed him two mist-cloaked figures—one in pursuit of the other—scurrying over the snow-covered garden. . . .

He began to pace restlessly to and fro, ever and anon striking the door and the floor, in the vain hope of summoning some servant. At last, wearied with over-excitement, he flung himself in a chair by the sinking fire, and fell into an uneasy slumber, from which, after curious dreams of mingled joy and horror, he was awakened by the creaking of rusty hinges.

His eyes were dull and heavy; some moments passed before he recognised old Barton, the keeper, who stood at his side. Instead of the panelled walls of Marlowe's dining-parlour, he saw piled clods, with chinks that admitted a dim daylight.

"How did I come here?" he inquired, in a voice that sounded peculiarly rasping.

"Lord hev' mercy, sir!" said the relieved gaffer, "yo've been lost on th' moor, on a neeght when no folk o' these parts 'ld dare to venture aat. Et's ten o'clock,—at dawn I tuk th' cob an' started a-seekin' yo'. Yo' be grey as death."

"Have you a flask?" said Warmsworth. "I feel cramped and sick."

He drank, and rose from the bracken. At the door stood a grey pony, which Barton helped him to mount. Neither spoke as they moved slowly through the rain, until they came to some rough piles of stone, where Barton, who was a good Catholic, crossed himself devoutly.

"Theer's Offerton Owd Hall," he remarked in a low voice. "At least, theer et stood. Et's been i' ruins for more nor a hunnerd year—sin' Mr. Marlowe draaned hes lady i' th' marsh, through jealousy."

R. Murray Gilchrist.

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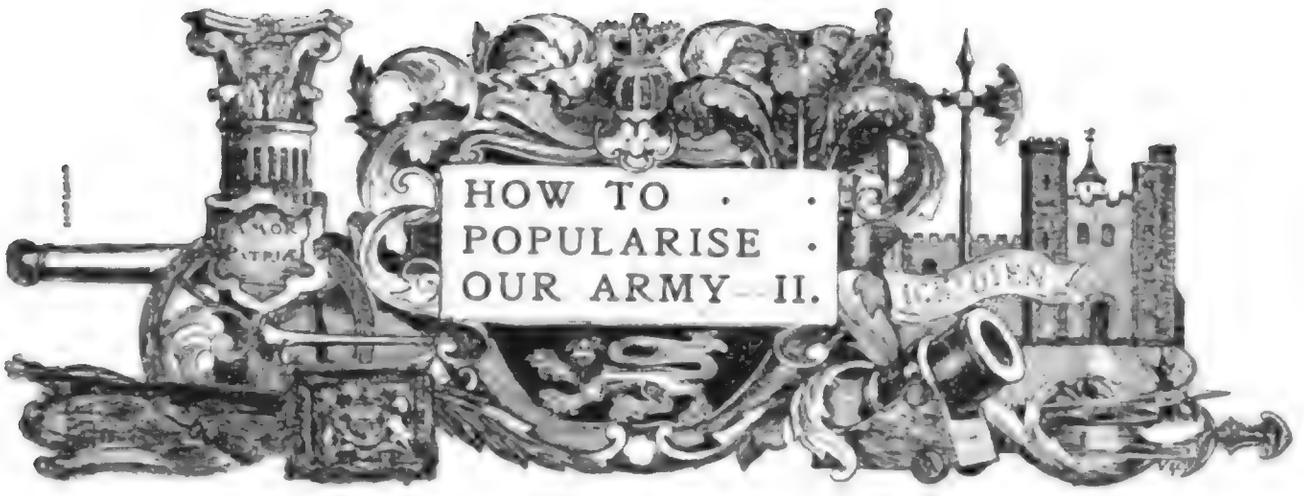

By a Staff Officer.

IN an article under this head which appeared in the August number of this Magazine, reform involving increased expenditure to the State was treated, and it is now proposed to deal with those relating to the men's comfort and their mode of life. Reforms of this nature, especially where sentiment and privilege are involved, are frequently more difficult to carry out than those dealing purely with expenditure: prejudice has to be overcome, the strict disciplinarian appeased or at least mollified—and in any conservative country this is an exceedingly difficult and thankless operation. In England usage is a great factor in all our affairs. We are prone to be hampered by the past, and modern progress is met at every turn by old statutes, old prejudices, old notions. In this country there is always one great reason for doing a thing, and another great reason for not doing it. The one great reason for doing a thing is that it always has been done, and the one unanswerable reason for not doing it is that it never has been done. This tendency is noticeable in politics, in the Army, the Navy, and especially in trade; and it is here that the American, with no such notions, astonishes the world by solving business and social problems which for years have exercised the minds of the effete European.

Before discussing reform relating to the soldier as an individual it will be as well to touch on the subject of general Army reliefs in the United Kingdom, in relation to recruiting—and to the effect constant moves have on the officers and men now serving.

With the introduction of the Territorial System, regiments bearing historic numbers were called upon to give up the numerical titles they so highly prized; and henceforth were known by designations based on locality. There are still many old soldiers who deeply resent the change, though this occurred twenty years ago. It was not merely made, however, for change sake. The great alteration of our whole Army system arose from the desire to bring about a closer union between the soldiers and the soil. Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers were to be welded together under an organisation calculated to make each an integral part of a great national Army. Regimental districts were clearly defined, and great Territorial Regiments consisting of Regular, Militia, and Volunteer battalions were allocated to each district, to be recruited and maintained therein. It was hoped that the connection between the Regular and Auxiliary forces would not only be materially strengthened, but that the union between our land forces and the country at large would thus be complete.

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To execute this policy two or more regiments of Regulars (having, if possible, interests in common) were linked together as the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd battalions of a new Territorial Regiment, and to this nucleus were added several battalions of Militia and Volunteers, the whole bearing a common regimental designation.

The framers of the scheme hoped to popularise soldiering and to obtain a superior class of recruit. They desired to attract to the colours fewer men with little or no local standing, and more from the classes engaged in permanent employ. It was held that a Blankshire man should prefer to belong to a Blankshire regiment, that his regimental home while in England ought to be Blankshire, and that on the completion of his army engagements he would thus be in a better position on his return to civil life to find employment in his own town or county. The scheme, though somewhat complicated in detail, was sound in the main; its framers, however, never contemplated that the authorities by grasping the shadow would miss its substance. Our Regular Battalions are moved about with such bewildering frequency that two years in any one spot is considered quite a long residence; and it is obvious that this constant change of quarters is not only extremely detrimental to the spirit of any Territorial System, but reduces it to a farce; and has the added disadvantage of repelling the very recruits it is desirable to secure—and attracting those of a more roving and less stable habit.

Unfortunately, the prevailing wish of the great bulk of the men now joining the Regulars is to enlist in a regiment or corps as far remote from their homes as possible; and of this number a very large proportion waste away and disappear in the first year of their service, and so rob us of their services with the colours, and afterwards with the reserve. These men enlist for many reasons: because they are hard up, because they are in difficulties, because they are adventurous, but mostly because they are tired to death of their daily toil or their daily loafing. They want to "take the shilling" and to get clean away, the farther away the better. They wish to be done with the dull routine of the farm, the mill, or the street corner, and they hope to find change. Soldiers, they reckon, have less work and more beer. Uniform appeals to some, but not to many: it may to the aspirant for Cavalry or for Highlanders or for our Household Troops, but the present uniform of the Infantry of the Line (that is, the bulk of our land forces) is not calculated by reason of its elegance to attract any one, except possibly the financial authorities.

No territorial system can be successful unless its true principles are fully carried out. On enlistment a man should count on being quartered near his home when not required for foreign or for active service, or for manœuvres. He should feel that he will be among old comrades or old schoolmates, and that in taking the shilling he is not altogether breaking with the associations of his birthplace and of his youth. This is the ideal recruit—in contradistinction to the nomadic one; but this class can only be attracted to the colours by giving regiments greater fixity of tenure.

Formerly it was considered highly dangerous for the soldier to become friendly with the civilian. He was kept apart as an instrument for controlling riot. To carry out this policy troops were never long quartered in the same station, as it was supposed ties would be formed, the men might even marry, and in short that the less one class mixed with the other the better it was for the State. These ideas are fortunately a thing of the past; but they have undoubtedly left their mark in the reluctance displayed by respectable citizens to come forward for

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enlistment. The authorities have long felt the necessity of removing these prejudices so deeply generated in the public mind, and every endeavour is now made to foster good feeling between garrisons and townspeople. Better acquaintance has undoubtedly resulted in greater mutual respect, for never in the annals of our military history has soldiering been so popular as it is at the present moment; but there is still room for improvement, and to effect this the territorial system should be carried out in its entirety.

A battalion on completion of its tour of foreign or active service ought to return to its recognised territorial headquarters, and should remain there while at home, except to attend manœuvres and so forth.

The Royal Marines, a corps admittedly superior to most in *personnel*, already carry out this principle. A recruit on joining belongs to some defined division, with a recognised headquarters which never changes. His regimental home while in England is at Plymouth, or Chatham, or Portsmouth. On the completion of his foreign or active service he returns to this divisional headquarters which remains his regimental home so long as he serves. The Marine is an excellent fighting man and a worthy citizen; it is hoped that by the application of the same principles to the remainder of our land forces a like recruit will be obtained.

It may be of interest to here reproduce an extract from the *Times* of May 26th reporting a speech made by the Secretary of State for War on Army Reform. The authorities are evidently quite alive to the necessity of taking steps to popularise the Army, but it cannot be said that their proposals err on the side of boldness.

Referring to the present Campaign in South Africa, the Secretary of State said:

"We must, of course, take into account that when the memory of these operations is beginning to fade away there may be a falling off in the number of men who offer themselves for military service. I do not think that I could usefully anticipate the action which it may be necessary for us to take supposing a great failure in the supply of recruits takes place. The noble Duke examined the different modes to which recourse might be had for filling the ranks of the Army, and he came to the conclusion that there was one mode only by which success was likely to be achieved. He said you must pay your men more, not in pennies or halfpence, but in sixpences and shillings. It is the easiest thing in the world in a debate of this kind to vote away five or six millions of the taxpayers' money, but the matter is not so simple as that, nor, indeed, am I altogether persuaded that by merely adding to the pay of the soldier within the limits we can concede we shall necessarily tap a fresh stratum of recruits. I think there are directions in which we may perhaps venture to look for a means of attracting to the Army more men, and perhaps men of a better social class than we are able to attract at present. I cannot describe these means in detail to-night, but I will merely say what I have in mind are such matters as these: an improved prospect of civil employment for ex-soldiers (cheers); better and more comfortable barrack accommodation (cheers); less degrading punishments for purely military offences; and last, but not least, alterations in the conditions of service which may adapt it more conveniently to the needs and requirements of the different classes of the population. We have to some extent addressed ourselves to all these matters, but the effect of any changes which we have made, or which we may be able to make, must necessarily be very gradual indeed. I hope, however, we may be able by well-considered measures of this kind to do a good deal to popularise the Army, and, above all, to keep in the Army the men whom we are able to attract to it. (Cheers.) To my mind one of the greatest drawbacks of our present system is to be found in the fact that of the men who do enter the Army so large a number waste away and disappear in the first years of their service, giving us neither the full period of their service with the colours nor the advantage of their presence afterwards in the Reserve."

Plain Clothes.

Beyond the programme here foreshadowed there are several other Military reforms which in the opinion of the writer are well worth consideration. The first that presents itself is the question of wearing plain clothes while off duty. Theoretically the soldier, officer and man alike, should be so proud of his uniform that he would prefer to wear it continually—in the street, at the theatre, out hunting, or at the Derby. As a matter of fact the Britisher is a modest individual, and be he soldier or civilian prefers a more sober habit. It is not that he is ashamed of his cloth. The soldier is no more ashamed of his uniform than the judge of his wig, or the policeman of his blue tunic, but all three prefer the seclusion of plain clothes at times. The soldier, like most of his countrymen, hates while on amusement bent to be conspicuous—he prefers to be a pebble on the beach; but as a gilded popinjay he now approximates more closely to a pillar box than to a pebble. In uniform he feels a certain restraint, he has the dignity of his cloth and rank to uphold. He cannot, if he is an officer, grace a switchback, or travel in third-class compartments, or in fact comport himself in any comfortable or economical manner; and if a private he cannot unbutton his coat or bear himself like his brother the artisan without being stared at. No Englishman likes continually to be dressed for duty; he may submit, but he certainly does not pretend to like it. The fact that officers of our Army and Navy, undergraduates of the Universities, lawyers, policemen, postmen, and railway porters, and officials generally, invariably discard their official costumes on the earliest opportunity, illustrates that this tendency is deeply rooted in our national life—and must be accepted as one of our characteristics. The few men in our Army other than officers who are permitted to wear plain clothes, regard it as one of their most cherished privileges, and take every advantage of the concession. The lesson is obvious: if popularity be aimed at, let commanding officers be granted full power to authorise the wearing of plain clothes to such non-commissioned officers and men of their command as they may deem worthy. No expense need be entailed on the State, as plain clothes would be the property of the men wearing them—and the mere granting or withdrawal of the privilege would operate most successfully as a measure of discipline.

One of the chief reasons that our police force is so highly respected is the fact that the ordinary citizen has never seen a policeman except while on duty. Were he to see Robert in uniform taking his ease and his beer at the local public after hours—or possibly embracing the cook on a seat in the park, with his regulation helmet at a comfortable angle at the back of his head, some of this respect might possibly diminish. The writer does not suggest that Robert does any of these things,—he has never seen anything of the sort except on a valentine,—but with the unfortunate soldier any dalliance is immediately advertised by reason of the man's clothes to the entire neighbourhood. Few people notice a drunken civilian—every one a drunken soldier; and it is perfectly patent that our Army and Navy suffer by the unseemly behaviour of their bad characters to a degree that is not possible in any other trade or profession. Permission to wear plain clothes, if even while on furlough, would minimise this enormously, and so add to the prestige of our Services.

Furlough.

Under this head little is needed—the present rules in regard to leave are most liberal. At home stations the furlough season begins on October 1st of

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each year, and terminates on the following March 1st; and within this period, general officers commanding districts are authorised by the Regulations to grant leave in their commands up to 25 per cent. of the effective strength of any rank in each corps. Furlough can, moreover, be granted in special cases during the non-furlough season. Private soldiers seldom require, while at home, more than a month's furlough at any one period—but prefer taking short holidays of a week or ten days.

The 25 per cent. limit is a very liberal one, and very seldom, except perhaps during the Christmas holidays, do more than 10 per cent. of the men apply for furlough during the same period. In regard to foreign stations, special furloughs and passages to the United Kingdom may be granted to unmarried men who, having served abroad for six consecutive years, are eligible for but are not desirous of transfer to service at home. Passages are provided by transport. On the other hand, a soldier granted ordinary furlough to the United Kingdom deposits with his commanding officer, before leaving his station, a sufficient sum of money to provide his return passage. This sum is forwarded to the officer commanding the depot of the soldier's corps, who makes the necessary arrangements for the man's return passage, and acquaints him with them, but does not allow the soldier himself to get possession of the money so deposited. Should the unhappy man be stationed in one of our remote Colonies, the rules governing his leave home would appear to be devised to discourage all those not provided with large private means. The soldier while on furlough receives the regimental pay of his rank, together with the value of his ration and nursing allowance, but forfeits corps pay, which is special pay for special work.

Cheap Fares.

A great deal might be done by railway companies, steamboat and omnibus companies, and other public carriers, in the matter of granting special rates to soldiers travelling otherwise than on duty. With very few exceptions a soldier now pays the ordinary rates. At one time certain railway companies allowed soldiers to travel at single rates for the double journey on the presentation of a form, signed by the man's commanding officer, that he was proceeding on leave to visit friends. But the concession only lasted from eighteen months to two years, and was then withdrawn by the companies on the plea that it was abused. It appears certain soldiers were discovered at races, or in town, instead of at the residences of their relatives; and the concession was withdrawn. Red tape is evidently not confined to the Military departments. A privilege of this nature ceases to have any real value when hedged round with ridiculous restrictions. The South-Western Railway is, however, a brilliant exception, and allows soldiers to travel between Aldershot and London at special rates without question as to their objects in so travelling. The rule has now been in force for some years, and the number of soldiers travelling on the line has enormously increased since its introduction. The Company, it is understood, is more than pleased at the financial success of the movement, and it is hoped that other railway directors will follow its example with equally successful financial results. Railway companies do make certain concessions as it is, but these are unfortunately coupled with restrictions which largely detract from their value. A soldier proceeding on leave for more than six days is given a return ticket at single rates; a similar privilege being extended to his wife. The indulgence is undoubtedly much appreciated, and it is earnestly hoped that special rates will be granted to soldiers travelling at any time and with any object.

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Cheap Amusements.

The management of certain cricket and football grounds set an excellent example by granting soldiers cheap admission to their matches. Admission to the Crystal Palace is also half price, and Madame Tussaud allows a soldier in uniform the right of entry to the chamber of horrors without extra payment. These privileges are all much appreciated by the men. On the Continent nothing is more marked than the number of private concerns that grant special indulgences of this nature to soldiers. In England managers and shareholders are not so liberally disposed. Thomas Atkins in many cases is looked upon as a person to be discouraged rather than otherwise, and in some districts there is a constant fight between the military authorities and the purveyors of amusement as to the status of the soldier and his right to be served as an ordinary citizen. The practice is certainly not prevalent, but it still exists as a relic of the days when soldiering and everything connected with it was unpopular. Now that the pendulum of military popularity swings the other way, managers of places of public amusement might be asked to grant soldiers more liberal terms than those now in force. The move from a financial point of view has possibly much to recommend it; but managers in most instances do not encourage the military in consequence of their fancied unpopularity, and now is the time to try and remove these prejudices.

Passes.

No soldier is allowed to be out of his quarters between tattoo and reveille without a pass—that is between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., the hours varying with the season. Non-commissioned officers not below the rank of sergeant may alone remain out of barracks up to midnight without special permission. Permanent passes up to midnight are, however, granted freely to non-commissioned officers below the rank of sergeant, to soldiers with one or more good-conduct badges, or who have had no entry in their defaulter sheet during the past year, and to others who in the opinion of the commanding officer are deserving of the privilege.

The regulation in our Army laying down the hour by which soldiers must return to barracks is undoubtedly the cause of more trouble than almost all other restrictions put together. Young soldiers are very much like other young people, and punctuality in the matter of going to bed is not usually an attribute of youth. A soldier may or may not be on pass, but if late he is promptly "run in" on returning to barracks, and moreover forfeits a day's pay should he have been absent without leave for six consecutive hours. He is further regarded as absent for an additional day for every period of six hours in excess of those reckoned as part of the previous day's absence. To take a case in point. A soldier not on pass must be in barracks by 10 p.m. daily. Should he return at 4 a.m. he forfeits a day's pay, having been absent without leave six hours, but should he not return till 4.15 a.m. he then forfeits two days' pay, as by being an additional fifteen minutes late he has run into a second period of absence. The commanding officer has no option regarding the fine; he can award confinement to barracks or other punishment in addition, but the day's or days' pay is forfeited automatically by the soldier to the State. The financial genius who introduced the system deserves well of the Treasury. It is calculated that the country makes some £20,000 to £30,000 a year out of these fines alone—a monumental illustration of rapacity it would be hard to beat. Formerly it was exceedingly rare for a non-commissioned officer to have a regimental entry against his name unless when

tried by court martial. Now, each award for absence over six hours entails a regimental entry, which is a serious matter to the soldier, affecting him in respect to the grant of good-conduct badges, each carrying pay.

It will probably come as a revelation to most readers that a soldier absenting himself after working hours but returning to barracks in time for the following day's work is mulct in pay in this manner. In civil life it would not only be regarded as an outrage, but is strictly illegal. Many old officers imagine that any relaxation of the rule laying down the hours by which men must be in barracks, would lead to demoralisation of the whole force; this is certainly not the view of the writer. At present any soldier who really intends to overstay his leave—overstays it. The punishments now in force are no real deterrent,—they only cause irritation and discontent, and are frequently the primary cause of much subsequent crime. On the other hand, in the case of the soldier who does not deliberately mean to overstay his leave, but is late simply because he is enjoying himself, the imposition of a fine in addition to other punishment makes him furious at being treated like a child and punished like a shirker.

The attractions to be found in most of our garrison towns are not likely to induce any great body of our soldiers to remain long out of bed. Possibly for a week or even for a month some gay blades might take advantage of their liberty, but after that most of the men would probably keep earlier hours than is even now the case. At home stations the hours for reveille vary from 5 a.m. in summer to 6.30 a.m. in winter. No one who rises regularly at 5 a.m. and works hard all day gads about at night for many consecutive nights. It is therefore hoped that the regulations dealing with the subject will be considerably relaxed—if not entirely abolished, and that the purely military offence of being late for bed will meet with a less degrading punishment than loss of pay.

It is not here intended to discuss at length the question of improved prospect of civil employ for ex-soldiers. This is a question that more immediately concerns Parliament and the employers of public and private labour. That any improvement in this direction would be eagerly welcomed by the Army at large, and at the same time be a great help to recruiting, is obvious. It is difficult, however, to see what the military authorities themselves can actively do in this respect, beyond perhaps replacing the staff of junior civilian clerks now employed at the War Office by military pensioners. There are some hundreds of these junior clerks at the War Office whose work could be just as effectively done by ex-soldiers; the higher civilian clerks, predestined for the higher permanent civil appointments, need not necessarily be disturbed, and the detail work of the department would in all probability be better or at least more intelligently done. At present some branches of the War Office are manned entirely by soldier clerks, in others there is a mixture of soldiers and civilians, but in most the staff is all civilian. Military pensioners would be cheaper than civilians, they would have greater sympathy with the Army, and would consequently better understand its requirements, prejudices and aspirations.

Commissions from the Ranks.

The present pay of our officers in the lower ranks is so miserably small that the authorities experience an increasing difficulty in finding suitable non-commissioned officers, willing to accept ordinary commissions other than that of Quartermaster, which carries special pay and privileges. The pay of a 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry amounts to £145 8*s.* 1½*d.* a year all told, and is made

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up as follows. Pay £95 16*s.* 3*d.*; Mess allowance £6; Lodging allowance £36 10*s.*; Fuel and light allowance £7 1*s.* 10½*d.*: total £145 8*s.* 1½*d.* While a Lieutenant receives £168 4*s.* 4½*d.*, and a Captain £265 11*s.* 0½*d.* The great bulk of our senior non-commissioned officers are married men, and it is perfectly obvious that no married man can possibly live in the position of a junior officer of our Army on his regimental income alone. It must be recollected that the State gives nothing beyond the sums above mentioned—that out of this the officer has to feed, clothe, and lodge himself and his family, and that, even if he succeeds by skilful management in effecting this, there can be no possible margin left for amusement or for the expenses connected with the frequent move of station, which, unless he is prepared to spend his life in furnished lodgings, falls with crushing effect on the poor married man.

It is not expected that the reader will necessarily subscribe to all the reforms herein set forth. If there is anything like unanimity on even one point, something has been gained. The official shoe pinches in several directions, and if one military corn be spared there will be much rejoicing in the ranks. Private Thomas Atkins is not a child, and he dislikes being treated like one; he has, moreover, sufficient business instinct to hate being "done out of a penny." Unfortunately the system of stoppages now in force in our Army gives him the impression that he is being done out of many, and consequently he is not so contented as is desirable in the true interests of the public service.

"SEARCHLIGHT."

SLUMBER-SONG.

LULLABY, lullaby,
Featherlids close,
Fold tiny-petalled hands,
Mother's moss-rose.

Still in the twilight
The evening star looms,
Still in the twilight
The pale primrose blooms;
Droning and drowsy
Lolleth homeward the bee,
The linnet is hushed
In the quiet o' the tree;

From their green housen
The candle-flies creep;
And the owl hooteth drowsily
Out of his sleep.
Soon shall the glow-worm
Enkindle her torch,
And the cricket shrill clear
From the jessamined porch.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Featherlids close,
Fold tiny-petalled hands,
Mother's moss-rose.

Like little mice
Afraid of the light,
The stars shyly peep
From the casements of night.
"Hush," saith the silence,
"O round-spinning earth;
Hush ye to slumber
Sweet children of mirth!"

Then lull thee, ah, lullaby,
Babe of my breast,
Tranquil as Hesperus
Wan in the West.

WALTER RAMAL.

With the slightest possible grunt of comprehension Tananiota passed on to the wood-pile, pulled out four of the biggest sticks of birch, each four feet long and nearly a foot thick, and carried them into the house. Then he came out again and carried in four more; and again, and carried in a third supply, before he shut the door and crouched down to build up the fire for the night.

The moon faded out of the sky, and the snow began to fall—not the angry, driving snow that stings the face, but the soft and lazy snow that floats down through the air in a good-natured, unintentional way, yet brings the living world to a dead stop in an hour.

A hand fumbled at the latch, the door opened, and a tall thin redskin stood hesitating on the threshold. The crimson knitted tuque of a French *habitant* was pulled down over his ears, and his coat, almost invisible within an overcoat of clinging snow, was a clumsy grey garment of *étoffe du pays*.

There was no welcome on Tananiota's face, but the stranger shut the door behind him, shook off the snow, and came forward to warm himself at the fire.

"You won't mind my staying here for the night?" he said, in French. "I've been spending the evening at Skagàwé's, but he got uneasy when the time came for his wife to get home from the Council-house, and he thought you would have more room."

"Room enough," grunted the old chief; "but why don't you speak your own language?"

The visitor looked ashamed. "I have forgotten it," he said. "I live among the *Canadiens*, down yonder. I am the only Huron left south of the river; and the Hurons at Lorette, on the north shore—what are they but *Canadiens*?"

"You are a Huron. Ah!"

"Yes, a Huron of pure blood."

"Ah!"

"I heard the great Governor was coming to Monacona, and I thought I should like to see him before I die."

"You are——?"

"Eighty years and more. But I can pull a pretty good oar still, thank God."

"You are a Catholic. Ah!"

The old chief's "Ah!" might betoken either anger or satisfaction, or it might mean simply "I hear." No white man could have said which, and even the Huron was uncertain.

"You are not a Protestant?" he asked.

"Protestant? No! Catholic? No!"

The Huron was inwardly shocked. It was long since he had met a pagan of this outspoken kind. Still, he did not like to criticise his host, especially as the host looked as if he would not put up with much criticism.

"You keep to the old ways of our fathers," the visitor ventured to remark.

"The old ways were the ways of men; the new ways are the ways of women."

This was not encouraging, so the visitor held his tongue. Presently the Iroquois went on, —"The new ways lead chicken-blooded Indians to make fools of themselves before a white chief, dancing the war-dance with their chicken-legs and cackling the war-cries with their chicken-throats."

"Yes," chimed in the Huron, glad to find a point of agreement at last, "that is a great folly. And it makes men remember the bloodshed that had better be forgotten."

"Never!" exclaimed the old Iroquois. "Never forgotten and never forgiven. That is the new way, to forget and forgive!"

"I've just time for Father to see me."

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The Huron made no attempt to revive the conversation. Presently Tananiota pushed some blankets over to him, and they both huddled down on the floor before the fire and went to sleep.

About midnight the chief awoke, as his custom was, when the back-log on the hearth had burnt in two. After pushing the ends together and putting fresh logs on, he lay down again; but in a few minutes he raised himself on his elbow and fixed his eyes on a hand that his sleeping companion had thrust out of the blankets. Yes—that was the hand with the three fingers. This was the man who had been prowling around between snows,—who had been driven back to the village by his first glance at the old savage through the window,—who had returned at last, the witches only knew why, to enjoy the hospitality of a Bear.

Many an Indian had had his middle finger bitten off in the old days, but not many had lived long afterwards: the finger had gone first, and the heart had followed, with a devil's wealth of torture in the interval. Sometimes, however, the programme had been interrupted by an accident: the tormentors' attention had been diverted by a danger to themselves. Tananiota remembered one such accident: he had never forgotten it. He himself had been the chief tormentor, and his appetite for blood and vengeance had just been whetted by a single taste when the victim was torn from his clutch. Seventy years ago, that was; and now, here was the victim, sent back at last by fate to complete the sacrifice. To be sure, this might not be the man—it might not—but it must! The spirit of revenge grew hot, red-hot, white-hot, in the old chief's brain. All the old rage of frustration came back upon him. He half turned to get up and seize the tomahawk—but checked himself at once. That was far too quick a way. A score of seventy years' standing was not to be wiped off by a single blow. There were heavy arrears of interest due. Besides, he might as well make quite sure it was the man. He could wait a little longer, till morning if necessary: after seventy years a few hours would not matter.

The fresh logs began to sputter and crackle. The stranger started in his sleep and drew his hand sharply under the blanket. As he did not stir again for some minutes, the Iroquois reached over and very slowly lifted the corner of the blanket. The three-fingered hand was thrust deep into a pocket of the homespun coat. "He's very anxious to hide it," the watcher thought; "or perhaps it's the pocket and not the hand he's anxious about." After that the sleeper seemed to grow accustomed to the crackling of the fire, and he did not awake till the old chief had piled on fresh wood a second and a third time. It was only four or five o'clock, and the sun had not begun to think of rising, but the Huron, being more regular in his habits, shook the blankets off and went to look out of the window. Tananiota seemed to be still fast asleep.

The wind had risen in the night, and the air was thick with the *poudrerie* of snow. It was like a bleached sandstorm. Against the house the drifted snow was banked up six feet deep, and the tall Indian could only look out at the top of the window on tiptoes. He was standing so, with his hands still deep in his pockets, when a raw-hide noose was dropped over his head and pulled tight round his body, strapping his arms to his sides. "Help!" he shouted,—"Tananiota!" But before he could speak twice the leather rope was round his legs as well, and he was thrown down helpless on the floor—helpless, and looking up into the blazing eyes of the ancient Iroquois. The Huron lay half-stunned, more with amazement than with hurt.

"Ah!" said the Iroquois; "you are right to call on the Bear for help, for

who else can hear you? Yes, the Bear will help you—to die!" He was trembling with his exertion, but a tomahawk was gripped hard in his right hand.

"The man is a maniac," the Huron thought, when he could think at all. "Why else should he kill me? What have I done?" But he said nothing—only watched the eyes that gleamed above him.

"What is that in your pocket?" Tananiota asked, after enjoying the situation for a few minutes in silence.

"If you loosen my arm I will show you," answered the captive. "I will give it to you, if that is what you want. There is no need to kill me for it."

"No, there is no need to kill you—for that. But I will save you the trouble of giving it." He pulled out his knife, knelt down, and slit open his prisoner's pocket from the outside. The three-fingered hand was clasping something.

"Let it go, or——!"

The hand opened, and a great silver medal rolled on to the floor. Tananiota picked it up and looked at it, keeping an eye on his prisoner all the time. On one side of the medal was a man's head, with the inscription "GEORGE III. DEI GRATIA"; on the other was a dog snarling at a lion, with a church and trees in the background. Tananiota could not read, but he recognised the picture at once.

"You are a chief," he said. "What is your name?"

"They call me the Deer; but the medal belonged to my father, the Twisted Tree, who died when I was a child."

"Yes, the Twisted Tree fell, or I would have lopped his branches and then cut him down. The young Deer could run fast, but not so fast as the Bear."

The captive on the floor would have leapt with surprise but for his bonds. A horror came back from the past and linked itself to his terror of the present.

"When the Deer was young," the old savage went on, "perhaps he listened to some fine stories. Perhaps he heard the Twisted Tree boasting how he had caught the Bear's father on a hunting journey and burnt him for two days and nights with red-hot hatchets. But if he heard that the Bear's father cried out once, till the Huron's knife dug out his heart, it was a lie!"

"He never said that," the prisoner put in, with a flickering hope of pacifying the old fury. "He always said the Iroquois died as bravely as a Huron."

"As brave as a Huron! Hear him! Hear the brave Huron who cried for mercy when the Bear caught him alone in the forest and took off one finger—cried so loud that the white soldiers heard and cut him loose,—curse them!"

"The Huron was a child," said the prostrate Deer, a remnant of pride coming to his aid. "The Huron was only ten years old, or the Bear could not have taken even that finger. When the Huron grew up he learnt better things than to kill for revenge, or he would have sought the Bear from the Sweet-water Sea to the Salt, and——"

"And done what the Bear is going to do now; but he had learnt the new ways, and become kind and generous,—and a coward! Look, Deer with lame legs, the Bear will be generous too, and give you back your finger!"

He reached down a greasy buckskin pouch that hung from a nail on the wall, drew out the hard brown shrivelled human fragment, and threw it at his enemy's face.

"Only," he continued, "the Bear must have something in exchange,—let us say the next finger." He stooped down, seized the hand in the slit pocket, and would have had the forefinger off in another moment; only the Huron with a great heave of his body rolled right over, and the Iroquois would have been pulled down if he had not let go. He was trembling again, with age and fury, when he

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me, but I die a good Christian, and you cannot keep me out of heaven. But you, —you will die before long, and when you come to the gate they will throw you down into the pit where all the other cruel Iroquois are burning. They will cut and tear and burn you, with all the tortures you have been keeping hot in your heart for me these seventy years. They will burn you for ever and ever, and you will squeal like a coward!"

The savage trembled violently—not from fear of hell, nor even from anger at the Huron's words, but because another voice was speaking, somewhere out-of-doors. "Quiet, animal!" he said to the captive at his feet; and stooping down he tied his sash over the accusing mouth. And now they both heard that other voice calling aloud across the snowdrift, "Tananiota! Tananiota!"

The chief paused, looked down for a moment on his enemy with hate and perplexity, and then opened the door. The snow rose like a wall outside, more than shoulder-high. The disturbers could not see in, at any rate.

"What do you want with Tananiota at this time in the morning?" growled the Bear.

There were three young members of the tribe standing at the foot of the drift, with caps pulled down over their ears and sashes wound tightly round their waists, wide snowshoes strapped to their feet, and big wooden snow-shovels over their shoulders. They were taken aback by the chief's surliness, and stood foolishly, as if they did not know what they had come for.

"What do you want, puppies?" he repeated, angry, and eager to see the last of them.

"Why," said one, "we are going round to see if any one needs help. Everybody is snowed up, and some who can't cut themselves out may be short of food. Hadn't we better dig a path to the door for you?"

"No!" cried the chief, petulantly. "I'll look after myself. Go home."

Two of the three were for taking him at his word and going off in a huff; but the other held them back. "Remember how old he is: he can't know what he is doing. He can never dig himself out, and if we go he may starve."

"What are you waiting for?" the chief called out with rising impatience. "Go where you are wanted."

Before they could answer, Tananiota threw up his arms and disappeared, with a yell of rage and fear. The gagged old Huron, though tied up like a mummy, was not quite so stiff, and he had wriggled himself across the floor like a worm, head first, till he hooked his chin round one of the Bear's ankles and jerked the foot from under him.

The foremost snow-shoer dashed up the drift and scrambled in at the top of the door, an armful of snow tumbling in with him and almost smothering a man who lay bound but struggling on the floor. Tananiota had already got to his feet, and raised his knife with not a thought except to glut his vengeance before it was too late—when the new-comer struck down the shaking arm with his shovel. One gasp of pain escaped the old man, and he fell as if shot. By this time all three of the shovellers had scrambled in, half filling the hut with snow. Dragging the unknown prisoner from the encumbering mass, they cut the gagging sash and binding thongs with Tananiota's knife. The Huron could not rise, but he looked up gratefully at his astonished rescuers, and said, "The good God sent you just in time. I am not hurt,—only a little shaken. See to—*him*."

They spread out the tumbled furs and blankets before the hearth, and laid the old Iroquois down on them as gently as they could; but agony shot through him when they touched his broken arm, and with a scream he opened his eyes.

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"Let me kill him," he moaned. "He killed—his father killed—my father."

"Why," said one of the young men, "I have heard you say your father was killed a month before you were born."

"Ah!" cried the Bear: "eighty-eight years unavenged! Think of it!"

"Shame upon you, Tananiota!" said one of the young men.

"Shame upon you, you rabbits!" burst out the furious chief. "I tell you he is a Huron, and you are Iroquois. No, you are no Iroquois; you are rabbits,—pigs,—worms,—white men! I—I am the last of the Iroquois!"

That was his last word. A man of eighty-eight cannot suffer a great disappointment and a broken arm together, and still live. He was dead within an

"They left his body lying on the floor."

hour. They left his body lying on the floor when they carried his victim, on a stretcher of blankets and snow-shovels, to more comfortable quarters in the village. Half an hour later the hut was seen to be in flames; and in the afternoon the burial party failed to discover the remains of the chief among those of his dwelling. Perhaps they did not look very hard. Skaglwé said, and all the village believed him, that the devil had taken the old heathen, body and soul, and set fire to the house with his breath; but I think the fire was most likely started by falling embers of the logs that the chief had drawn too near the edge of the hearth.

The Huron never went back down the river. The Government gave him a pension, and he was overwhelmed with hospitality by his new friends, and even adopted as an Iroquois by the tribe,—though that, Skaglwé said, was going a little too far.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

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wheat; but a good run and a kind word goes very far to smooth his complaints. Not so the better half, with her poultry bill—so many chickens, so many turkeys, "just a-fatting for Christmas too," and so many ducks, that "them horrid foxes have took." She is not so easily dealt with, and it takes all the blandishments of both Master and secretary to smooth the ruffled plumes of *Mrs.* Farmer Giles. This, however, is somewhat by the way. The most, or certainly one of the most, important things, is to establish an *entente cordiale* between the Commander-in-chief and his staff. No hunt, however rich it may be, will ever prosper if the Master and servants are at loggerheads, or working against each other. There should be perfect confidence between the Master and the huntsman, as also between the huntsman and his whips (I am assuming, of course, that the Master is not hunting the hounds himself), and so on in gradation down to the earth stopper (a most important functionary) and the runner. In no sport, in no sphere of life, does the motto "United we stand, divided we fall," hold so good as in the hunting field. In the breeding of the hounds, in the drafting of the pack, the Master and huntsman should be in accord; though of course the Master's word, even in that, should be law. It is well (and it is a pity it is not more often done), on these matters, to take the first whip into the consultation, for he is, as it were, heir apparent to "the old man's" place, and the earlier he learns the strain of the pack he may some day have charge of, the better.

Briefly I will sum up the qualifications of a really good Master of Hounds. Tact, manners, firmness, and a reserve of forcible language kept under proper control, but ready to be used if necessary; confidence in his staff, and an eye for the country, with a knowledge of the same. And the staff—the hunt servants, on whom as much or more depends than even on the Master himself. First the huntsman. Like the Commander-in-chief, he must know the country backwards, what his hounds can do and what they cannot, also what the movement or idiosyncrasy of every particular hound in the pack may be. The hounds in a tight place look to him for guidance, and it depends on his judgment alone to decide when that guidance or advice shall be given. The more they are allowed to puzzle matters out for themselves on a cold scent the more confidence the pack will gain; and I believe that that is a mistake so many—otherwise excellent huntsmen—make: viz., that in their anxiety not to be thought slow, they lift the pack sooner than necessary; the result being, that ever after the hounds will not try a yard "on their own," but at the first check will look to the huntsman to help them.

One axiom that has been long established is that the huntsman, under no pretext whatever, should rate the hounds—and by rating, I mean rating and the use of the whip. The great object of the man in charge of the pack should be to make them love him and fly to his horn or word. That is why it takes two if not three seasons for a whip who has been promoted to the position of huntsman to get on terms with his hounds. Naturally, having been rated by him and driven by him, the older hounds are afraid of him, and the younger ones, like human beings, are very prone to copy their elders. The office of first whip is no sinecure, and the huntsman ought to make it his business (putting professional jealousy on one side) to be a friend and counsellor to his second in command. A good first whip, who knows where to go, how to get forward without showing himself, and who can give his chief a straight tip, is invaluable. And as the huntsman never knows (having to take chances on cattle of every description) when the first whip may not have to take the horn *pro tem.*, it makes things work much smoother if they happen to be—shall I say—pals.

The second whips have a very different *rôle* to fulfil. Theirs is the place to

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stop back and whip up stragglers. Doubtless for a young and enthusiastic rider a thankless task. In a quick forty minutes over the cream of the country, feeling all the time that if you had the chance you would be there or thereabouts, it at first does seem a bit hard to have to keep in the background, and perform the office of dry nurse to hounds who have been left behind. But if they have any sense, and aspire to getting on, they must remember that Rome was not built in a day, and that in every profession or calling, the bottom rung of the ladder is the first one to be surmounted. I remember well, though, how on one occasion a second whip scored heavily; and although the story is dead against my preaching, I will give it. I had been hopelessly thrown out (not an unusual thing—I would sooner say it myself than hear it), and coming through a covert in a vain endeavour to find the hounds I chanced on the whip picking up a couple or couple and a half who had been running riot, or committing some other crime. He was cross, his language was not polite, and life at that moment was not to him a bed of roses. "Hounds?" he said to me in reply to my question: "what 'ave I to do with 'em? I've got to look after these as don't know 'ow to behave 'emselves. But" (and this in a confidential manner) "don't you make no mistake, they'll be back shortly, and then we will see. I knows that fox—you wait along with me." I waited, and in a quarter of an hour his words came true. The fox doubled back on his tracks, and followed by the whole pack came into the bottom end of the wood. They were pretty close on him, and as far as I could see neither huntsman, first whip, nor any of the field anywhere near. The whip smiled, slipped his stragglers into the pack, and cheering the lot on, forced the fox out the far side and killed him two fields farther on. Of course he got "what for" when the "old man" arrived, but that day's hunting will be a red-letter one with the boy till he goes to ground himself.

And the hounds!—the dog and bitch pack, or, as I have before called them, the troops. Say that the strain is all right, and the breeding correct, the next thing is to get them level—not only as regards size, but in pace. Naturally there will, in nine cases out of ten, be a leading hound, but the main body should, given an even start, be able to be "covered with a sheet." Nothing looks so bad as to see a long string of hounds, some in one field, some in another, and more in a third. It is a *sine quâ non*, also, that the hounds themselves should have confidence in each other, and work as far as possible without jealousy. It is extraordinary how they know who and what is to be trusted. For instance, you may any day, especially cubbing in the early part of the season, see and hear one hound get on the line and throw his tongue. Unless he is trusted, none of the pack will take the smallest notice until the opinion is confirmed by one in whom they have confidence. In the case of a young hound, extra keen, one can almost hear the older ones say, "Listen to that babbling puppy!" Then the thought strikes one of them, "Perhaps, after all, he may be right: I'll go and see," and the rest look on. If the young one is right they will fly to it, but if the hound that "went to see" says no, the contempt written on their countenances is plainly visible, and the "puppy" slinks away wishing himself dead. Hounds are very human, and bearing this in mind they should be treated as such.

I have not dealt in this article with the earth stopper, although he may fairly be considered a hunt servant, and a most important one. His work will be better described later. Nor have I touched on the kennel management, for of all subjects that is a most controversial one, and everybody holds a different opinion as to the proper method. I have only tried to outline the duties of the M.F.H., servants, and hounds.

"BAGATELLE."

ETERNAL LOVE.

TRUE eyes, blue eyes, and a long love-look for me—
And, "Lo, I hear the angels calling them!"

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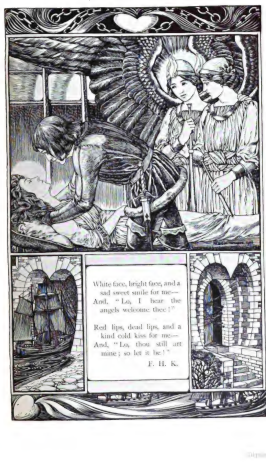

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"The Cavalier rushed on to shelter in the Yarmouth Roads."

At first the mate had grappled with the pump for five minutes, and the others, except the boy, had done the same. Then the five had become four, and three, and two; and at two the spells had remained, each man reckoning it a point of honour not to lag behind the mate, his leader. At last the mate had set himself to raise and depress the handle once a second for sixty seconds; and at that rate for two hours past the *Cavalier* had been kept almost clear of water. Now the sixty turns had dropped to forty, and the skipper was wondering how long it would be before the relay would fail, and the workers fall down helplessly and hopelessly, as he had seen workers fall before through such prodigious toil as this. The cabin-boy, from consideration of his youth and undeveloped strength, had not been claimed as a reserve until even his spasmodic labours were essential to the saving of the *Cavalier*; for his twenty seconds at the pump gave at any rate a breathing-space to the other workers.

The skipper was not a harsh or rough commander, but he had to keep the toilers at it. He was a genial, brown-faced, black-bearded, strong-limbed man, who was proud of his smack, his crew, and his ability to write his name and spell out chapters in the Bible, always excepting genealogies and here and there a

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prophet or a city. He tried to think fairly of all men, even his own employer, who was notoriously as hard and close-fisted a creature as could be found among the many such from Peterhead to Lowestoft.

Dennison's prospect was not hopeful or agreeable. This gale would mean a loss of many pounds upon the trip, which otherwise would have been successful, for in the two months the *Cavalier* had never had her trawl employed in vain. It would avail the skipper nothing to assert that the fault lay solely with the admiral of the fleet, who had too long delayed the signal to get up the gear; no excuse would palliate the crime of coming home a wreck, and putting the self-insuring owner to a heavy cost for refitting. The skipper even went so far as to expect the worst, and pictured himself wandering aimlessly and heartsick along the quays, day after day, a smacksman unemployed. But the skipper was a hopeful being. He trusted in a lucky star, and believed that, however doleful his case was, some way out of it would be provided.

"Yer must keep it up, boys—keep it up till afternoon, an' then we'll all be snug in Yarmouth Roads," he shouted, thrusting his great body against the kicking tiller. "Yer can go below, little Dan, an' make some coffee for us. Put a 'andful or two in the kettle, an' let it boil well, so's to get the goodness out of it. Then fill some mugs an' bring 'em up. That's the sort o' stuff to put new life inter yer. Wi' a mug o' good strong coffee in us we shall easily 'old out till we're on the safe side o' the Cross Sand. *I* feel as if I could go on for another twelve hour, I'm that well an' fresh."

The skipper's heavy eyes did not confirm his cheery words, and the reeling of his body showed that he was nearly at the end of his endurance. But his masterful spirit kept his vision clear, and by biting at his lips he could keep his weariness at bay. As for his reeling, due to faintness, he made as if he stumbled only with the motion of his smack. He felt that if he, the chief, showed signs of being conquered, his exhausted crew would take it as a signal for their own collapse.

The pump clanked spasmodically, the tiller darted wildly at the fiercely resisting skipper, and the *Cavalier* went headlong on her way. At last the boy brought up a mug of evil-looking liquid, which he handed to the skipper. To him the smell was fragrant and appealing, and a hand went forth instinctively to take the vessel. But the skipper caught the hungry look of the workers at the pump, and smothered his temptation. "Sup round, boys," he shouted; "that'll revive you till some more comes. I can wait easy, for I'm not wantin' stimmylants just yet."

And so the pumpers drank and smacked their lips, and drank and smacked again till they were satisfied. When they had finished, and Dan himself had had his mugful, the skipper raised the pot with trembling hands. He gulped the steaming, greasy liquor, and set to work with new-born force to keep the smack upon her course.

"It's only a smart breeze, after all," he cried encouragingly. "An' we're not far off now, lads."

"But smart enough to knock a brig to bits," the mate replied, as he clung to the bulwarks and looked across the sea towards the land. "There's one on the Hasbro', if ever I saw a ship there. Look!"

From the skipper down to little Dan the crew stared hard. For a moment no one spoke. Perhaps the same thought entered the minds of most of them just then—that it might happen within the hour that they too would be bumping on the deadly sands until the seas should overwhelm them.

"It's a brig ashore, right enough," agreed the skipper.

As if it might have been an inspiration, he shouted: "Lads, this is luck's doin'! That brig's ashore to make up for the loss o' profit on our trip."

"'Ow can that be?" asked the mate. "She can't be o' any use to us. It'll take us all our time to look after the *Cavalier*."

"That she can," the skipper roared in answer. "She can be o' use to us in the way o' salvage. Lads, the *Cavalier's* got to salvage that 'ere brig. There may be men aboard."

His humanity and the business spirit in him rose at once to wonderful activity, and he swung the smack round with the strength of a man just leaving port, and headed for the trembling vessel over which the seas were breaking in dull white clouds.

"Talk about new 'eart an' courage," he roared—in that great noise of wind and wave a man had need of toughened lungs to make his voice heard—"I feel as if I'd got the limbs o' ten big giants! Just you feel the same, an' we'll get the brig to port an' make a fortune on it."

From the way she hurried down to the Hasborough, the valiant *Cavalier* might have got the spirit of her master. She held on for the brig steadily and unswervingly, her jib and foresail rigid as sheets of iron; and at last was near enough for Dennison to hail with "Brig ahoy!"

He waited for an instant after his voice had rung over the seas, but no answer came. Then he called again, and there being no reply he led a united roar of "Brig ahoy!" from the crew of the *Cavalier*.

By this time the smack was nearly abreast of the brig, and would have flown swiftly past her. Believing for the moment that the stranger was abandoned, and longing for the safety and shelter which the Roads afforded, the skipper was about to let the *Cavalier* run on. But the shout had been heard, and a shock-headed man was standing half out of the companion, waving a bottle, and pointing unsteadily to a signal of distress which was flying above him. He raised the bottle to his lips, and was drinking from it, when a sea broke over the ship and knocked him into the depths below.

"Down wi' the jib an' fores'l, out anchor an' out boat!" shouted the skipper, steering his handy vessel under the lee of the foreigner, where her light draught enabled her to run. "There's a crew aboard that brig, an' we've got to save 'em, come wot may o' salvage."

"They're all drinkin' below—I just 'eard 'em yellin' a chorus," said the mate. "They'd go down very comfortable if we let 'em alone."

"W'y!" exclaimed the skipper in amazement, "I shouldn't ha' supposed *you'd* ha' showed the w'ite feather."

"There's no w'ite feather about me," replied the mate. "But the boat 'll be bashed to bits as soon as she touches the water. A surf lifeboat could 'ardly live i' such a sea as this."

"We've boarded fish in as shabby weather," the skipper answered; "an' wot we'll do for money, surely we'll do for human lives. Come, you an' me an' Will 'll get the boat over an' go aboard the brig an' see wot they're up to. We can easily climb up the lee side."

"Right, skipper, I'm yer man," returned the mate. "I was dog-tired, or I shouldn't ha' spoken as I did."

While these things had been said the skipper had made the tiller secure, and the anchor had been cast overboard. The rusty fangs had gripped the sands hard, and the rusty chain was tautened dangerously; but the *Cavalier* was firmly held, and being free of water—for the leak had become choked—she rode with tolerable ease.

They thrust the broad squat boat into the water when the lee bulwarks were for an instant level with it, and the skipper dropped heavily on to one of the

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thwarts, and seized an oar as the smack shot high above him on the next approaching wave. When the boat was falling swiftly away again the mate and the third hand tumbled in, and were soused in the water with which the craft was half filled.

"Now for it!" shouted the skipper, slipping the painter and thrusting desperately at the side of the *Cavalier* with his oar. "Shove off, an' let's jump up aboard the brig."

The three stood to their work, the skipper facing the bow, and the mate and third hand the stern, these two working together at one oar. They fought their way through the blinding seas yard by yard; and the skipper, watching for his chance, climbed on board the brig, the painter in his teeth. He fastened it to a stanchion, and the other two hauled in and climbed up also, one watching to see that the boat was not stove in against the side of the ship.

"She's a foreigner," observed the skipper.

"W'ich means that all there is to do 'll ha' to be done by us," growled the mate.

"It's the *Santy Mariar*, port o' Cadiz," said the skipper, glancing at a lifebuoy hanging from the rigging, on which the words were painted. "Bein' Spanish, she'll certainly be a orkard customer. *Santy Mariar* ahoy, there!" he roared, bending his head down the hatchway and thumping the side.

For answer there was a muffled chorus of screams.

"*Santy Mariar* ahoy there!—can't yer 'ear?" demanded Dennison.

There was another scream by way of acknowledging the hail.

"I do believe they think Old Nick's come aboard to fetch 'em," said the mate. "Let me go below an' tickle 'em up wi' this."

He seized a loose piece of timber, and had taken a step down towards the cabin, when a man in a red cap began to clamber unsteadily up.

"I was comin' to knock a bit o' life into some o' you," explained the mate, stepping back to the deck, and throwing down his weapon disappointedly.

"Go away—go away," hiccuped the red-capped man, who was the captain. "Go away—leave us."

"I'd precious soon do that, if I'd my way," returned the mate. "'Ere we've come a-riskin' life an' limb to save you an' yer ship, an' then we're told to clear out. 'Ow many on yer is there?"

"Ten," replied the captain, who from long trading with British ports spoke English well.

"Ten!" replied the disgusted skipper, who had come up. "D'yer mean to say there are so many 'idin' below, an' leavin' this brig to go bust? W'y don't yer get 'em up an' work 'er off?"

"Work off?" demanded the captain. "We've no rudder. The masts are sprung, and we couldn't get up the anchor if we tried."

"Yer can slip yer cables," said the skipper; "the masts 'll 'old a scrap o' canvas, at any rate; an' as for steerin', we'll get a warp aboard the *Cavalier*, an' the smack 'll act as a rudder. Wot d'yer think o' that notion?"

The captain, clinging unsteadily to the hatch, replied that it was a foolish notion, and would not do.

"Look 'ere," burst in the mate furiously! "we're not goin' to stand 'ere all day in a gale o' wind like this, till this old bundle o' sticks is smashed up. Are yer comin' to 'elp us?"

"No," said the captain, "certainly not. We're praying below."

"'Uggin' crosses an' drinkin' won't get yer out o' this fix," said the skipper. "Let's 'ave the men up to get the brig clear o' the sands, an' give a 'and to get

deserting even this objectionable alien. "Lads," he said passionately, "let's show these skulkin' swabs wot Englishmen can do. I'll work till I drop dead rather than be beaten as they are."

"If they won't 'elp us, they shan't interfere wi' us, anyway," vowed the mate. "Box 'em in, or they may come up i' their madness an' try to brain us."

He pulled the hatch over the companion-way and made it fast, after which he turned to the skipper and added, "Now we can work wi' a free 'and. As for me, I'm like you—good for peggin' at it till I'm a corp."

Once more there was a dangerous trip to the smack, to get a warp between her and the brig. After a hard fight they had her secure, and having got the foresail and jib on the *Cavalier* again and slipped the cables, they began to pull the brig off the sands. The tough old Spaniard bumped and strained and held back stubbornly, but in the end she moved, and being lifted by the rising tide the undamaged hull slid slowly into the deep water of the Roads.

A shout of triumph from the skipper and crew of the smack made known the floating of the brig. The cry roused the captain, and he crawled up the cabin steps, wondering what it meant, and why his vessel did not any longer rattle them about the swimming floor.

"One more trip i' the boat," shouted the skipper, "an' all we've got to do 's to run to Lowestoft wi' the old bundle o' firewood an' wait for our share o' the salvage."

The excitement of the rescue had put fresh vigour and endurance into Dennison and the rest of his company, down to little Dan, who was excelling all previous efforts in the art of making coffee out of boiling water in which some salt beef had been cooked, and employing himself solely in supplying the crew with this refreshment and hard biscuit. The work seemed easier now, and when a bit of sail had been got upon the brig and she was lungeing southward through the Roads, the *Cavalier* towing astern and steering her, there was not a smacksman on board of either craft who did not think that after all their fortunes were better than if they had reached port undamaged, with the catch of fish intact, and with their sails and gear.

The captain, having reached the hatch, thumped upon it with his fist, and no one taking notice of his clamouring, he tried to burst the boarding with his foot. Failing too in this, he returned below, and standing on the table, set himself to wreck the skylight with a poker. When he had broken the coloured glass to pieces, and found that he was still a prisoner because of the brass rods outside, he shrieked long and furiously, and used the strongest English words he knew.

"You thieves from the infernal!" he yelled, frantic with the thought that took possession of him. "You are stealing my brig! You shall go to prison for it!"

The skipper and the mate were struggling with a rope, two yards away, and the captain hissed at them.

Dennison raised a hand and waved the Spaniard scornfully away. The mate was not so tolerant.

"Just a jiffy, skipper," he said, relinquishing the rope and making for the skylight. "Get down, yer yoller-faced boozer!" he exclaimed. "Go an' swim in the watter below. Drown, if yer like, an' be damned to yer; but don't come interferin' 'ere."

He smote the red-capped head with a hard dirty fist, and the captain dropped below.

"Now, skipper," he said, resuming his labours, "if there's any more nonsense from them foreigners below afore we're safe i' 'arbour, I shall just catch 'old of a

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Before he went to sea again, his employer sent him a bottle of Scotch whiskey, of inferior quality, and a barrel—the smallest size—of doubtful ale. "Hang it, Bill," he said, with an affectation of extreme magnanimity, but saying nothing of a letter he had got from the owners of the brig, "there's no one shall say I'm mean over this business of the Spaniard. I'll risk getting what I ought to have over it. There's a twenty-pound note for you, and a sovereign apiece for the children."

"Being ten on 'em, that's another ten-pun' note," murmured the delighted Dennison—regretful, for the moment, that he had not twice the number.

"Thirty pounds is a tidy little sum," observed the owner complacently. "You could almost buy a cottage with it."

He puffed at his cigar, after the fashion of a man who has done a virtuous deed, and has the right to enjoy a leisurely and peaceful contemplation of it.

"You're very good, sir," said the grateful skipper, as he deferentially opened the door to let his patron and employer pass into the street.

"I've always tried to do my duty," rejoined the master. "*Good* morning, Mrs. Dennison; good morning, Bill. You'll be ready for the next trip on Monday morning? I'll see to new gear and sails. It's a heavy loss, but we must grin and bear that, and try to make the best of things. Have the tug alongside at four sharp, so you won't miss the tide."

Then he walked away, and, as he chewed the end of his cigar reflectively, reckoned up that when he had given the thirty pounds to Dennison, divided thirty more amongst the rest of the crew, paid the fifty to the tug for towage, and provided new sails and gear, he had still a thousand left for himself as owner. "It's a bit stiff to have to pay all that out of what there is to get," he muttered; "but, even then, salvage pays a lot better than fishing. If a brig a year came my way at this rate, I should soon be a rich man—and perhaps get to be mayor."

While the owner dwelt, half fearfully, on the joys of such a giddy eminence, Dennison rejoined his wife.

"'E's not a bad sort, Martha, w'en 'e's reckoned up, is 'e?" he asked heartily. "But—w'y, old woman, you're cryin'! Wot's that for?"

"Oh, Bill," she sobbed, "I know I'm a wicked woman to think it. But I'm not grateful. Thirty pounds is a miserable bit, seein' that Mr. Grimmel gets a thousand, as I'm told 'e will. 'E didn't work for it, an' didn't run any risk. You might ha' bin killed or washed overboard, an' it wouldn't ha' mattered to 'im, except 'e would 'a 'ad to bother to find another skipper as good as you—an' as cheap."

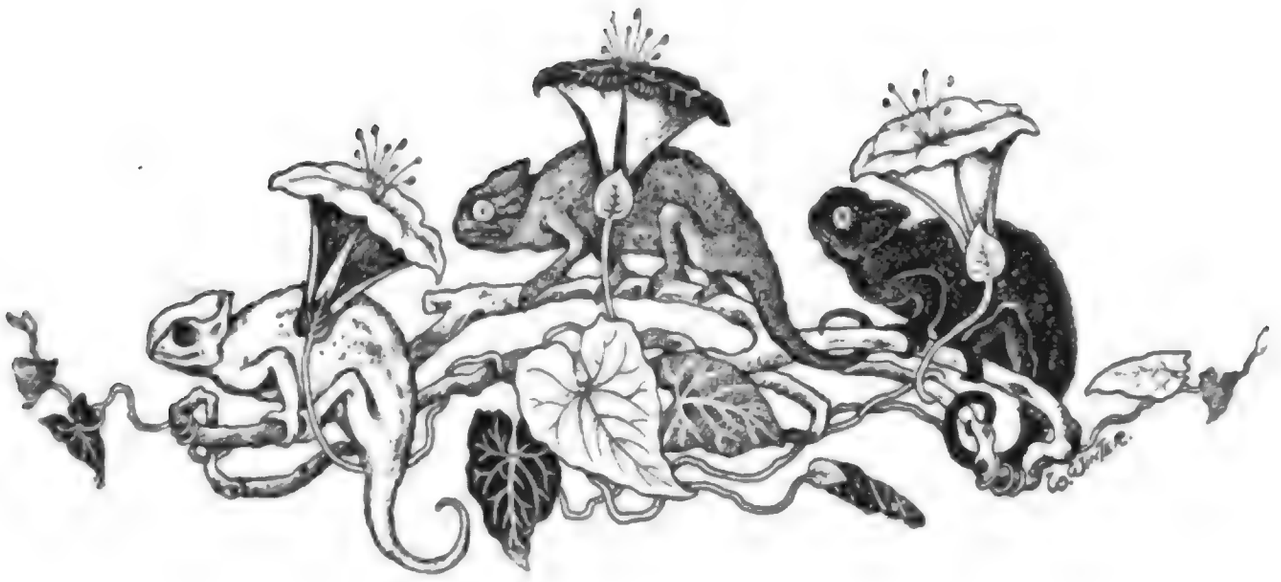
"But you know, Martha, 'e's the owner, an' might get the lot o' the salvage. It's 'is vessel wot saved the brig—me an' the rest only worked 'er."

"I don't care—it isn't right. I can see that, if I can't explain it. It may be wicked to wish 'at a few more Spanish brigs 'ud do the same as the *Santy Mariar* did; but I *do* wish it. Then you never, *never* need go out on that awful cruel sea again, but might get on at the gasworks or the quay."

The skipper drew his wife towards him, and tried to laugh her misery away. But all the same he felt, in a helpless sort of way, that there was something wrong somewhere, which ought to be set right by somebody, some time.

His own eyes became dim, and a lump rose in his throat. It came again when he was towed to sea on the Monday, and once more waved his eight weeks' farewell to the woman at the pier-head, who restrained her tears until the *Cavalier* had been cast off by the tug, and was sailing towards the faint hard dawn that was rising above the lonely waters in the east.

WALTER WOOD.



PRECAUTIONS OF WILD LIFE.

THE grey badger, which for no valid reason some have done their best to exterminate, is compelled at the present time to use all the precautions that his wits will furnish to keep himself under the earth and on the face of it. What has the poor creature done to deserve persecution? Surely where he makes his home they could let him be. At one time I knew where we could see him, with a little patient watching; but he has been so badly treated that if in his moonlight rambles he comes across the spot where some member of humanity has rested, on the short green turf, in the daytime, he noses it, throws his snout up like some angry snork, and rushes away. This he will do on lonely sheep-walks, miles away from hamlets, so the poor fellow must have reasons for it.

Rabbits and rats in some places have become a perfect nuisance; the rabbits are eating up the garden produce and the sheep-feed. As to the rats, they are killing off the poultry, young chickens and young ducks, after these have reached such a size that the general public would think they would not be interfered with. Stoats and weasels may be about somewhere; I have not seen one for months. To see a weasel, with a mouse or bird in his mouth, would be a rarity; as to watching a stoat hunt a rabbit down, as we have done in past times, there is little chance of it now. Half-grown and adult rats, as well as mice, are the favourite food of many creatures. If the creatures, furred and feathered, that feed on their enemies are killed, their young, owing to the undue increase of these foes, vanish. One grizzled old keeper told me "as he waun't sure as badgers was any harm, or for thet matter any good; on'y for tarriers tu draw."

For certain reasons only known to themselves, otters, also, have deserted for a time one of the favourite water-ways used by them in going from one part of the river to another. They are extraordinary and erratic creatures in their eel-like movements; coming before you at times—few and far between—in the most unexpected manner. When their kittens are out, then is the time to look for them in their haunts, and when the eels begin to run in the early autumn; for, so far as I have been able to form an opinion on the matter, both adults and young follow the fish down stream. As it is a well-known fact that eels only run under certain conditions, and these are very much influenced by atmospheric agencies, a run of the fish is soon stopped, and there they will remain in the

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waters that they have run down to until the conditions are once more favourable for their passing onwards. I have seen the young eels, about a foot in length, making the upward passage in hundreds, some in the water and some out of it: they crawl through the damp grass like snakes to reach the water beyond. That is the only reason I can give for the otters visiting places, well frequented, in the manner they are known to do. They know that the fish have stopped there for a time, and they intend to have as many of these as they are able to capture. As the eels move about at night, they move after them. The otter's nose is a keen one, and as anglers fish on both sides of the river he or his are not going to land where their taint is on the grass; it is impossible for you to stand, sit, kneel, or place your rod on the ground without that grey-brown fisher getting wind of it; and so he goes down stream under water, venting as he glides along. Any one that saw the creature out in a sedge meadow for the first time would take it to be a large cat out on the prowl. Fortune has favoured the intelligent creatures near us lately: not even a kitten has come to grief, and we hope that they will remain undisturbed. Fish, too, are numerous again, so they have not cleared all off. What creatures are credited with doing, and what they really do, are very different matters. That they do clear pools at times of fish, pull moorhens under, and catch rabbits, no one who is acquainted with them can deny. But these little games are not carried on all the year round, at least so far as rabbits and moorhens are concerned. With the exception of one otter that accidentally walked into a rabbit trap which had been set in a garden for his capture—and that was in 1894—all the otters that frequent the river, so far as we are able to glean, have got off, scot-free, from trap or gun.

Frogs get about at night a considerable distance from water; in fact, unless it was the spawning season, by the water's edge or in it would be the last place where we should look for a frog. Every living creature, if permitted, knows where to look for food as the seasons come round, and the very best place to search for plump, handsome specimens is in a strawberry bed. As some of the beds are not far from the river, the otter above mentioned, in his search for frogs, got into the trap. A change of diet is beneficial to human beings, and furred and feathered creatures are also benefited by it. The otter is about his old haunts just now, we know, for the "seals" are to be seen in retired spots down the river, where he has banked his fish or travelled along the river's edge. In the early morning and the dusk of evening we have waited for hours by one favourite hunting-place of theirs, but we have not yet sighted one. Peering under hollow banks, laced and interlaced with the great roots of the trees that grow on them, and ranging willow holts, has been all to no purpose. That the otters have brought up their kittens close to outbuildings within a short lope of the river Mole I feel confident, for in passing through the water-meadows, with their tangles of rush, sedge, iris, meadowsweet, and purple loosestrife, I have not seen either the lair and seal or cast of the otter, keenly as I have looked for them. No doubt they, like other creatures, have come to the conclusion that if they wish to escape harm from human beings, the only way to avoid it is to get as close as they can to them and their belongings: they seem to have found out that where their presence is not suspected they are never looked for. Alder copses, willow holts and water-meadows have not been safe places of late years for them, as they have found to their cost; so they have worked on certain precautionary lines of their own recently, and very much to their advantage. Certain old barn floors, the faggot stacks, and the old foundations of hay-ricks I should be sorry to see investigated by nosing terriers just now. They are very close to the river—in fact, when a flood comes

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the water nearly reaches up to them. But as one gets in the habit of keeping what one thinks to oneself, if it is a case of sheltering wild creatures, I have not visited them for some time, having well-founded suspicions that some of these creatures which are very partial to fish have their families there. It is very much to be regretted that this brown-coated, flat-headed, long-tailed river wraith should have been—and he still is—persecuted without a reason. One elfish grunter, in long-drawn jeremiads, prophesied that there would not be a fish left in the river Mole if the otters were not killed off. As he was not able to tell people how to set about that job, the playful creatures remained. That was in 1894; in 1895 some parts of the river, when the sun shone brightly, looked dark from the numbers of great fish that were sunning themselves near the surface. It is very difficult to get a sight at certain times even of the traces that the creature leaves behind it, let alone the fisher. The otters know what the report of a gun means, and they get out of gun range.

"The timid hare that barely leaves a shadow as he flies," says a poetical writer on natural life; yet the merry brown hare is not at all a naturally timid creature. But every man's hand has been against the gentle creature for centuries, for he is good for sport, good to eat, and good to sell. For reasons known far better to the hare than to ourselves, we have missed him from some noble park lands, and from the wide pastures that join them. It may be that alternate crops on the farm lands have something to do in the matter. From having seen numbers of hares feeding in large fallow fields, where a vestige of crops had not been for twelve months, the thought has struck me that as there was a crop on the neighbouring field, and yet they preferred the fallow to feed in, the damage they are credited with doing may be a little overrated. The Ground-Game Act has compelled the hare to adopt extra precaution, for at one time he could lie out in the farm fields and the grazing meadows in perfect security—at least in the day-time; but this state of affairs has altered, and now he, like other creatures, has to be on the alert.

After centuries of persecution the heron rests in comparative peace. The rigid laws, framed in past days for his so-called protection, were not drawn up to benefit the fine bird himself, but in order that he might provide sport for hawking. This noble and ancient sport is of great antiquity; Eastern nations have followed it with the greatest success from time beyond record. Falconry has really never died out in England; but draining the fens, and more or less enclosing open spaces of great extent, have made it impracticable at the present time to hawk in certain districts which were once favourable for it. Plains, heaths, open moors—that is, moors without trees—and marsh-lands are the only places remaining where falconry can be indulged in, and the districts that are suitable for it lie wide apart. In ancient times the heron was killed when captured, either by the falcons that brought him down, or by the falconer if he got to his hawks quickly enough. And this they did their utmost to accomplish. A good cock heron has been known to drive his dagger-like bill through a falcon when on the ground, for, like his relative the bittern, he fights with bill and feet. The heron and the kite, the fork-tailed kite or gled—the one a wader, the other a bird of prey—furnished the so-called royal flights for falconry. The heron can do no hurt to the hawks when in the air, but they can and do when they bind to him—that is—fix on him. They come floating and whirling down, buoyed up by their great wings. Peregrines are chiefly used—the falcons—for the tiercels are barely powerful enough to cope with a strong heron effectually; some of them, in spite of their dauntless courage, are very light in build. Jer-falcons, Greenlanders, Icelanders and Norwegians have been used in past days,

but their temperaments have not caused them to be in great favour with modern falconers. And they are most deadly footers: it is their nature to be such; they will strike at a large quarry until they have killed it—in fact, knock it about—and this is just what is not required in heron hawking; the falconers ride their hardest to save the heron when the hawks have got him. This is soon done, if all goes well; the hawks are taken up, the heron fixed between one of the falconer's knees, and a light band is placed on one of his legs as a mark by which they may know him if he is again captured; then he is let loose, not much the worse for it all, beyond the fright and loss of a handful of feathers when they struck him. If this wise plan had not been adopted, the heronries would have been decimated, and the broad-winged quarry gone. There is not the least doubt that it is owing to these unwelcome marks of attention which have been paid him through successive centuries that the bird's naturally astute faculties have been sharpened to a wonderful degree, so that he has used the most extraordinary precautions for his own safety. In the course of my life I have had many chances of watching this fine wader. I say chances instead of opportunities, for you may be certain that he or his are in the immediate vicinity, but you have to take the chance of the birds' allowing you to see them. The heron can wade to a depth of eight inches comfortably: if the water were deeper than that he would have to swim. This accomplishment is only put into practice under peculiar straits which inconvenience him at times. I have seen him take to the water like a duck when he has had good reasons for doing it. From three to five inches of water are best suited to his wading operations; and a very great amount of patient stalking is done just on the edge of it. Orders have been given in certain woodland districts that the herons are to be left unmolested, which is a step in the right direction.

Brown rats are as numerous about the banks of quiet waters, those that fowl resort to, as water voles. These murdering thieves and their half-grown progeny go sneaking through the sedges to kill and eat the young of ducks, teal, coot, moorhen or rail, if they can get near enough to them. It is frequently the case, where birds are protected, that three, or it may be half a dozen, herons are on the watch, concealed in the aquatic tangle; and a number of those young rats, and one or two, at least, of the old ones, will never get back to their holes again. Regarding fish from a common-sense point of view, overstocking will ruin any waters. This simply means allowing them to increase in such numbers, through excessive protection, that at last the water gets foul from overcrowding, and a murrain seizes the lot. I have seen youngsters, in fine glee, tossing out large roach with their bare hands, as they surrounded a pond in which the fish were circling in great shoals.

Some pike waters are very prolific—in fact, unduly so if no natural checks are there. One of my rustic friends once observed, with reference to a certain piece of water, "Them 'ere young jacks is as thick theer as effuts in a hoss-pond." He was quite right: every little outlet, and the plashes from the overflows, were full of little jack from four to six inches in length, each one keeping its distance from the other; they were short ones certainly, but they were apart. If this state of affairs is allowed to go on year after year, after eating all the other fish in the pond, they begin to eat each other. Since the herons have been allowed to clear off the surplus of these small alligator-snouted fish, and to range the edges of the pond for them, matters have altered for the better. Rats, voles, water-shrews—bubble-mice—frogs, and efts, all get sampled in their turn: first come, first swallowed.

The peregrine falcon, when on passage, still visits large pieces of water in Surrey

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very well known to myself, which have fowl of some kind on them all the year round. His local name of duck-hawk is the same as it was generations back; and it is a very good one, for all the time that the peregrines are about—the short time they stay in one district—they are at the fowl all day long. Herons are there as well as ducks, but the hawks do not interfere with them with a view to capture: for peregrines are fastidious in their feeding when they have choice in the matter, and the flesh of the heron is not particularly sweet or tender. Large hawks, and, for that matter, small ones, do not get on the wing any more than it is necessary for them: a short flight for a quarry suits them far better than a long one. They simply post themselves where they can watch without being detected, and wait their chance. No hawk ever hunts on a full crop, but there are times when it is no easy matter to get that crop filled. For directly fowl have seen a peregrine about, they are all eyes and ears. After a wild hawk has casted, he is not hungry immediately; and he is light and fit as a fiddle, as they have it, for flying. As a rule, he will have one or two preliminary swings over the trees away from the water, before he or she, as the case may be, settles down to business; the hawk is only taking gentle exercise in order to get a good appetite.

In he shoots, a fine old grey tiercel, into some Scotch firs near the edge of the water, where he is at once out of sight. The fowl are in the cover nozzling about; not even a dabchick pokes his head up to make a ring on the water and vanish again. A solitary heron, that has been feeding in the flags unseen, thinks that he may as well flap over the lake to the other side in order to try his luck there. Out he bundles, and away he flaps just over the water, a few feet only above it; there is not the least necessity for his rising any higher. But the breadth of this fine piece of water—the locality of which I will not even indicate, for good reasons, beyond stating that it is in my favourite Weald haunts—is quite enough for the heron to get his neck doubled back in between his shoulders, and his legs well out behind his short tail, before reaching the opposite belt of flags to that from which he started. Just as he is slacking, on nearing the sedges, something shoots over with a rush, and vanishes over the reed clumps beyond the sedges, and the heron, with one hoarse cry, drops on the water as if he had been shot. Then he flaps and scuffles over it into the flags; his hereditary instincts have told the patient fisher the full meaning of that fierce stoop from his ancient enemy, the peregrine. Even where he is protected, his precautionary habits still prevail; no matter when or where he may be met with, alone or in company, a keen look-out is kept. It is a most interesting sight to see three or four herons circling round over your head, and then to watch them settle, one by one, on the top shoots of the highest firs near them, where they will remain, watching all your movements, until you are a long distance off. For the keen heron, above all the birds that belong to his tribe, puts in practice a great measure of precaution.

That beautiful bird, the magpie, has completely passed away from some of our hunting haunts; and those that were introduced by lovers of bird life in districts where they had been exterminated, have also vanished in a very mysterious manner. A small volume could be written concerning his habitat, ways and means of living, also his shifts and expedients to provide for his own safety, and, in the nesting season, for the members of his family. He is without exception the most accomplished feathered creature in the woodlands that I am acquainted with.

After long years of intercourse with woodland people, some of it with reference to business matters and some in a private capacity, I have been struck with their quaint dry ways in drawing notice to certain matters. For instance, the old fathers and mothers of the secluded hamlets, when I was a young lath of seventeen,

if they had occasion to mention his Satanic Majesty, always called him "Old Cocky Hoop" in their ordinary conversation; but when they met in their little Bethels under the hills, they never spoke of him except by his first dignified title of Satan. And why the simple magpie should have interested them so much as he did, I have never been able to discover. In their eyes he was not a bird of evil omen, or they would not have had him about their houses in a domesticated state. The wings were never clipped, for the children had generally brought the bird up from the nest. Many a time have I seen the children, dog, cat, and magpie, all together. When roosting time came round, the beautiful creatures would flit in the woodhouse of their own accord, and perch, to be ready for the coming out directly the door was opened early in the morning. Magpie's wings fixed in the inside of the dwelling-house door, and a rusty horseshoe with a sprig of mountain ash above it fixed on the door of the stable, was considered more than sufficient by these people to counteract all the powers of evil that might, as they said, "be loosed fur a time, fur tu work mischief on the hills, an' under 'em." One old mob-capped dame who used to expound to me a bit when I felt in the humour to listen to her—and this used to be on wet nights, when we were forced to keep in the chimney corner—told how she'd "heerd her own father say many a time, an' he knowed summut, bless 'ee, as one o' they mags wus a match fur any one o' Old Cocky's imps; an' a couple on 'em wus a leetle more 'an a match fur Old Cocky Hoop hisself." To see magpies, and to have them about their houses, was by those honest souls considered lucky. Those old people have been at rest under the daisy-dotted turf for years. Past and present changes concern them no more, and their feathered lucks, the magpies, are no longer to be seen about the spots they once lived in. Marked traits of the raven, crow, dun-crow and jackdaw are all blended in Mag.

Sometimes a grey vixen of a sparrow-hawk will crab for a quarry that some other bird has got on the ground. Crows, where they do exist, are very guilty of this nefarious habit. "Crabbing" consists in taking from another bird, on the principle that might is right, the quarry that the unfortunate one had exerted itself to the utmost to get. There are no limits as to what a sparrow-hawk will or will not do when sharp set for a full crop.

Stretched out on a bare hill-side for purposes of observation, we hear the complacent chattering of a magpie—denoting a lucky capture of some kind—come from the firs that surround the foot of the hill. Then we see him flit from them, with something in his mouth that looks very like a well-grown young partridge; and he drops down below us. In using the word bare, we mean that no trees were on that side of the hill, only low scrub-thorns thinly scattered, the tallest of them not two feet in height. By the occasional glimpses that we get of him, he is stocking as if he had got something that just suited him. Presently out he darts, his body low down, his long tail in a line with his back, and his head thrown up sideways; then back he shoots, chattering as only a magpie can. From one or two flirts-up of his tail, we come to the conclusion that he is poking something under the thorn scrag. Not seeing any cause on the side of the hill for this behaviour, we look up, just in time to see a grey old vixen of a sparrow-hawk, a most powerful creature, driving straight at Mag. Something shows for one moment, a confused flash of black and white, as the bird shoots round the bunch of thorn so as to avoid the stoop. That is all we see, but we hear far more; for no demoralised parrot, with the gout in one of its feet, ever held forth in a more eloquent manner than does that magpie. The hawk swings round over the fir tops and out over the hill, and we can see

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Mag bobbing up and down, as if it had wires fixed in its body instead of legs; every part of the bird, from head to tail, appears to be in a state of motion. The hawk is well up; for one or two seconds there is just a quiver of her wings as she gets her poise, then down she rushes in one long rake for her clutch, misses again, and before she can recover herself the magpie has darted into a thick bit of thorn, and is safe from the keenest hawk that ever struck a quarry. The goshawk, and its representative in miniature the bold sparrow-hawk, have been classed as ignoble or short-winged hawks—mere pot-hunters. But I once saw a sparrow-hawk out in the open make five pounces in succession, recovering herself with such startling rapidity, that from the time I witnessed it that ignoble and pot-hunting theory has been placed on one side for ever and a day. The magpie, when they have hawked for him in open places with trained peregrine tiercels, a cast of them—that is, a pair—on the wing, at one time, to wait on him, assisted by beaters to beat him out, and back from cover-scrub thorns towards the hawks—will yet at times escape from the lot. He never loses his head when there is danger near him. One day, as I was passing a "Gippo camp," I heard the following conversation. "Have you heard the news, Manuel my son? Eli's magpie's dead." "You don't say so! how old Zara will miss him!" "They knowed a lot, the pair on 'em did, but take my true word for it, nobody knowed what the magpie did but hisself. I wonder where he's gone to."

When fowling by the shore and on the tide, one comes across incidents of a somewhat laughable nature. At the time they may, indeed, appear exasperating to those that are directly concerned in them. All the wild geese put in practice the keen precautions that their sharp wits suggest to them, especially when feeding at night.

"Hev ye bin overboard, Tommy, for thet goose ye've got? Ye looks a bit damp, an' yer gun looks as if ye hed bin stirrin' mud-holes up with her. What's amiss?"

"I crawled fur a big pull at sum black geese as wus feedin' close tu the snapper flat; I reckined as I must git well along with 'em, an' I crawled down one o' the blite gripes. But it waun't tu be, Piper, fur they'd posted one on 'em as sintry on the bare grass o' the flat, an' he heerd me a-crawlin' down and gabbled out. I let him hev it when he riz up over, fur I knowed as t'others were off arter hearin' o' him gabble out. I could see as he wus well hit by his wobblin', an' he dropped on the hards where the weed bunches an' the tide splashes is. When a goose lays a-shammin' dead with his nick stretched out, you can't tell a bunch o' weeds frum a goose, or a goose frum a bunch o' weeds. I groped about with one hand, and the gun in t'other, when jist as I got tu one o' they tide-splashes, I put my hand right on him: it wus all chance work. He flap-flapped with his wings, an' he sent enough stinkin' slush ooze up in my face tu smother a skiff; what with one thing an' t'other I slipped on the weeds an' went backwards, gun an' all, in thet dirty splash. But I stuck tu my goose."

The creatures outwit you if they can; and in this matter seven times out of ten they will be successful, for their hereditary instincts are very keen so far as self-preservation is concerned; and where they go you can only follow at the risk of your life.

A Son of the Marshes.

THE SPIRIT OF THE VIOLIN.

HE laid his hand upon his violin,
And woke the Spirit slumb'ring 'neath the strings,
And they who listened heard a sound begin,
Like moving raiment, or soft stir of wings;
Louder it grew—then all the waiting air
Thrilled to a presence, strong, mysterious, sweet;
Yet none could see the Spirit standing there,
Nor stay its passing feet.

Was it a Dryad from the elder world,
Sobbing through leafy trees its tender pain?
Some Æolus on clouds of darkness hurl'd,
Scattering the desert sand like driving rain,—
Clashing where thunders madly peal and break,
Sweeping across the heavens its fiery car,—
Laughing serenely, as a woodland lake
Laughs to the Evening Star?

Was it an Angel from the higher spheres,
Striking the chord of Life with subtle skill,
Who held the mystery of human tears
And took men's hearts and bent them to his will—
Waking up memory with remorseful gleams,
Lengthening the shadow from the Future cast,
Bringing the faces only seen in dreams
Back from the buried Past?

Was it of Death it told, or conquering Love,
Of things that are, or things that yet shall be?
Mind could not follow where it seemed to move,
Nor breathe the air of its high ecstasy.
Strangely of joy it sang, and desperate grief
Touching with plummet depths unbreast, profound,
Raptures of youth, or age whose trembling leaf
Flutters towards the ground!

Higher the magic cadence strove to float,
The summer twilight deepen'd, cool and grey,
Then through the song there waild a jarring note
As when a straining string at last gives way.
The music ended in an undertone,
"No one shall call thee back," the Master cried,
The Spirit passed into a world unknown—
As passes One who died.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

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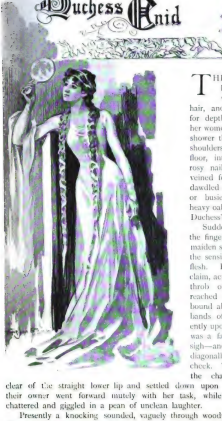
The beguiling of the Duchess Enid



THE Duchess Enid sat in her bower—a pink-and-white dame with chestnut hair, and eyes like a June night for depth and stillness. One of her women was combing the tawny shower that fell over the smooth shoulders, another knelt on the floor, intent upon trimming the rosy nails of a small, delicately-veined foot. Half a dozen more dawdled through a spell of waiting, or busied themselves about the heavy oaken chests which held the Duchess's wardrobe.

Suddenly the tiny instrument in the fingers of the kneeling hand-maiden slipped, and probed sharply the sensitive margin of the tender flesh. Her mistress did not exclaim, acute as was the momentary throb of anguish. She simply reached to a thin hazel-switch, bound about the butt with narrow bands of silver, that lay conveniently upon the toilet-table. There was a faint *swish!*—like a child's sigh—and a red line slanted diagonally across the girl's soft cheek. The even upper teeth of the chastised lifted themselves clear of the straight lower lip and settled down upon it, fiercely. Nevertheless their owner went forward meekly with her task, while her companions behind chattered and giggled in a pean of unclean laughter.

Presently a knocking sounded, vaguely through woodwork and arras. One of the girls roused to answer the summons. The Duchess heard the movement, and checked it lazily.

"Softly there," she said, with an indolent decision: "who is so haughty he

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"She simply reached to a thin hazel-switch which lay conveniently upon the toilet table."

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may not tarry awhile at the Duchess Enid's door? Bring thy fan, Gyda; the day is passing warm."

A fair-haired Saxon took up an eagle's wing, deprived of its longest feathers and mounted in a jewelled holder. With deliberate oscillations of the outspread pinion, she began to cool the languid air about the lounging beauty.

Soon the Duchess stirred, listened, and smiled scornfully.

"They be meek enough," she remarked penetratingly; "had it been any of consequence we had had the bolts burst ere now. Constance!"

"Yes, madam."

"You may see what they desire."

Constance the Norman availed herself of the permission, yet without undue alacrity.

She came back again flushed and eager.

"It is Ivo the steward, madam," she explained. "He bids me say that there is a fellow in the courtyard who hath a certain piece of fairy-work to show thee."

The Duchess yawned.

"Let them take it from him and thrust him forth," she commanded placidly.

"If it please you, madam," objected the Norman, "he saith they have already sought to do so; and behold, the fellow hath well-nigh slain Bernard the porter with a blow of his fist, and swears that if they bend bow or lay finger on him, he will rive the thing into a thousand fragments."

The dark eyes of the Duchess Enid lit with dancing fire.

"This is some *preux chevalier* in disguise," she said. "Bring him in hither, and see that none of Ivo's knaves seek to mishandle him on the way, lest I lose this same piece of elfin handicraft."

The emissary departed upon the indicated errand, and the women babbled together, with sidelong glances of caution at their mistress. At last there rolled up the trampling of feet.

The Duchess woke to anger.

"Shall we be overrun with a drove of Saxon scullions?" she flamed, snatching at the withe of hazel. "Whip me the rascals hence, Adela."

A tall girl received the slim weapon and marched out cheerfully.

The Duchess's brows unbent as she gathered her dressing-robe about her, and slipped her feet into their velvet chamber-shoes.

"She hath a stout arm, hath Adela," her Grace observed meditatively, "and hateth yon Saxon rabble most patriotically."

The bower-women chorussed a dutiful assent as the clamour without died away. In the silence that followed, the Norman introduced the cause of the tumult. He was a man of medium height and slender stature, clothed in a tattered mantle and tunic of the Saxon fashion. His hands and face were nut-brown, his tangled hair and beard a vivid red.

The Duchess eyed him shrewdly.

"Off with thy false locks, sirrah," she said curtly, in Norman-French.

"*A?*" gaped the fellow vacantly.

"Pluck them from him, girls," she ordered.

The women advanced doubtfully. As they approached—a hesitating cluster of femininity—the red-headed peasant sprang back and pulled out a long broad knife with a narrowing point. His grey eyes flashed in ominous unison with its glitter.

"The oaf is no cavalier," decided the amused Duchess: "he draws steel upon ladies. Let him be, though I misdoubt that blazing poll of his came not into

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the world with him. Now must we furbish up our Saxon. Help me out at a pinch, girls."

She turned to the peasant—real or pretended. He stood eyeing them suspiciously.

"You have somewhat to show me," she began, employing the less familiar medium.

The clown shook his head, and flung out a rapid sentence in a hissing, bubbling speech.

The Duchess changed colour, and faced upon her women.

"Begone, inquisitive hussies!" she said sternly. "And hark ye, no lingering between door and arras."

The women trooped out, lothfully enough. When they were departed, the Duchess leapt to the entrance, barred it, returned swiftly, and burst into a flood of sibilant Welsh.

"I care not who you are, or what you do!" she cried recklessly, "so you but speak that tongue. . . . Land of my fathers!—how I long for thy wild fells and rocky fastnesses! I hate these Normans; I loathe my Norman lord. What if Robert of Normandy did marry his British leman?* hath he not left me widowed here"—her musical contralto thinned into a hypocritical whine—"while he trails over sea to war for Palestine? How go things in Cambria? Tell me, hast no news? Art stricken dumb?"

The peasant answered slowly in the same primitive language.

"I am no messenger," he told her, uncouthly; "I speak but a little Welsh. Yet I have that here which is worth thy while."

He drew a package from his bosom—a package wrapped in sheepskin. Unfastened, it proved to be an oval mirror of glass, perfectly silvered. The peasant held it up to the exquisite face before him.

The Duchess, accustomed to the dull reflection of a metal disc, started to see herself so clearly pictured. She held out her hand with womanly interest.

The peasant dropped the mirror to his side.

"It is for sale," he demurred stolidly.

"Let me handle the thing," stamped the Duchess.

He smiled.

"Buy it," he said, laconically.

"I will call in my folk and have them wrest it from thee, Sir Insolent," she threatened him wrathfully.

The fellow crooked his knee and raised the glass.

"Do," he replied. "Before they are come within a yard of me, I shall have shattered it like an eggshell. But, look you, there is not another like it in the whole world."

The Duchess bit her lip.

"How much do you want?" she asked, temporising.

He named an exorbitant price.

"So be it," conceded the Duchess, designedly. "Now give me the mirror."

He laughed cunningly.

"Pay me first," he leered.

She swore a round Norman oath, and called for Constance.

"Bid Ivo send me a bag of gold," she said brusquely.

* Though the connection suggested here does no injustice to the character of Robert Curt-hose, it is purely an imaginary one, as is also that attributed later on to his brother Rufus, William the Second of England.

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Constance opened her eyes and hurried off.

"You are not Welsh, then?" the Duchess inquired, shortly.

The mock peasant peered craftily under his brows.

"No," he admitted.

"Then why——?" She paused comprehensively.

"I am naught but a Saxon outlaw," he said, with assumed clumsiness, "but knowledge is power, my lady. I knew you were Welsh—I had this to sell. I have picked up a little of the tongue."

"A Saxon outlaw!" she interrupted him, annoyed at his coolness; "there are hundreds of Saxon outlaws. *Who* are you?"

He smiled again—the smile seemed vaguely familiar to the Duchess.

"I am my own very good friend." He parried her direct attack with provoking obtuseness. "Here is the damsel with the pieces."

The girl Constance opened the bag, that her mistress might tell out the required sum. But the *soi-disant* outlaw strode up quickly, and drawing the cord of the miniature sack, stowed it beneath his cloak.

"This maiden," he observed, in excellent Saxon, signifying the panting envoy, "shall walk with me to the edge of the forest. There will I deliver her the glass."

The Duchess—baffled at all points—surveyed her bower-woman.

"Art afraid, Constance?" she asked.

A strange light flickered in the Norman's eyes, and she smiled covertly. Then, seeing that she was watched, she allowed the smile to become a sneer, and touched with grim meaning the dagger that hung at her girdle.

On the threshold of the chamber, the outlaw halted and looked back at the Duchess.

"There be certain rhymes on the mounting of the mirror," he remarked in Welsh. "A wise man told me once that they were a spell for the gaining of endless beauty. But I know not."

He spun round and was gone.

Constance followed him.

* * * * * * *

That night the Duchess Enid pored over her image in a mirror such as no other Western woman had ever seen.

"*Par le splendor Dex!*" she swore exultantly, "but I am still beautiful."

Constance, the Norman, came in noiselessly, and smiled to see her mistress's employment.

"The King, madam," she said.

The Duchess laid the mirror in a secret drawer and rose to her feet.

"I would I knew what that script upon the back might mean," she murmured to herself, and then, aloud to Constance, added, "I await his Majesty's commands."

The Norman stepped back and raised the arras. He who entered was William the Second of England, the successor of the Conqueror, the usurper of his brother's throne, the twenty years' paramour of his brother's wife.

* * * * * * *

As the priest Ambrose, confessor and secretary to Enid, Duchess of Normandy, sat over the dainty middle-cut of a Dee salmon, brought post by one of the King's couriers for her Grace's own table, Noel the page stole up behind him and filliped his bald crown.

"*Hola*, good Sir Epicurus," he cried. "Pretermit the worship of thy god and hearken."

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The ecclesiastic looked loweringly at the stripling.

"Blaspheme not, Signor Butterfly," he answered; "I do my orisons upon my knees, as thou knowest right well."

The youth laughed fantastically.

"Then art thou the first Levite that ever knelt him down to fill his belly. But there, thou art an old fool, and a young one should ever revere his seniors in folly. Lo, I am dumb. Howbeit, I must slough my silence instanter, for I am to say that a ragged peasantly scarecrow would speak with thee concerning matters of deep import to an immortal soul."

The page finished his sentence in a pronounced nasal drawl strongly suggestive of caricature.

The holy Ambrose turned to his cooling viands.

"I will come anon," he said briefly, and took up his knife.

"But, so please your holiness, the scarecrow will not wait," persisted the Butterfly, grinning darkly.

"Then let him go," replied the saintly one.

"To the fiend, thou wouldst say," concluded his tormenter. "Truly, I do smell out a peculiar likeness in the said scarecrow which augurs ill for his scarecrowship's future. But thou must needs attend, oh, ghostly father, for he hath given me a charm to hale thee forth."

"Spells and incantations," said the priest haughtily, "have no power over the servants of the Church."

"That shall be as it may," retorted the lad, saucily. "Howbeit, thus spake the scarecrow: 'Say unto Ambrose the Priest—who is also Ambrose the Austere, Ambrose the Solemn, Ambrose the Devout, and more especially, Ambrose the Chaste—that I do conjure him by the black eyes of one Joyce, a certain wench of Ivo's kitchen, by the greasy lips of the said Joyce, by her mouse-coloured tresses, by her freckled nose, and by many other signs and tokens (whereof he will have instant recollection) to come forth unto me.' Which thing thou hadst better do, inasmuch as he hath in one hand a Sheffield thwittle and in the other a portly sack of moneys."

Ambrose of the many virtues rose precipitately and hastened out, while a slim figure in gay apparel possessed itself of his place, and proceeded to dispose of his supper.

In the hall the priest encountered a red-haired tatterdemalion, who seized him by the sleeve and dragged him into an alcove.

"Harkee, thou false shepherd," a humorous voice hissed in the vicinity of his left temple, "thou knowest none here. Understand'st?"

"Ay, ay," chattered the ecclesiastic.

"Mark, then. A carroty-polled villain—mine own brother, as it were—sells me but yestermorn a costly mirror to her Grace the Duchess. On the back of that mirror are writ sundry verses, the which can no man read. Yonder poppy-headed varlet gives out to the Duchess that these verses contain a spell for the getting of eternal beauty. Now my master, the sage Ali, who travels hither, hath a great desire to know that spell, and by reason of his much learning—which hath made him as thin as an ash-plant, and, when his ague is on him, as crooked as a woman's wit—he can translate all languages, from that of Atlantis the Lost to those of the Hesperides Unfound. Breathe but his name to the Duchess, and this pouch of yellow dross is thine. Take it."

The Churchman clutched the bag with greedy talons.

"Fail me in this," the nondescript warned him, "and I will have thy priest's

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frock torn over thy head on account of one Joyce—a black-eyed kitchen wench of Ivo the Steward. My master will be here by noon to-morrow. Now begone."

The terrified confessor yelped at an accelerating prick of the scarecrow's blade, and bolted incontinently into the dusk of the further hall-way.

* * * * * * *

Ali the Sage stood in the presence of the Duchess Enid. He was a thin personage, wrapped from heel to head in a black cloak, the lower corner of which was fastened by a golden clasp to his right breast, so that he seemed for all the world like a mummy swathed in sable silk. His hair was snow-white, and lay in ringlets over his shoulders, his pointed beard was coal-black, and curled as if fresh from the barber's fingers. His face was masked, his eyes brilliant.

"My confessor, Father Ambrose ——" began the Duchess.

"A simple soul," interrupted the Sage.

"Simple in sooth," agreed her Grace of Normandy—"spoke to me of thy inscrutable wisdom."

The Sage bowed.

"And as I had somewhat in the way of a riddle that set bounds to my poor knowledge, I besought that I might see thee."

Again the black-robed figure made a deep obeisance.

"There are upon this mirror," said the Duchess, taking her prize from its hiding-place, "a dozen lines of secret writing—the purport of which I would fain know. If your learning can assist my ignorance, my wealth shall aid your studies —studies, I make no doubt, difficult and costly."

The Sage came forward and took the thing in his delicate hands. It was a plain oval of glass, silvered with consummate art and enclosed in a frame of elaborate finish and workmanship. Upon the back of this, in an oblong left by the chasing, were engraved two stanzas of six lines apiece.

"Canst read it?" asked the Duchess eagerly.

The Sage inclined his head in a gesture of stately assent.

"This is a Runic spell," he explained mysteriously; "the work of some mighty adept. Seldom is such profound skill vouchsafed even to those of the Inmost Circle. It was indeed a fortunate chance which led me this way, for there is scarce another of the Magi, from China even unto Thule, who could have mastered these sacred symbols. But one thing remains to complete the charm."

He slipped a ring from his forefinger—a ring set with a huge diamond. In facile strokes of the stone he wrote a name upon the glass.

It was her own—*Enid*. And it was written in Welsh characters!

The Sage crossed to the table, sat down, and producing an ink-horn, a quill, and a piece of parchment, began to write busily. The Duchess came to his elbow. He looked up in protest.

"Have a care, madam," he exclaimed warningly. "If this spell be but partly read by the uninitiate it will produce an effect horrible to contemplate. Look not until the whole be set down."

The Duchess turned aside, crestfallen.

When the Sage had finished his task, he rose and leaned upon the chair, abstractly waving the parchment to and fro to dry the ink upon it. The Duchess came up again, mutely desiring permission to peruse the translation.

He folded it deliberately and thrust it into his bosom.

"I must be paid first, madam," he objected.

It was what the Saxon "outlaw" had said to her. She flushed hotly.

"You have but to name your reward, most learned sir," she answered crisply.

"I have here," he said, tapping his breast, "a secret of infinite value to one whose happiness, whose power, whose life itself, hang upon the fancy of a King. It is the secret of undying youth and loveliness."

Her Grace of Normandy fidgeted impatiently.

"Your recompense, fair sir?" she insisted. "Have I not said?"

"Patience," replied the Sage, quietly; "for one secret I must have another. Listen. I have at Court a deadly enemy—one whom I hate, whom I have plotted for years to destroy, whom I should have destroyed long since had I known one thing which has been kept from me, whom I will destroy the instant I know it."

"Well, well, what is this to me?" The Duchess patted her foot upon the floor in the extremity of her vexed suspense.

"You, madam," said the Sage, "are the only person in possession of this secret—so say my familiars. Put my enemy within my power, tell me this one thing of which I am ignorant, and you shall be the most beautiful of earthly women, you shall enjoy an immortal youth."

"What is it you desire to know?" she asked, tingling with uncontrollable anticipation.

The Sage came nearer and stooped to the Duchess's pink ear.

"*Who is Folly?*" he whispered—"thou knowest the knave I mean—Folly the King's Jester."

The Duchess staggered, and would have fallen, but he caught her in a strong grasp.

"Tell me," he said peremptorily, yet in the same low tone. "This licensed rogue that hath a scourge for all the vices of the time, this virtuous fool that mocks the frail court beauty to her face and whips the gallant with a tongue of flame, that creeps into the counsels of the King and fain would oust thee from his tenderness—who is he? Tell me!—and this scrawled patch is thine, with what a thousand shes would give their souls to know."

He towered over her in his black cloak and mask, with flaming eyes like those of a thirsty wolf.

The Duchess sank down at his feet and wept.

"No—no! I must not tell; I must not tell," she sobbed.

"Why?" he whispered keenly.

"If Folly knew!"

"He shall never know from me."

"Never?"

"Never, I swear it. By the Eternal God in Heaven, I swear it."

The Duchess fell upon her face and moaned.

The Sage bent over her, with fierce insistent lips.

"I swear it. Tell me,—tell me! *No?*—then grow old and hideous, and may the King hate thee as Absalom hated Tamar, as Samson hated Delilah, as Adam hated Lilith."

The Duchess screamed wildly.

"Oh!—oh no! Not that! I will tell—I will tell. Only do not invoke that curse upon me. Unsay it, for the love of your own mother, unsay it!"

She clung about his knees, beseeching.

"It shall not fall if you tell me," he said unpityingly.

She dropped her face again and wept bitterly.

"*Who is he?*" whispered the relentless lips.

The Duchess sobbed convulsively.

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"He towered over her in his black cloak and mask."

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The whisper came again—thin as air, sharp as steel—

"*Tell me.*"

And the Duchess answered and said, "My son."

The black-robed figure reeled and caught at the arras.

* * * * * * * *

The Sage stooped and thrust the scrap of parchment into the Duchess' clammy fingers.

"Open it not till I am departed," he murmured hoarsely, "and then—reveal it unto no one."

He lifted the tapestry, and was gone.

Slowly the Duchess unfolded the fateful square; slowly she deciphered the writing which it bore.

> "While this glass reflects a face
> Floating Aphrodite's grace,
> While its mystic deeps return
> Lips that pout and eyes that burn—
> She whose name thereon is scored
> May enslave a nation's lord.
>
> "But when scanty locks of grey
> O'er a withered bosom stray,
> When this glass to her shall prove
> Hated tool, not treasure trove—
> Then, be sure, this mighty lord
> False will prove, and she abhorred."

The Duchess sprang up and ran to the open lattice.

Crossing the courtyard, a black cloak and ample wig flung over his arm, the sun shining upon his parti-coloured hose and doublet, his face drawn and haggard, was Folly the Jester.

He looked up, saw her, and bowed gravely. A sorrowful smile puckered the corners of his mouth.

GEORGE KNIGHT.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

O AUTUMN Leaves,
Falling in golden silence, one by one,
Save whensoe'er
The too imperious air,
Impatient till your light farewells be done,
Sweeps all your pretty fellowship away
Together, faintly murmuring from the spray;
Not yet for you
The spirit grieves,
But for yon tree whereon erewhile ye grew,
Now left forlorn and cold,
So haggard now, so old!
Await your meed of sorrow
Another morrow
Blest in the gentle peace
Of your release,
And fair and gracious still, sweet Autumn leaves!

But when the Power
That made you beautiful, and bade you fall,
In pity takes
The trees and makes
Them royal with the snow's bright ermine-pall;
Or, when with green the branch once more is gay,
The green ye wore through this year's summer day,
It chance, some pensive hour,
My feet
One of your vanish'd sisterhood should meet,
A parch'd, forgotten thing
Amid the fresh young spring;
Then shall a shade of sadness
Temper my light of gladness;
Small joy the heart receives
That is not sorry then, a little space
For the remembered grace
Of your sweet fashion gone,—O Autumn Leaves!

D. C. Tovey.

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might have shaped and trained, he was also a man of character and genius; and, as I now know, his patience had been somewhat hardly tried during the time of his servitorship at "the House." He was intolerant of interference—especially such futile interference as he must endure; he was contemptuous of comment—above all, such ignorant and pettifogging comment as he got. His critics were impudent; I think they thought he was going to run the school on *Pinnock* and *Mangnal's Questions*, and the like, and were disgusted beyond measure to find that he meant his boys to have decent books—books which cost money, and could not be done without. He, on his part, was insolent, as he had every right to be, considering the stamp and quality of his assailants; and that he stooped to their level, and did battle with them in the local prints, is, as I now see, a proof that he was uncomfortable from the first, and could in no wise realize the kind of illiteracy—vain, fat-witted, beery, excessively conservative—into whose midst he had descended.* Be this as it may, he was a failure, and in Mr. Irwin's memoir his passage through the sleepy gray city of my birth, his conduct of the old Crypt School, is referred to merely as "the Gloucester episode." That he hated the memory is plain; and it may be that I wrong his noble ghost in treating of it as I have done. But I do not think so. It is a platitude that everything depends on the point of view. And I am fain to say that his point of view is not mine. From his, "the Gloucester episode" was, I take it, an unpleasing and ridiculous experiment. From mine, it was an unqualified success: since it made him known to me, and opened to me ways of thought and speech that—— well! since it came upon me like a call from the world outside—the great, quick, living world—and discovered me the beginnings, the true materials, of myself.†

'Tis well-nigh forty years ago that the revelation came to me; and that it came through him has ever been a joy to mind and heart. That it came to me here and there—in broken lights, at odd moments, on remote occasions—that neither is, nor has ever been, anything to the purpose. The matter of that purpose is that he was T. E. B., the man of genius—the first I'd ever seen; and that, being so, he took hold upon me with a grip he never knew, and led me out into the nearer distances—into the shallows at the edge of the great sea—to a point I might never have reached without him. What he did for me, practically, was to suggest such possibilities in life and character as I had never dreamed. He was singularly kind to me‡ at a moment when I needed kindness even more than I needed encouragement. The occasion was an examination; I did surprisingly

* The point is, that he had to deal with the sons of a class which hated scholarship, and knew nothing of letters. He would have been, I take it, less out of his element at the Cathedral School, whereat there was an atmosphere of reading, a tradition of the humanities (so to speak): where the mortar-board (if I may so put it) had been worn for generations, so that when we of the Crypt began to go abroad in that head-gear, the Cathedral School boys mixed and intertwined their tassels with blue, to distinguish themselves from us, the upstarts, who had laid hands on the hitherto inviolable black. Brown's misfortune—(it might so well have been his opportunity!)—was that he had to create a tradition, and that time and his material were against him. As to his material: when he was last with me he recalled the performance of a youth, who—(the Head and his assistants had to teach us cricket!)—being sent out to field, protested, to the master in charge, in these terms:—"Look 'ere, Sur, what I wants to know is, when'll it be my turn to *knawck*." As to time, perhaps he was impatient. But, given his temperament, could he have been aught else?

† Thus (the italics are mine)—thus another pupil, Mr. H. F. Brown:—"He was a 'widener.' He made one feel that there was something beyond the school, beyond successful performance at lessons or at games; *there was a whiff of the great world brought in by him.*"

‡ Much as the Regius Professor, Jacobson, had been kind to him at Oxford—and, *mutatis mutandis*, on the same grounds; but the gift of books was of infinitely greater consequence in my case than Jacobson's had been in his.

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well—without knowing it; he rejoiced in the effect, and did what he could to reward me for my share in it. The names were called, and mine—mine!—was once and again the first: to the astonishment, it may be the disgust, of the listening benches; and after that, the school dismissed, there was an interview. Shall I ever forget its meanest circumstance? I trow not; and the thing is, that he forgot it no more than I, but spoke of it the last time I saw him—a year or two before he died. I could not follow him far on that occasion. Old memories were too much for me. It was close on forty years since it had happened; an infinite deal of water had gone under the bridges in the meanwhile; life had had its fill of pupil and master both, and there had been joy and achievement and trouble for both master and pupil, and it may be that death had drawn us closer to each other than all else. Yet he remembered that interview, and would fain have spoken of it. I was younger—much younger—than he, and could say nothing. I meant to have it out with him the next time; but there was none. When, in due course, he came again to England, I got a joyous letter from him from Cardiff, dilating gaudily upon a certain essay on Robert Burns, which (it appeared) had filled him with pride and happiness, and saying in point of fact:—"Pip, wot larx!" But he got no farther than Clifton. There the brave, brilliant, helpful life, fell on a sudden and a happy close. There the amazing temperament, the great heart, the thrice-filled brain, the inexhaustible and unfailing gift of sympathy, the infinite understanding of things human which went to the making of that unique thing, "T. E. B,"—there, I say, these gifts lapsed, and he passed into the past. There are many, very many living, on whose lives his mark is indelible. There are many, not so many, not nearly so many, nearer to him than those others, to whom the world can never again be the world they knew when he walked its ways with them. I take leave to say that there is none in either lot but thanks God for his presence, and is happier and stronger in the thought of what he was and said and did.

Scholar and humourist; poet and teacher and priest; a notable and lavish temperament quite excellently disciplined and equipped; a born writer and a born observer—of such bountiful differences as these was T. E. B. In some sort, they had his best who knew him day by day and year by year, and were privileged to make out life with him; for, at any rate, they had his voice, his eyes, his presence, his talk, the strengthening and comforting effect of his friendship. Such triumphs of humanity there are—such exemplars of the Pure Creature—whose influence ends with their removal from the stage whereon they have played the brilliant and distinguished part for which our mother Nature cast them at the moment of their birth. They are miracles; but they pass. They are lights against the dark; but their place must one day know them no more, and where they flashed and wavered and shone there is presently the blackness of the eternal night. They are like Byron as he appeared, the end being come and a new point of view being necessary, to Thomas Carlyle: craters empty of flame and beset with ashes and snow. Not of these was the man of whom I speak. Mr. Irwin tells you that he had all the brilliancy, all the grave and riotous gaiety, all the grace and force and charm, of the ideal talker; and there is none that know him, I take it, who will not agree. But that was only the beginnings of him: that was merely the man in his every-day aspect, as he showed, and could not choose but show himself, in the act of paying his way through life. But, for our good fortune, who did not and could not rejoice in his neighbourhood, he had a vast deal more than that. As I have said, he was a born writer and observer; and he poured himself out alike in prose and verse. Of his verses—soon to be published,

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in a complete edition *—I shall say nothing here, except that I esteem them for as personal and as exhaustive an expression of life † as the second half of the century has seen. As to his prose, here, to speak for itself, is an instalment of it in the shape of certain letters, selected and edited by Mr. S. T. Irwin, one of his closest friends, who contributes (by the way) a memoir of T. E. B., which, in its modest, unassuming way, is an achievement—in tact, reticence, taste. Speaking for myself, I think it impossible for us to have too much of the very lovable and remarkable man I have been trying to put on to paper. I want all the letters to be had; and I want all, or nearly all, the articles which he was good enough to write for *The National Observer* and *The New Review*.‡ And especially I want the letters. Mr. Irwin's selection is excellent, so far as it goes. But I want more. I want T. E. B. in his fighting humour—as, in these volumes, he appears in his remarks on *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; I want T. E. B. as he looked when he rent and tore and trampled; I want especially more of T. E. B. the musician and the critic of music.§ It is possible—even probable—that I shall be left wanting. For the world that reads is, after all, a frivolous, not to say an uninstructed world; and the T. E. B. of these *Letters* is, despite his immense humanity and his admirable alertness, his immitigable felicity, of phrase, a master apart: a writer, that is, who is looking, not so much for a public here and now as, for the high place which must be his in the shining and immortal hierarchy of English Literature.

I do not propose to analyse these scraps of life—these fragments, now passionate and now humorous, now radiant and serene, now melancholy and profound, now doubting and limited, which Mr. Irwin has recovered from the epistolary life of my dear dead friend and honoured master. Still less do I propose to find a place in English for them; though, for myself, I think that they suggest both Byron and Stevenson at their best, and that as to these two—both moderns, both poets, both writers,—well, here is Brown, with more heart than either, perhaps, and, certainly, a more even brilliancy, a larger set of interests, a riper wisdom, a richer and kindlier sense of the world's beauty and the essential graciousness of human life; and they who read can do their sorting for themselves. The great thing is that they who read should be many and fit. For these are the letters of a man of genius; and men of genius are rarer than you might believe.

W. E. H.

* *The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown.* London: Macmillan.

† What else is Poetry? Surely, poetry is an expression of life, or it is nothing? Matthew Arnold, I know, declared it to be "a criticism of life," and naught besides. But in this description there is more moralist than critic, and perhaps more Matthew Arnold—a writer ever with a point to make or a paradox to float—than either.

‡ One of Mr. Irwin's correspondents notes of T. E. B. the Christ Church servitor—('tis incredible; but a servitor he was, and a servitor at Christ Church, till he became a fellow of Oriel)—that he delighted in such books as Anthony a Wood's. He was busy on an *Anthony a Wood* for me and *The New Review*, when he died.

§ Mr. E. M. Oakeley contributes an addendum to Mr. Irwin's memoir which is sorely disconcerting in its suggestiveness—and its insufficiency. So far as I can see, on one line of musical criticism you might look for the nearest to Brown in Berlioz: both being poets as well as musicians: though Brown could turn from realising Beethoven to be Tom Baynes, which Berlioz, of course, could not. And Wagner—I can't be certain what Brown thought of the *Parsifal*. I can see that he hated the "lewd and superfluous naughtiness" of the scenic imposture; but what did he think of the music? I gather that—— But no! I won't—I will *not*—till I know.

praise but buy. I shall write the play which a sanguine manager announced three years ago. I shall write an epic poem, which I

have long designed, on a gentleman connected with the Stock Exchange. I shall write a satire on Mr. Alfred Austin. In odd moments, while I look at the sunrise or the sunset, I shall compose a few exquisite lyrics. And, by the way, I shall write my *causerie* for the PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

WELL, here I am; August nears its close, and out of the wreckage of my hopes only the *causerie* (and that but partially as yet) is saved. But what would you?—I am in a beautiful village in the South of England. It is almost the prettiest place I have ever seen and quite the slackest. All this part of the country, with its gentle hills and happy plains and woods and cornfields, is beautiful and relaxing, but this village is the most relaxing spot (I do believe) in England. It is a valley, and is full of vegetation, nor does it lack stagnant water. For a person who *wishes* to be idle I can imagine few more pleasant places; only unfortunates like myself, full of heroic resolutions and a stern sense of duty, find out its drawbacks. I would not seem to be ungrateful for a time which, conscience apart, has been delightful. Work-ridden, duty-ridden people are warned off—that is all. They will not do their work. For the first week I foolishly used up such vitality as the comparatively bracing climate of London had left in me by climbing hills and enjoying the various prospects from them. But now . . . the nearest shade and an easy novel, if you please.

MODERN works are too difficult for me just now. I don't want to be bothered about sex and theology. On the former subject, by the way, I came across an apt passage in Gibbon's Autobiography. [It does not occur in the Autobiography which the first Lord Sheffield edited, and which everybody has read. As we know now, that Autobiography was pieced together by Lord Sheffield from six written by the historian. The six were published entire by Mr. Murray, with an introduction by the present Lord Sheffield, a few years ago.] He refrained from going into the elementary aspect of that subject in regard to his own life because "it less properly belongs to the memoirs of an individual than to the natural history of the species." That is a remark which novelists, tempted by the ardour of thoroughness to an elementary analysis, might fitly remember. Natural history is one thing, and novels, romantic or domestic or psychological, are another. Even in the few cases where the novelist's science is worth attention, the two are better kept apart. Either the reader knows and can assume the elementary facts of life, or a novel is not the proper place for his or her instruction. Gibbon is always sound.

WRITING of theology and Gibbon, I am reminded of the famous chapters on the early Church which caused such a terrible storm a hundred years ago. That storm seems strange to one in these days. Gibbon never attacks the cardinal doctrines of Christianity: he merely expresses a discreet surprise that they were not convincing to the pagan philosophers of the first and second centuries, to the Plinys, to Seneca, Tacitus, Marcus Aurelius, and so on. His irony about the miracles of the early Church is more open, and his opinon of the merits of certain Fathers—Tertullian, for example—is less covertly expressed; but nowadays (I think) Protestant orthodoxy does not require belief in the fact of miracles not recorded in the Bible, or in the infallibility of the Fathers. But though the storm is curious, it is not hard to understand. While the cultivated society of Gibbon's time was mostly sceptical, either deist or what has since been called agnostic, the scepticism was mainly private: orthodoxy was discomposed by few direct attacks, and was

far more hard and fast than it is now. Of all beliefs the most irritable when attacked are those of which the ground has never been investigated by their professors. A man, for example, who has accepted all his life without question the transcendent merits of the public-school system is rendered speechless by passion if he hears them disputed, while one who holds the same belief, but who has justified it to himself by investigation and comparison, can argue temperately. It may be assumed that surprise was not an inconsiderable element in the wrath of the divines who attacked Gibbon with so much virulence. And of all modes of attack the most annoying to average slow-witted people is the ironical. They begin to read complacently; then as they go on it gradually dawns on them (sometimes it does not, and then all is well) that the writer is a scoffer, and is twisting their wrists while he pretends to shake hands with them. They feel puzzled and betrayed; presently the process hurts, and they roar with pain and indignation. It is very natural. I think it probable that Gibbon, while he would not swerve in his exposition of truth as he found it, really wished to spare the feelings of the orthodox, and tried to approach a delicate subject in a delicate manner. His Autobiography shows that he was really surprised at the fury he aroused. But the fury was irresistible, and he had taken unwittingly the surest means to exasperate it. It is easier to bear a frown than a sneer.

TO return for a moment to the Autobiography. Gibbon's complacency over his position in life and his learning and achievements sometimes inevitably amuses us. But that amusement, and still more, any condemnation we may be foolish enough to feel, are a result of vicious habits of mock modesty. Gibbon was a trained historian, accustomed to express the truth as he apprehended it. He wished to give a truthful account of himself, and it would have seemed to him a contemptible weakness and folly to pretend to be unconscious of his advantages, his learning, and his just reputation. He was altogether too large-minded and too philosophically-minded for such a conventional pretence. In the matter of his circumstances, also, he is really modest, for his statement of them to some slight extent discounts his merits. He rejoices that he was born in a civilised country, in the position of a gentleman with an independent fortune, and he implies that without this latter advantage, even, he could not have done what he did. "Wretched is the writer," he says, "and wretched will be the work, where daily diligence is stimulated by daily hunger." That is not universally

true, but perhaps was true of Gibbon's temperament, and certainly the research necessary for his work could not have been done by a pauper.

GIBBON, again, has been ridiculed—by Mr. Birrell, for example—because in the one love affair which he records of himself he does not cut a romantic figure. He fell in love, you remember, as a young man, with Mademoiselle Curchod, who afterwards married Necker. The lady returned his affection, but his father refused to countenance the marriage, and it was broken off. "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; the remedies of absence and time were at length effectual, and my love sub-

sided in friendship and esteem." "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son," he writes in another account; and since he had little enthusiasm or reverence for his father, who had wasted the family property and brought him up in a spirit of careless and selfish capriciousness, he must mean simply that he obeyed the dictates of prudence and abandoned an impracticable enterprise. And no sensible person could doubt that he was right. Deprived of funds and unable to earn any, except perhaps some miserable stipend as a tutor or teacher, how could he have supported Mademoiselle Curchod? Of course he was right. But because he states the matter calmly, and does not (after an interval of twenty years and more) indulge in hypocritical rhapsodies, he is laughed at as ridiculously unromantic. This comes of our habits of sham romance, just as the other ridicule comes from habits of mock modesty. In some of the affairs between men and women prudence and everyday considerations are thrown to the winds, the world is well lost, and so forth. But in the great majority of them prudence and the world play a necessary part. To write of these latter as though they were the former is a modern vicious habit. But to do so would have seemed to Gibbon both silly and vulgar. We should not laugh at him, but rather blame our own false taste if we have any inclination to laugh.

NOT being equal to contemporary novels, I have been reading another of Mrs. Norton's—*Stuart of Dunleath*. I do not propose, however, to write now of that charming humourist, and content myself with advising my readers to read her instead of, not me, but certain of her successors. I mention *Stuart of Dunleath* for the sake of vilifying and pillorying and generally rebuking and cursing a monster. I refer to a lady or gentleman unknown who had *Stuart of Dunleath* out of the London Library before me and read it with a pencil in his or her hand. Dear Mrs. Norton is a trifle careless about grammar, and often writes *who* for *whom*. The monster has corrected these agreeable femininities. This, however, inexcusable pedantry and impertinence though it be, may be thought insufficient to justify my heat. Listen, then, while I tell you a thing which may seem incredible to you, but which (unless india-rubber or bread-crumbs shall have been used first) may be verified by any member of the London Library. There is an exciting and pathetic passage where a man and his two little sons are in a boating accident. It is possible for the man to save only one child, and as he swims with him he hears the other poor child saying the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven." The lady or gentleman to whom I have referred has taken this opportunity of showing her or his superiority to the translators of the Bible and the compilers of the Prayer-Book by correcting the *which* into *who*. The fact that this particular piece of impertinent pedantry is also grossly and preposterously ignorant does not aggravate the offence in my eyes—the offence is beyond aggravation—but it throws the brutal officiousness into relief. I leave it to you to suggest a fitting punishment for this lady or gentleman. The foolish humanitarianism of the age would boggle at *my* idea.

THE word punishment reminds me—one can't always feel kindly and benevolent—that there is a certain sort of brewer who ought to be knouted once a week for six years. Some months ago I wrote of the folly of people who, being unable to afford good wine, drink and give their friends bad wine instead of good beer. But you cannot always get good beer. How often at a roadside inn has one sought to assuage thirst with a glass of beer, and been rendered thirstier than before! I do not refer to the neighbourhood I am in: no brewer need sue me for libel. The law allows brewers to introduce chemicals into their beer, and there are brewers who take advantage of this permission to sell as beer stuff which is not beer at all, but a horrible concoction of various noxious chemical acids. This, of course, is mere robbery. But there is a

further advance in rascality achieved by some brewers. They deliberately make their mixture of such a nature as to excite thirst, thereby promoting its further sale till the limits imposed by lack of cash or excess of intoxication. This is more than robbery. It amounts in justice, though not in law, to a particularly vile conspiracy and a particularly base assault. I am stating facts which everybody knows and has known for a good many years: they invite a charge of platitude, but I think that until they are remedied there is excuse enough for repeating them. I do so as a friend of beer.

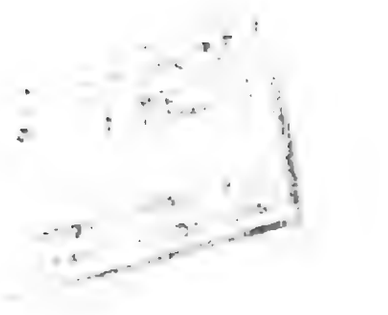
> "Up with the sale of it,
> Down with a pail of it!"

by all means, if it be good. Personally, too, "I'se fond of my beer, I is, I'se particular fond of my beer." But I am also particular cautious about drinking it in untried places. If "temperance" reformers, instead of attacking the freedom of their fellow-citizens by pedagogic attempts to shut up public-houses on Sundays, were to agitate for a law which would suppress bad beer, they would

do something to further their professed desire for the public health. But I fear it is useless to appeal to them: they may think that bad beer makes for their superstition. It might occur to the brewers that if their malpractices are much extended and prolonged, the English people (but with what groans and regrets!) will turn from beer; but doubtless they, even with this knowledge, would continue to make hay while the sun shines. And then, when one thinks of their wealth, reform seems hopeless. Wealth is such a sacred thing. I am coming to the belief that successful roguery meets not only with reverence but sympathy from the community at large, and that, once accomplished, the sufferers will band themselves together to defend it.

IN all civilised countries, ancient and modern, it has been a chief burden of satirists that wealth is a protection for rascality. Very likely other times have been worse than our own. But there is the difference that in past epochs—in Juvenal's Rome, for example—the successful rogue was protected by authority, he was forcibly imposed on the people, and their complaints were forcibly repressed. *Pone Tigellinum*—you will be put to death by the emperor. But now if you attack Tigellinus you are in no danger of oppression: only people will say "Poor Tigellinus! what a shame to attack him! Look at his delightful place in the country. Did he promote bubble companies and sell poison instead of beer? But his son is so popular at the University, and his daughters are such charming girls,—what a shame to call him a thief!" And, mark you, it is not merely the parasites and schemers who stick up for Tigellinus, not merely the people who eat his dinner and want to marry his daughters and borrow money from his son: that is elementary human nature, and it would be absurd to complain. But people who do not know Tigellinus, who have nothing to gain from him, they too are shocked if you call the rascal by his right name! It is that which annoys me—so much that I cannot write any more.

G. S. STREET



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Angel of Comfort!—Still thou lingerest here,—
Still to the awakened sense and Heaven-lit eye
Thy white-robed form appeareth, hovering near,
To soothe the anguish of the struggling sigh,
The bruisèd frame and broken heart to cheer,
And wipe off every tear from every eye.

THE LATE EDWARD SIMMS, M.A.

Panel of Gobelins Tapestry, "Esther and Mordecai," at Windsor Castle.

ROYAL TAPESTRY AT WINDSOR.

TAPESTRY, an art work which has been practised from the very earliest times, is produced by intertwining coloured threads with lines stretched vertically or horizontally so as to make a substance or web in imitation of any picture or design which it is desired to copy.

The difference between tapestry and embroidery is, that in the former the picture represented forms the actual fabric, whereas in the latter it is worked in an already existing material. Tapestry differs from other woven material by being the work of a highly trained artist-weaver who copies in the fabric the painted picture which is prepared for his guidance, and does not make a mechanical repetition of a design which shows no trace of the worker's individuality. It has also an appearance of boldness and freedom of touch which is lacking in embroidery; this possibly arising from the fact that the tapestry-weaver is not required to slavishly copy the picture or cartoon provided for him, but is allowed to use a certain amount of his own taste and discretion in the interpretation of it. This, of course, requires the finest judgment; as tapestry, unlike embroidery, once finished cannot be altered or re-touched.

So far back does the history of tapestry-weaving extend that there is still extant an Egyptian fresco painted some three thousand years before our era which represents two girls working at a loom constructed on almost identical principles with those now in use at the Gobelins factory. The loom of Penelope (of which a painting on an antique Greek vase manufactured about 400 B.C. is still in existence) was practically constructed on the same principles; and in this painting we even see part of the design of the tapestry which was being woven on it. In the Old Testament the Book of Exodus gives a long description of the tapestry to be woven for the decoration of the tabernacle built by Moses in the desert:—

"Thou shalt make the tabernacle with ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet: with cherubims of cunning work shalt thou make them. The length of one curtain shall be eight-and-twenty cubits, and the breadth of one curtain four cubits: and every one of the curtains shall have one measure. . . . And thou shalt

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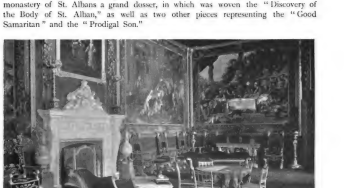
make a vail of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen of cunning work: with cherubims shall it be made: and thou shalt hang it upon four pillars of shittim wood overlaid with gold: their hooks shall be of gold, upon the four sockets of silver. . . ."

The woman in the Proverbs also tells us: "I have covered my bed with painted tapestry, brought from Egypt."

One sees by these and innumerable other references that tapestries were originally meant as curtains and hangings for apartments, as well as for purposes of display in pageants, processions and great festivities, and not, as the custom now is, to be strained in frames like pictures. In many quaint illustrated manuscripts of the middle ages we find them used with brilliant effect for the decoration of the galleries and pavilions which surrounded the arenas of tournament fields. Throughout their history, owing to the expense of production, they are only mentioned as the properties of the greatest and richest personages. Among the earliest records of English tapestry we find in the tenth century that the widow of the Duke of Northumberland presented Ely Cathedral with a hanging depicting the acts of her husband. The art of tapestry making in Europe, there is no doubt, dates from the time of the Crusaders, by whom it was learnt from the Saracens.

The so-called Bayeux Tapestry is not properly speaking a tapestry at all, but an embroidery some seventy yards in length and rather over half a yard in height. Its execution is of the crudest, but containing as it does some five hundred and thirty figures, it is a valuable record of the costumes, arms, and manners of the eleventh century, the period at which it was embroidered. Passing rapidly on in history, we find in the reign of Henry I. Abbot Geoffrey presenting to the monastery of St. Albans a grand dosser, in which was woven the "Discovery of the Body of St. Alban," as well as two other pieces representing the "Good Samaritan" and the "Prodigal Son."



The Audience Chamber, with Gobelins Tapestry, Windsor Castle.

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The Presence Chamber, Windsor Castle.

In the thirteenth century tapestry was greatly in esteem for the decoration of cathedrals, palaces and mansion-houses; in fact, many halls dating from that and the succeeding century still retain the hooks on which these hangings were supported, they in most cases falling to the ground to conceal the doorways. The interior doorways of this period were not five or six feet wide—such as were made about the middle of the sixteenth century—but only bays three feet wide at the utmost and six high, a vertical slit made in the tapestry permitting entrance and exit." Hence one may well realise the scene in *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene iv., where, perceiving some one behind the hangings listening to his conference with his mother, the Prince draws his sword, makes a pass, and pierces Polonius through the arras which hang from the walls.

It was some time in the thirteenth century when high-warp weaving began to attain great perfection and to drive embroidery from the field as a wall decoration. Many manufactories were established on the Continent, the most notable for a long period being that at Arras, which gained so great a reputation that woven tapestries are still called in England "arras," in Italy "arazzi," and in Spain "panos de raz."

Turning to the manufacture in England, we find Edward III. in the eighteenth year of his reign ordering an inquiry to be made into the manufacture of tapestries in London. About this time took place the triumphal entry of the Black Prince into London, with the French King John as his prisoner, the streets being hung with tapestries representing battle scenes.

In 1344 Edward IV. made a law for the regulation of the manufacture of tapestry; and in 1392 the then Earl of Arundel thought so highly of their value as to specially dispose by will of the tapestries in his castle which had been recently made in London.

At the end of the thirteenth century Warwick Castle contained a set of

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I will tell you a story, Mary Morgan,
While you sit on your stool and spin;
You shall have the first word and the last word,
And all that comes between them I'll win.

Once upon a time, Mary Morgan,
There was a little boy named Willy,
Who lived in a house in a town,
Not a thousand miles off from Piccadilly.

Willy had a little dog named Fido,
Who was scarcely ever known to bite,
Except when he happened to be vexed,
Or anybody gave him a slight.

One day Willy and Fido went out walking,
Willy was dressed in his best,
And Fido was in a new collar,
Which he wore with a very high crest.

the Vatican. A set of the original reproductions is still preserved in the Vatican: and the cartoons, which for a long period remained at Hampton Court, may now be seen at the South Kensington Museum. A set of tapestries from these designs was ordered by Leo X. about 1515 from one Peter van Aelst, who was for over thirty years at the head of the Flemish tapestry workers, and who was appointed Pontifical tapestry weaver. The weaving of this set occupied about four years. The ten measure with the borders about five yards in height by forty-two in length. The price paid by Leo for them was 15,000 golden ducats (about £30,000 of our present money. Raphael received 100 golden ducats (£200) for each cartoon. On the death of Leo X., in 1521, they were pawned for 5000 ducats; in 1527, at the sacking of Rome, several were stolen and one cut to pieces. Two after a time found their way to Constantinople. The various remains were

Panel of Gobelins Tapestry, "Esther and Mordecai," at Windsor.

eventually restored to the Vatican by the efforts of the Constable de Montmorency. The series was collected by a company of brokers and exhibited at the Louvre in 1798. Pope Pius VII. eventually succeeded in regaining them and replacing them in the Vatican in 1808.

Several more sets were made from the cartoons by Van Aelst, the most perfect now in existence being at the Royal Palace of Madrid, the Berlin Museum, Vienna, and the cathedral of Loretto.

In connection with Royal tapestry, one may note that Chaucer, who lived in the Winchester Tower, and was clerk of the works of Windsor Castle, many times makes mention in his works of tapestry and its makers: for instance, in "The Canterbury Pilgrims,"—

> "An habendasher and a carpenter,
> A webbe, a dyer, and a tapiser."

In 1503, on the marriage of the daughter of Henry VII. with James, King of

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Scotland, Holyrood Palace was hung with splendid tapestries; and (according to the Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts) on the death of Henry VII. in 1509 his queen's store-room contained a large quantity of very fine pieces.

During the reign of Henry VIII. tapestry was made in England at Barcheston, in Warwickshire, by William Sheldon and Robert Hicks.

Six tapestries representing the "Defeat of the Armada," which adorned the House of Lords until the great fire of 1834, were made in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The designs were ordered by Admiral Lord Howard of Effingham, from the painter H. Cornelis de Vroom, of Haarlem, and their weaver was Franz Spierinx. The Spanish fleet was represented struggling with all kinds of

Panel of Gobelins Tapestry, "Esther and Mordecai," at Windsor.

misfortune, the ships and their armaments being depicted with marvellous accuracy. Their borders were adorned with medallion portraits of the principal English captains. Some fragments of these works are still in the possession of the Corporation of Plymouth, and we possess a record of their appearance in the engravings of John Pine, published in 1739.

In the early years of the seventeenth century James I. established at Morthake a manufactory of tapestry of the highest class. It was in 1619 that the King brought over from Flanders a number of skilled tapestry workers, who commenced to work under the control of Sir Francis Crane, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. As well as that of the King, the enterprise was under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Buckingham and many of the great nobles, and was allowed a Government subsidy of £2000 per annum, a condition of things which led to a rapid prosperity. The factory, which employed upwards of fifty

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Fig. 1. Ground plan of the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus Capitolinus, Rome. Reconstruction by Antonio Sangallo the Younger, 1535–1546. Uffizi, Florence.

designs alone was 300,000 crowns, the matter went no farther than a splendid specimen sketch of the "Procession of Knights," which is still in existence. Sir Francis Crane died in 1637, the King then owing him £5811 3s. 8d., and he being heavily in debt to his workpeople, who then numbered some one hundred and forty persons. Now came a reconstruction. By an agreement made in 1637 the King granted the workmen a subsidy of £2000 per annum, in return for which they undertook to deliver 600 ells a year, and also (a curious fact) to take upon themselves the apprenticeship of foundlings. Clein, the painter, had a separate salary of £250 per annum for himself and an assistant. Many specimens of the Royal Mortlake Tapestry are still in existence at Paris (National Garde Meuble), Houghton, Knole (Sir Francis Crane and Van Dyck), Hampton Court, and other great houses.

Now came on the scene the masterful Oliver Cromwell ("so-called Protector," as Evelyn contemptuously dubs him), who in his usual peremptory fashion promptly put all the late King's valuables up to auction. The tapestries and cartoons were mainly bought by Mazarin and are now in the "Garde Meuble" at Paris, and the factory dragged on a lingering existence until the Restoration, when in 1662 Charles II. appointed Sir Sackville Crow director of the manufactory; but affairs soon getting into a parlous state, and cash being as usual with the King exceeding scant, the Earl of Craven and other lords undertook, at their own risk, the maintenance of the establishment. That somewhat overrated person, Sir Antonio Verrio, became the cartoonist; but things do not seem to have prospered. There is a "Battle of Solehay" still at Hampton Court, but whether made at Mortlake

Gobelins Tapestry, "The History of Moses," in Grand Reception Room, Windsor.

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Fig. 1. Ancient Egyptian Mummy, Unwrapped, Showing Position of Body and Arrangement of Bandages.

Our old friend Pepys makes but little mention of tapestry, though with his usual eye for a bargain, on hearing that Lady Sandwich is going to sell a suite of her best hangings, he wistfully writes, "I could almost wish to buy a piece or two, if the pieces will be broke."

After the Revolution of 1688 Mortlake factory seems to have disappeared, and William of Orange naturally called on his well-beloved Flemings to perpetuate in tapestry the memory of his victories, among which pieces I may mention "The Descent on Torbay" and "The Battle of the Boyne."

And now we come to the greatest of all the tapestry factories—"The Gobelins," of the superb work of which our Queen possesses at Windsor some of the finest specimens in existence.

This great seat of the manufacture of tapestries in France for the past two and a half centuries took its name originally from a firm of dyers who established themselves in the Faubourg St. Marcel about the year 1450. The firm of the Brothers Gobelins ceased to exist, but their name still clung to their old premises.

The Gobelins retired from trade at the beginning of the seventeenth century. After them in the same premises came one Selen, followed by the brothers Cannaye, who added the business of carpet-making to that of dyeing, which had been carried on by the Gobelins and their predecessors. Ians Laanen of Bruges, who next became possessed of the premises, was the first to manufacture there the tapestries which have since borne the world-renowned name of Gobelins.

At the instigation of his great minister Colbert, in the year 1672 King Louis Quatorze determined to centralise, with a view of encouraging, the manufacture of

The Tapestry Room, Windsor.

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arts and trades, whom we have there lodged, giving rooms to each of them, and according them privileges and advantages."

The first superintendent of this establishment (subject to Colbert's directorship) was Le Brun, who was chosen as "a person skillful and intelligent in the art of painting, to compose the designs for tapestry, sculpture, and other works, to see that they were correctly executed, and to direct and generally supervise all the workmen who should be employed in the manufactories." Le Brun, it may be mentioned, had graduated as a tapestry designer in the works established at Vaux by the unfortunate Superintendent Fouquet, whose name is so familiar to readers of Dumas. The King placed at the disposal of the Gobelins factory sixty children, who were to be "in the seminary of the director, under whom an art master should be appointed to see after their education and direction, and who should

Another view of the Tapestry Room.

be distributed and apprenticed by the director to the masters of various arts and trades, accordingly as he considered them suitable and qualified." One of the first missions of the new factory was to provide the tapestry or hangings for the royal palaces. Many Flemish workmen as well as natives were attracted by the special privileges offered. The directors supplied the cartoons and sold the raw materials necessary to the workmen, who were paid by piece work, and who were bound to deliver each year tapestries ranging in price from 360 to 450 livres per square ell for high-warp work and about half these prices for low-warp. The highest of these prices would now be equivalent to about £80 the square yard.

In the expense accounts of the royal factories from 1663 to 1690, one finds the names of forty-nine painters employed there, and that during that period there were made 4110 square ells in high-warp and 4704 square ells in low-warp tapestry. After many vicissitudes and alterations in management, we find in 1736 the Gobelins under the direction of Orry, Controller-General of Finance to Louis

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Quinze, and during his administration some of its finest work was produced. From the new cartoons ordered by him the Queen possesses at Windsor, in the Grand Reception Room, the magnificent set representing "The History of Jason." They were designed at Rome by De Troy, and bear his name, with dates varying from 1744 onwards. They were woven under the direction of Cozette, the first master contractor of his time, who also signs, as was the custom, after the artist. The splendid room in Windsor Castle which contains these works is decorated in pure Louis Quinze style, and is 89 ft. long, 31 ft. 6 in. wide, and 32 ft. in height. Partly hidden by one of the great tapestries, in the north-east angle of the room, is a door leading to a small corridor, which is the route followed by Her Majesty when passing from the Private to the State Apartments.

The Presence Chamber and the Audience Chamber adjoining have their walls panelled with gilded frames, enclosing the "Story of Esther and Mordecai"—Esther ii. 17—one of the finest sets ever manufactured at the "Gobelins." The cartoons were made by De Troy at Rome, and the tapestries bear dates from 1775 to 1785. The worker was Cozette. In spite of their age the colour of these beautiful pieces is practically unaltered. They were a present from Louis XVIII. to the Prince Regent in 1816.

Also of Gobelins work at Windsor, there are in the "Tapestry Room" four magnificent panels, "The Elements," signed merely by Cozette (who worked from 1736 to 1792) but designed by C. Andran. In the Oak Room, which is greatly used by Her Majesty as a family dining and luncheon room, are two panels presented by Louis Philippe to William IV. These, which are of an earlier date and not so fine as those previously mentioned, represent the "Story of Meleager," and were designed by Lebrun. Of the royal manufactory of Beauvais, the foundation of which closely followed that of the Gobelins, I have small space to speak: suffice it to say that manufactories of tapestry had been carried on at this place long before the reign of Louis XIV., but it was again left for Colbert to consolidate these. L. Hinart, a Parisian tapestry worker desiring to establish some workshops, procured in 1664 from the King a subsidy of forty thousand livres, together with numerous privileges, and agreed in return to employ at the commencement one hundred workmen. The works under his direction, in spite of the Royal patronage, were not very successful; but in 1684 he was superseded by P. Behacle, a weaver of Tours, under whose skilful direction a new order of things soon prevailed. Although originally intended to manufacture low-warp tapestry for the furniture, portières, etc., of the royal palaces, it soon produced large compositions rivalling in effect the high-warp of the Gobelins.

But a total revolution in taste was soon to come. In the eighteenth century, to the massive richness and solemnity of Louis Quatorze succeeded the lightness and prettiness of the decadence. The most dainty and elegant boudoirs replaced for state and social purposes the former vast and imposing saloons. Tapestry had to go with the times. Huge battle pieces and compositions were no longer required, and we find the graceful painters Oudry and Boucher succeeding as cartoonists to Le Brun and De Troy. Their subjects as well as their colours were of a lighter nature. Thus we find "The Adventures of Don Quixote" in most beautiful allegorical borders. The pastorals of Boucher and the "Fables of La Fontaine" of Oudry cover chairs, screens, couches and cushions. Although it is not absolutely good taste or art to sit on a dove-cot with one's back resting against a poultry yard, or to have a charming shepherdess woven on a fire screen, still there is no doubt that the new taste made the fortune of the Beauvais factory, and also that the designs alluded to make very charming pictures in their beautifully carved

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Fig. 1.—Mr. Ellis's Steam Engine.

Fig. 2.—Mr. Ellis's Steam Engine.

were required, the works were removed to Manor Lodge in the same neighbourhood. Subsequently a lease of Crown lands was obtained at Old Windsor, and a handsome hall and workmen's cottages were built, permission being granted by the Queen to call them "The Royal Windsor Tapestry Works."

Among the early productions of Windsor were a set of panels, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," woven for Sir Albert Sassoon from the cartoons of E. M. Ward, R.A. These panels were exhibited on the walls of the Prince of Wales' Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, where, with other of the Windsor productions, they obtained high honours. Through this large orders were obtained both from English and American sources. Her Majesty the Queen was a most

The Rubens Room, with furniture of Windsor and Beauvais Tapestry.

liberal patron of the works, and purchased many fine specimens from its looms: the City of London, with its usual liberality to the arts, commissioned four historical panels, which still ornament the walls of the reception-room at the Mansion House: while from the United States came orders from Mr. Vanderbilt for a series of panels illustrative of English sports and pastimes; at home, again, the "Idylls of the King" were woven for Mrs. Coleridge Kennard, and for the time being all went well. The aim of the Windsor works was to produce a tapestry combining the broad effects of "arras" with the fine detail of "Gobelins"; and, judging from the specimens that remain at Windsor Castle, they were certainly successful.

After some five years' working the Windsor enterprise was taken in hand by a "Committee of Guarantors" headed by the Duke of Albany, Sir Richard Wallace, Sir Albert Sassoon, and other persons of wealth and influence. In 1883 we find

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many panels of Windsor tapestry exhibited and greatly admired at the "Fisheries Exhibition," and in the following year H.R.H. the Duke of Albany addressed a circular letter to the heads of the various municipal bodies of the United Kingdom, advocating the claims of the institution to their support. After the death of the Duke of Albany, the Prince of Wales, with his usual readiness to help a good cause, accepted the presidentship of the undertaking, and furthered its purposes by all the means in his power. Sir Robert Collins undertook the active direction of the works, but unluckily they were not destined to be permanently successful. The excessive cost of producing tapestry will always prevent its general use (for instance, to drape a fair-sized room costs about £1000); but as there is always a certain demand for fine tapestry, something might in these days of technical education surely be done (as in France by the State) to foster an art the acquisition of which is in itself a liberal education.

A Panel of Windsor Tapestry.

For a description of the mysteries of the manufacture of tapestry I have no space in this short article: suffice it to say that at the Gobelins factory a weaver now possesses a choice of over fourteen thousand tones of colour, and can only make about nine square yards of tapestry in a year, the retail value of which is about £350. The looms and tools used are of the simplest description, but it is a matter of at least fifteen years' education to produce the combination of the artist's eye and the workman's hand which constitute a fine tapestry weaver.

ERNEST M. JESSOP.

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For, being in my place was living a life that was boring me swiftly and surely to early death.

I have one virtue in excess: I'm too grateful — much, much too grateful. And when my father died, and I hadn't a penny in the world, and there was nobody even to think of me, and his old friends Mrs. Hurst and her sister, Mrs. Crampton, came forward and took me to their beautiful home, and made it seem as much mine as theirs, I was so grateful that I felt as if I could do anything for them. And that was a mistake. Because, whenever you feel as if you can do anything for anybody, they're certain to want you to do the one thing you find it almost impossible to do.

"Now, I am the reverse of uninteresting."

Here was a case in point.

My benefactresses were greatly attached to their distant young cousin, Burleigh Bruton. They had educated him and made him their heir. He had never been down to them till I went to live with them, when immediately he became very attentive to them. I could see what it was leading to, and so could they. And when he asked me to marry him they went into corners and consulted, as they always did, and then *they* asked me to marry him. They said they were sure he would make me very happy . . . I don't know how they could be! and they knew there was nobody else I wanted to marry . . . I never saw anybody else!—and they had almost despaired of him, but that I should be the making of him . . . as if I was born for that!—and that I should be conferring a great favour, a great blessing on them. So, though I had refused him point-blank, I couldn't refuse them; and that's what my excess of gratitude did for me. But I told him I couldn't give my hand without my heart. Ah me! (*sighing*) when a woman's hand is given, and her heart is left to take care of itself, there's no knowing what's going to happen.

Burleigh Bruton was a lanky, ungainly, slipshod young man, and most

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his uncle, Mr. Ashdowne, who was ill, as I very likely knew; and he was very sorry, but he had thrown his cigarette-tube over the wall by mistake with the end of his cigarette, and he wondered if I would allow him to get down and look for it. I said "Certainly." So he jumped down and looked for the cigarette-tube, and I helped him. We didn't find it, because I don't think he ever lost it. And he told me he had often watched me wandering about, and was afraid I must be very lonely. I sighed! And I declare I never noticed he came into the

"And such an object I have never seen."

summer-house with me, but I noticed what a relief it was to talk to him after Burleigh Bruton.

The next evening at a quarter to nine I was sauntering along when I saw the laburnum-tree shake; and there was Mr. Ashdowne's nephew on the wall again. And he whispered that he had shaken the laburnum-tree to ask if he might come, and wouldn't I shake it to say he might? And I shook it.

And that's how it was that every evening for nearly four weeks we talked in the summer-house. Yes, yes, I know! I had no right to,—being engaged and not properly introduced,—but I did.

At first we talked of everything except cups and races, then of everybody, including Burleigh Bruton, and the last few evenings of ourselves—only ourselves;

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"'Oh,' I called out, 'the robber-thief!'"

and I found that, though I had given my hand to Burleigh Bruton, Mr. Ashdowne's nephew had got hold of my heart, which had been left to take care of itself. And that very last evening I was first speaking to you about, *Ar* talked and I only said No, no, no, no, no! I would not consent to throw Burleigh Bruton over for him, I would not bring such a disappointment on my benefactresses. And I told him I couldn't stay longer talking, as we had had people to dinner and I must get back to the house. So I ran away.

But he ran after me, and though I implored him not to, he would come into my sitting-room—to argue it out, he said. There was no arguing; I thought the same as he did. He said I was ruining my life, and I knew I was, but it couldn't be helped. He said it could be helped,—I said it couldn't. And I told him to go; but the more I told him to go the more he said he'd stay, and I got desperate. At last I begged him to leave me, and gave him a gold necklet I was wearing as a parting-gift. But he said he preferred to choose his own parting-gift, thank you; and he took my engagement-ring off my finger and said it would be a guide for the size of the engagement-ring *Ar* intended to buy me. And he looked at me—and looked at me—with his mischievous, triumphant eyes till I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. And just as I was standing like that, undecided you know, I heard voices—a great many! and then steps—a great many! and I heard Mrs. Hurst say, "It will be quite a heavy shower; we will go through Lucilla's room." Then, instead of laughing or crying, I thought I had nothing to do but to die!

(*Excitedly*) I turned on him. "Now, are you satisfied?" I said. "Oh! don't go by the door, you'll meet somebody on the staircase, ... and don't go near the window, they're all there, ... they'll be in in a minute. . . . . For Heaven's sake hide yourself—hide!"

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"Where?" he asked. And he was right—where?

On the stage, when anybody's to be hidden there are always enough curtains to screen an army of men; but my curtains were artistic, and didn't reach the floor by half a yard. "Oh!" I said, "get behind . . . . get behind . . ." But there was nothing for him to get behind. Then all at once I remembered. "I know,—the cupboard, ... come along!"

I dragged him with me. I touched a spring, an old oak panel moved, and there was a secret cupboard ready for him to pop into. "Plenty dust, love," he remarked, as I pushed him in. The panel slid back to its place, I sank on to a couch with a book upside-down, and in they came!

There was the original house-party, half a dozen guests besides, and my little Yorkshire terrier Titsy-witsy. Instead of going through the room they all stopped to admire my pretty things; and to my horror I saw Titsy-witsy sniffing at the secret cupboard. And from that cupboard there issued groans, unmistakable groans!

"What's that?" said Burleigh Bruton sharply. Everybody listened . . . I trembled . . . More and more groans!

I knew what it was! The cupboard must be like the one in the dining-room, which shut up on anybody with a concertina arrangement, and suffocated them. Very old houses often have cupboards to kill people on the premises. Whatever was I to do? I couldn't let him die there! So I had just made up my mind to set him free and explain matters, when he forced the spring and out he tumbled!

And such an object I have never seen!

He was positively shrouded with dust, and his face was masked with dust. His evening suit might have been any suit, and he might have been anybody; if it hadn't been for those eyes of his I

"'You kicked Titsy-witsy, you know you did!'"

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couldn't have recognised him. But—poor me!—as if to rivet public attention, my necklet with my ring on it was dangling from his waistcoat pocket.

Tableau! as you can imagine—and what a tableau!

He said nothing, I said nothing, nobody said anything. And nobody knew him, and I thought it best nobody should. But I had to account for my jewellery being on him. So I made a bold dash.

"'Oh!' I screamed,—and I shuddered."

"Oh!" I called out, "the robber-thief! Look! he's got my necklet, he's got my ring. . . . Oh! the robber-thief!"

And as I rushed up and snatched them from him I whispered, "The door!" because Burleigh Bruton was barricading the window. But the robber-thief, before he went, dust and all, took me in his arms and kissed me!

Then there was a commotion if you like!

I slammed the door after him, and as I leaned up against it I locked it, and slipped the key in my gown. The whole affair only lasted a few seconds.

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The endorsement had invested it with a touch of personal interest, and Eccles referred to the fly page of the book to see if any name were recorded there. It was blank. Then he turned up the lamp and applied himself to decipher the letter.

It proved a pleasant relief to the dry book in which it had been hidden away. Internal evidence indicated that the writer was a trooper in a cavalry regiment during the time of the Indian Mutiny. There was some account of his adventures, tritely yet vividly told, with touches of description such as only an eye-witness could supply. At the end came a long passage which attracted Eccles' particular attention, and he read it twice, as follows :—

"This is one of four flying columns, and our bussiness is to clear the country of the rebels. The people leave their homes and fly directly they see us coming. They burry all their money and valubles, so that we might make a nice lot of loot if we was only give the chance. But it's up and on, even before the horses are rested. Major Barker is too strict against plundering, which makes the men for to grumbel. At Delhy every man was allowed to do just what he liked, and no roll call for three days. There was some what made enough to last them for the rest of their lives comforble if they only had the sense. But the camp sutlers with their rum and arrack got the most of it. Dear Mother, I would not go for to be so silly. I hope when this bloody war is over to prove the same to you, having met with a strange piece of good luck, wich I will tell you how it happened.

"Yesterday we attacked this here Mahmoodpore, wich is a tumble down old city, and we left few enough alive. When my troop was returning to camp we come across a fat old Hindoo, as was trying to get away in a bullock-cart, wich he pretended to be the driver. But he were never no cart driver, having gold rings in his ears, and we was for sticking him there and then. Only our Captain he called out to us not to kill him. So we took him to camp and he was tried with the rest; but took sulky and would not speak; consequent was told off to be hung at sunset, and tied to a tree and me put guard.

"Dear Mother, you never saw a man so jumbled as him. Restless and groaning terrible. At last he made a signal as he wanted to speak, and I comes to Atention in front of him. Of course it was for escaping; but, says I, 'Not me.' Then he groans again, and in a little while out with his trubble. He had burried his money, and nobody knew the place, only hisself, and now he was going to be hung and was worritting cruel over it being lost for good. He said if I would sweare to keep trust with him, he would tell me the place for to tell his son, who would give me fifty thousand roopees for doing so. Dear Mother, fifty thousand roopees did seem a lot of money, and so I swore to his satisfaction, but no Bible.

"Says he, 'When this bobbery is over, you go to Jhansy and ask for Roopee Chum the son of Motty Chum, and tell him as how his father have burried the money *in the Garden of Seven Fruits under the shaddow of the Peer*,' and makes me repeat it three times to get it off pat. And then about my fifty thousand roopees, 'You tell my son,' says he, 'to give you as much money as we lent the Nabob's nephew on the third day of last Marg'—which is the name of a heathen month. 'How much was that?' asks I. 'My son will know,' says he, 'and be satisfied as you comes from me and act according.'

"Just then the guard came up for to march him away to be hung. At the sight of them he just tumbled forward insensible. But no matter, hung he was without knowing it. And a little while after one of our spies as saw him dangling to his branch, recognised him as a rich banker of these parts."

Eccles finished the letter, and then leant back in his chair and began to ponder and speculate. But presently he broke off with the impatient "pish!" of a man dismissing an idle fancy, and taking up the evening paper tried to read it. Somehow it failed in its fascination to-night, and he could not interest himself in

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"Eccles stood . . . picking over a jumble of tattered books."

its pages. Trooper John's strange story kept recurring to his mind—insinuating, suggesting, growing. "I'm a fool!" he muttered at length, and went off to bed.

But the letter had taken a stronger hold of his imagination than he suspected, and when he awoke in the morning its contents were more insistent in his mind than ever. At last an idea occurred to him. "I'll go and see that fellow Plowden this evening," he said to himself as he started off for the City.

Plowden was a chance acquaintance whom Eccles had made at the office, where he had come as a client. The office, be it mentioned, belonged to a firm of solicitors to whom Eccles was managing clerk. Plowden had lived a good deal in India, where he owned a *zemindari* which he occasionally visited. He was a man

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of about forty-five, with a complexion rather too dark for Anglo-Indian taste, black-bearded and black-eyed, very active, and talked much of *Shikar*. He dabbled in Indian literature, and concocted monographs on agricultural problems. He had written a lucid essay on *Reh*, and an admirable treatise on the deleterious effects of lime in water used for irrigation.

Taking the letter in his pocket, Eccles made his way to Plowden's house at eight o'clock, found him at home, and, after a little conventional conversation, broached the topic of his visit.

"Let's see this wonderful letter," asked Plowden.

Eccles handed it over, and Plowden, after reading it carefully, brought an atlas and several books and laid them on the table in a businesslike way.

"This is interesting," he observed.

"Do you think there is anything in it?" asked Eccles eagerly.

"There's a buried treasure in it, seemingly; and that is always fascinating."

"You don't think it has been taken away?"

"Not likely."

"Can you gather anything about it from the particulars given?"

"Can't say offhand. The first clue is of course Mahmoodpore. There are probably several places of that name in India. Let's look it up."

He opened the atlas and began to search. "No go here," he said at length. "It is evidently too small a place to be marked, except on a Survey map. Perhaps I can find a reference in one of these Mutiny books. Jhansi affords a key. That's Central India. You've heard of the Rani? A splendid spitfire she was too! They'd have canonised her in France, instead of cannonading her, as we did. But sit down and help yourself to a whiskey peg and try one of those cheroots, while I do a little quarrying."

For some minutes he searched in silence, while Eccles fidgeted in his chair, his eyes fixed on Plowden's face, and himself far more agitated than a sober solicitor often is.

"Ah! here we are! 'A Subaltern's Account of the Central India Campaign.' Breezy little book. No index, of course. But I've tumbled on the passage." And Plowden began to read from it:

"Meanwhile Major Barker's flying column had been working round from the west, by way of Shahghur, Dehra, and Mahmoodpoor (where they had some smart brushes with bodies of mutineers from Gwalior), and formed a junction with us at Teeree. Here we encamped two days to give the troops a much-needed rest."

"Hurrah!" cried Eccles, his pale face lighting up, "that's Mahmoodpore right enough."

"Yes. Whereby day dawns. We know where Trooper John—as you call him—was writing from. The place must be somewhere about here," and he indicated a spot on the map.

"But 'the Garden of Seven Fruits under the shadow of the Peer,—can you make anything out of that?" asked Eccles anxiously.

"It is vague, certainly, but not incomprehensible. Peer, or p-i-r (as it should be spelt) is the Hindustani word for *Saint*. Mahomedan India is full of the tombs and mosques of reputed saints. This Mahmoodpore is, by its very name, a Mahomedan place. I take it the reference is to a saint's tomb or mosque, situated in a garden. The which is a common enough circumstance. As for the Seven Fruits, that may be its name, or merely an incident of personal knowledge recited to convey precise information to Roopchand, or, as Trooper John comically calls him, Roopee Chum."

"Then you think the treasure is buried under a Mahomedan tomb in Mahmoodpore?"

"Under its shadow. Of course it must be a stationary shadow. A living saint wouldn't do. Moreover a man seldom becomes a *Pir* till he is dead, and the only shadow he can cast is from his tomb."

"Plowden, I'm glad I came to you," said Eccles. "You interest me deeply. You ought to have been a lawyer."

"Thanks," laughed Plowden; "but apart from this the thing works out. The banker's name—Motichand it really is—shows he was a Hindoo. He would have no religious scruples about burying his treasure near a Mahomedan tomb or mosque. On the contrary, he would consider it rather a good place, as less likely to be disturbed."

"And what is your idea about the treasure?"

"Probably a good big dump. Else why should Motichand offer such a large sum as fifty thousand rupees to a common soldier for the mere delivery of a vaguely worded message about it? The amount of treasure buried in India at the time of the Mutiny, or, for the matter of that, at this very moment, is fabulous."

"At this very moment!" exclaimed Eccles in astonishment. "Who buries treasure nowadays?"

"Ninety-nine per cent of the natives. The ground is the Bank of India—unlimited. They all hoard their money, generally under the mud floors of their houses. It is no exaggeration to say that the country is honeycombed with hidden gold and silver. You may stare, but it's true. Many a time, when I have borrowed funds for my *zemindari*, the *soucars* I dealt with would bring me the dibs with the earth or sand thick upon them."

"But are there not plenty of banks in India?"

"Plenty—down to Post Office Savings. Only the Hindoo is a conservative beast. It is an hereditary instinct with him to bury his money, just as a dog does its bone. Both have done it for centuries, and will continue to do it. I know a man, an old skinflint called Mosadi, whom you'd chuck a copper to if you saw him in the street; and yet to my knowledge he has a hundred thousand rupees buried under his hearth in this year of grace nineteen hundred, and as many more out at 18 to 24 per cent. usury—damn him!" And Plowden brought his big hairy fist savagely down on the table for some unexplained but evidently substantial reason.

Eccles, however, was too much engrossed in the thread of the conversation to take notice of this tag. "And when the misers die?" he asked.

They generally have a son, or an adopted son, in their confidence. If not, their secret dies with them. Just as the old chap's seemed like to do. Man, I tell you there is enough treasure buried and forgotten, in India, to pay off the National Debt."

Eccles rose and took two or three turns up and down the room. All these revelations were working him up to a pitch of excitement. "Tell me squarely, Plowden," he asked suddenly, "do you believe it possible to discover this buried treasure?"

"Of course it is possible."

"Do you believe it probable?"

"Not exactly. It's problematical rather. And the problem is a nice one."

"Well, what do you advise?"

"I'm loth to advise."

"What would you do if you were I?"

"I think," said Plowden, combing his black beard reflectively, "I think I

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should feel inclined to take a cold-weather trip out to India. If you didn't strike oil it would anyway be a pleasant trip for a London lawyer like you."

"Would you come with me?"

"Well, I don't know. I might be tempted."

"Share and share alike, of course."

"That's fair enough. And each pay our own expenses."

"Ah! . . . What would they amount to?"

"Oh, we could do it on the cheap. Second class P. & O., return. That's fashionable nowadays. Keeper's guns. (It's a fine shooting district.) A couple of 80-lb. Kabul tents. Country-bred mounts. Pick up the camp kit at auction in India,—goes for a song often. And a couple of Goa boys to wait on us. Let me calculate. Well, say a couple of hundred pounds each."

Eccles was striding up and down the room, tugging nervously at his fair moustache, as he was wont to do in moments of indecision.

"Almost thou persuadest me," he cried at length.

"Well, be quite persuaded. It's time I looked up my *zemindari* again, so I'm on velvet. And after all, what is it? Just a jaunt. Leave in November—back in March."

"Hang it all, I've more than half a mind to go if I can scrape together the needful. Anyway, I'll sound them at the office for leave."

"Remember, there *may* be half a million in it," were Plowden's last words, as he saw his friend to the door and bade him good night.

* * * * * * *

Two months later Eccles and Plowden were under canvas in Central India.

"Here we are at the Mecca of our pilgrimage," cried Plowden one morning, as they jumped off their horses at the end of a long march, which brought them to their hospitable tents pitched snugly under a grove of shady trees. "From all I can make out, Mahmoodpore is a played-out sort of place—little more than a name left. But we'll have our baths and breakfast, and when it gets cooler take a stroll and spy out the land."

At four o'clock they started forth to explore, Plowden with a gun on his shoulder. A few minutes' walk from camp brought them to an old gateway, overgrown with creepers and parasitic plants. Passing through it, they came suddenly upon the ruins of a deserted city lapsed to jungle.

"Hullo!" cried Eccles in astonishment, "what's this?"

"A common enough sight in parts of India, my gallant griffin," explained his guide, philosopher, and friend: "an abandoned city—like Amber or Bijapur, or a dozen others I could quote you."

A narrow, seldom-trodden track led forward, and they followed it, stopping from time to time to gaze around—Eccles in wonder, Plowden with the superior complacency of experience. Around them loomed the remains of ancient buildings, shrouded in rank jungle growth—roofless walls, isolated pillars uprising aimlessly, and skeleton arches still intact, dimly outlining themselves behind the masses of foliage. Here an old deserted well, from whose dark depths a flight of startled pigeons escaped with an alarming clatter of wings as Plowden pitched a stone down to time the drop; there a ruined mosque, its grass-grown dome cracked and rent by a wild fig tree that had rooted itself at the base. And tombs not a few—as Plowden pointed out—some with pretensions, surmounted with *chunam* canopies sagging upon crumbling columns. The whole a picture of desolation and decay.

As if to accentuate its abandonment by man, the place was instinct with

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animal life. Troops of grey monkeys leaped about the ruins, or shook the branches overhead as they scolded at the intruders. Flocks of parrots rose shrieking from the tree tops, and flashed away, like emeralds, in the sun. Uncanny rustlings in the grass hinted snakes, and elicited a warning from Plowden. Once a heavy flapping of wings was followed by a peacock breaking cover; and a little farther on a delicate pitter-patter amongst the dried leaves brought a barking deer to view, which stared at them for the fraction of a second, and, with a shake of its flanks, was gone before Plowden could raise his gun to his shoulder.

The path ended at length at a dismal old tank, its waters so green with slime you might have stepped on it for grass. On its farther edge stood a great tamarind tree, in which a colony of bats wrangled and fought for right of place; and under the tree the ruins of a temple.

"Seems to me," said Eccles gloomily, as they stood looking at the tank, "we've struck a blank, blank place!"

Plowden glanced at him and smiled. The last few days, with their rough camping experience, had revealed some weak points in his friend's character.

"Couldn't be better—could it?" he responded imperturbably.

"How do you mean, old man?"

"We can prowl and footle about here as much as we want without any one disturbing us. That cuts away the chief difficulty I dreaded."

"Humph," grunted Eccles dubiously. "How will you begin?"

"There are plenty of places to begin with. It is merely a matter of selection."

"Plenty of places! I should think there were! It's the selection which bothers me."

"You didn't expect to find a sign-post, did you? 'This way to the Garden of Seven Saints, — Fruits,' I mean — 'and the Sepulchre of the Saint?'" laughed Plowden.

"Of course not."

"And you must admit, my dear chap, it is a splendid place to hide treasure in."

"Splendid," admitted Eccles drily; "but how about finding it? How are you going to start?"

"Start? Start searching, of course. Digging like the deuce. What else did we bring the tools for? And there's a hamlet of five or six families near our camp, I'm informed—just outside the walls. We'll hunt up the Oldest Inhabitant, and—by Jove! perhaps that's him!"

He broke off and pointed to a strange figure, with a gourd in his hand, descending the steps on the opposite side of the tank, and chanting a weird song, the while he thumped his right breast with his left hand, in a sort of mechanical accompaniment.

"What the devil's that?" asked Eccles

"A Fakir, I think."

"And what's a Fakir?"

"A sort of ascetic—monk—mendicant—what you will. A religious loafer, with the privileges of a priest. Can't describe him in English. He's peculiar to the country. Hullo! you there!" shouted Plowden: "come hither!"

The man, without the slightest display of surprise, slowly lifted up his face. He was a hideous-looking creature, almost nude, his face and body smeared or plastered grey with wood ashes, and his hair bunched in a huge matted rusty lump on the top of his head. Upon his forehead were daubed certain mysterious

"A strange figure descended the steps."

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signs in vermilion and yellow paint. Instead of answering Plowden he dropped on his haunches by the waterside.

"Let's see if we can get anything out of him," suggested Plowden.

They walked round the tank and descended the steps. The Fakir was squatting by the water's edge, singing his chant, and flicking a circle in the slime for a clear space in which to fill his gourd.

"Ho! Fakirjee, who may you be?" asked Plowden.

The ascetic made no reply; he did not even look up, but continued with his song and at his task of lapping the surface of the water.

"How now, O holy man, are you dumb?" demanded Plowden in a louder voice, prodding the Fakir's flank with his foot.

Then the Fakir turned, and raising two dull, sluggish eyes, scanned the Englishmen. They could see he was a very old man, by the wrinkles on his neck and cadaverous face, notwithstanding the latter seemed to have been deprived of all human semblance by its mask of ashes.

"Wherefore do you disturb me?" he asked mildly.

"We desire some information about this place."

"What should I know about this place?"

"But you live here?"

"I live here, at times."

"Then you should know about it."

"What should I know about it?"

He had filled his gourd by this time, and risen with an effort to his feet, for his body was very lean and emaciated, and his joints protruded. Then, without taking any further notice, he struck up his chant again, and beating his bony breast, stalked slowly up the steps and disappeared in the temple.

Eccles gaped after him. "Can that be the Pir?" he asked foolishly.

Plowden burst out laughing. "Not much, Johnny! He's just a common or mad fakir of the unaggressive variety. Some of them are nasty customers, fanatic and treacherous and that sort of thing. But this is evidently a harmless old impostor. I wish he had selected some other site to squat on than this. He may be a nuisance to us in our antiquarian researches."

The sun was sinking, and it was time for them to retrace their steps. "I'll send for the Oldest Inhabitant and start a little confidential inquiry," said Plowden when they reached camp; and gave the necessary orders. Presently the *Lumberdar*, or head-man, of the hamlet was announced, and, with many apologies for the liberty, accepted Plowden's polite invitation to take a seat on the floor of the tent.

He was a typical old Indian peasant, garrulous, grovelling, and nervous to please, and, when questioned, had plenty to say.

First, a long disquisition about the game in the locality, and the best way to hunt it, and so, roundabout to Mahmoodpore, to discourse on which he was skilfully led by Plowden, who favoured his companion with a running translation of the conversation.

It was a very ancient place (the *Lumberdar* said), and in the days of the Mogul might have contained five to seven hundred houses. How long had he known it? Since the year of the Great Famine, when his father migrated hither from the Jubbulpore Zillah. Yes; that was some eight to ten years after the Mutiny. It was true Mahmoodpore had been taken by the white soldiers. They were as Rustoms for valour, and killed all the inhabitants. The corpses rotted in the bazaar, and the few people that escaped feared to return. And so the jungle grew, and now it was all jungle. Oh yes, there were plenty of tombs; but he

had not heard of any Saint's tomb. He was a poor Hindoo cultivator; what should he know about Mussulman saints? There were no Mohamedans in his hamlet. His father had never mentioned any Pir. The mosque with a cracked dome had no name that he knew of. It was just a mosque. As for the tombs, who was wise enough to tell one tomb from another—except God? The Fakir? Oh, he was mad. All fakirs were mad. The sahib was to take no notice of him. Sometimes they gave him a handful of rice or flour. He hurt nobody. Now and then he went a-wandering, or performed a pilgrimage; but always came back to his temple by the tank. What was his name? Fakirs never had any names. They were all mad. They called this one the Fakir of Mahmoodpore. He had always been called that.

"The usual ignorant idiot!" was Plowden's commentary, as he dismissed the *Lumberdar*. "We'll have to try the Fakir again, and see if we can get a clue from him."

But when they went to look the next day, the temple was empty and the Fakir vanished.

However, they started to work. Plowden was a sanguine soul, and difficulties did not deter him. "We've come seven thousand miles to seek treasure," was his argument, "and I'm going to have a show for my money! I don't care if it's a thousand-to-one chance, I'm going over the course!"

They began by exploring Mahmoodpore and its outskirts thoroughly, and in the process came across many signs of cultivated trees run wild and merged in the jungle. "Gardens galore!" as Plowden pointed out, "if we could only pitch on the particular one of Seven Fruits."

Then they made a rough map, and marked off certain tombs and buildings which, in his opinion, should be searched. And so they proceeded to dig and delve, starting on the mosque with the cracked dome. It was surrounded with a pavement of stones, all of which they conscientiously prised up and trenched round. It gave them some good hard work, and brought them nothing but blistered hands.

Then they tackled half a dozen old tombs, and laid their precincts bare; but exhumed nothing save a few bits of broken pottery and a bone or two.

Three weeks of this work found them, apparently, no nearer their end than when they began. But Eccles was visibly fading away; and at last, one morning whilst they stood resting from their labours for a few minutes, he bluntly suggested "chucking" it.

"You want more enthusiasm, my boy!" said Plowden.

"I know I cut but a poor figure," stammered Eccles; "but my shoulders ache as though they had been welted, and I don't believe I shall ever be able to write with these hands again!" He held his out, and regarded them with a look of dismal disgust.

"Embrocation and Friar's Balsam are all you want—and a little more grit."

"But we are working so confoundedly in the dark."

"We are working through the dark, you mean."

"I wish I could persuade myself of that," said Eccles lugubriously.

"You would if you only approached the matter in the true spirit of a gold seeker. You lack fundamental faith in your own destiny, old chap. I, on the contrary, believe the gods intended me to die worth a quarter of a million."

The expression on Eccles' face did not suggest any co-belief. "This is so hopeless," he protested, "and such hard work."

"Pooh, man! It's you who are slack of hope. Buck up a bit, do! You were

keen enough in London. Lord, when we were in that shop buying the folding-up tools you wondered whether they'd be strong enough."

Eccles coloured. "I was carried away," he confessed.

"Continue to be carried away. Persuade yourself every stroke of your pick is going to be the lucky one. It will come in a fluke at the end. Hang it! this very dig might do the trick."

By way of illustration he jumped up and raised his pickaxe to give a mighty blow. As he did so he became aware of a grey figure standing by.

"Confound it!" he burst out, "here's that infernal old Fakir! Where the devil did he spring from?" And, so speaking, he stood with his pick suspended high above his head, in an attitude so apparently threatening that Eccles sprang up and faced round.

The Fakir did not move a muscle, but his dull eyes wandered from their faces to the excavated ground at their feet, and he asked, "What does the sahib seek?"

"That's our business. But say, what are you doing here?" demanded Plowden hotly.

"Wherefore should I not be here?" answered the Fakir meekly. "It is the place where I live."

His manner disarmed Plowden. "That being so, you can give us certain information," he said, feeling in his pocket the while. "Here are ten rupees: you shall have them if you answer my questions."

With a cold, disdainful wave of his hand the ascetic rejected the coins. "I am vowed to perpetual poverty," he said: "offer not money to me."

"Well, what may I offer you?"

"Nothing."

"Then why do you come interfering with us?"

"I come to beseech you to depart."

"We cannot depart, until we have accomplished our purpose. And we will not."

The Fakir was sadly troubled. "What is the sahib's purpose?" he asked at length.

Plowden was a little unprepared for the direct question, but he rose to the emergency.

"We seek a certain rare root."

"What root? All the roots of the jungle are known to me."

"But not this root. It only grows in one holy place."

"The holy places are in my keeping. What holy place?"

"In the Garden of Seven Fruits."

"The Garden of Seven Fruits!" echoed the Fakir quickly. "How heard the sahib of the Garden of Seven Fruits?"

"What's up now?" broke in Eccles, who had been impatiently looking on all this time, with increasing curiosity. "Why has the beggar woke up all of a sudden?"

"Hold hard a minute, old chap. Don't interrupt. He knows the very garden, I believe!" Then to the Fakir—"The knowledge of the Garden of Seven Fruits came to me from the Dead."

"The Dead do not speak."

"I will explain. There was a man whose hours were numbered. It was in the time of war. He was a captive, and condemned to death. He possessed a secret which he desired to impart to his son. The secret of a rare root of the earth whose possession gives happiness."

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"A rare root of the earth growing under the tomb of a Mussulman?" asked the Fakir, eyeing Plowden keenly.

"Even so. He confided the secret to a certain stranger to deliver to his son. But God willed that the stranger should die too. Only before he died he wrote that secret down. His writing came into my hands."

"And he wrote of the Garden of Seven Fruits in Mahmoodpore?"

"Of that—and other things."

"What other things?"

"Who are you that ask?"

"One who hath a right to know," said the Fakir with emphasis.

"How may I be convinced of that?"

"There is but one Garden of Seven Fruit Trees in Mahmoodpore, and it was my inheritance."

"Your inheritance?" exclaimed Plowden. "Then who are you?"

"I am he who was called Roopchund."

Plowden staggered back astounded. "Great Scott!" he ejaculated, turning to Eccles. "This is Trooper John's Roopee Chum, as I'm a sinner!"

"The devil he is!" cried Eccles incredulously, staring at the Fakir as he might at a ghost.

"And the Garden of Seven Fruits belongs to him!"

"By Gad!—And so does the treasure!" faltered Eccles.

"D—n it! I'd forgotten that."

"Who could have dreamt of such a thing?"

"The Long Arm of Coincidence stretching as far as Mahmoodpore. Well! I'm clean dazed, Eccles!"

"What's to be done?"

"Man, man—we're done! Done brown!" said Plowden, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "But hold on! I forgot! There's the reward. Half a loaf is better than no bread. I'll pink him for that." He turned to the Fakir. "Listen, Roopchand."

"The Fakir listens."

"On the morning of his death the man I speak of buried that which we seek."

"The sahib was seeking a rare root," observed the Fakir, almost drily. "Roots grow; they are not buried."

"True. But in our country we call gold a root. The root of all evil."

"It is wisely called."

"And I spoke in parables. That which the man buried was gold."

The Fakir at once lapsed into his phlegmatic calm again. His studied indifference nettled Plowden. "Do you hear?" he said: "that which the man buried was gold."

"Let not the sahib trouble himself to speak to me of gold. He has wisely said it is the root of all evil."

"Fool!" shouted Plowden petulantly. "The man was thy own father, Motichand!"

Then, for the first time, the Fakir displayed a symptom of emotion. There came a spasmodic twitching of the muscles of his face, which, with all his stony stoicism, he could not control. He hesitated ere he made reply.

"Thou sayest he was Motichand, the father of Roopchund that was. How shall the Fakir know it was even so?"

"By the command he sent you,"

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"Tell me the command."

"He commanded that you should pay a reward of fifty thousand rupees for the message when it was truly and faithfully delivered."

"Does the sahib speak in parables again?"

"Not so. I have proof of what I assert."

"The Fakir listens to that proof."

"Know, then," said Plowden impressively, "that the sum of the reward was to equal the sum of money which, on the third day of Marg, forty years ago, Motichand lent to the nephew of the Nawab."

A smothered ejaculation escaped involuntarily from the Fakir's lips as he heard this, and he bowed his head, making a gesture of obeisance with his folded hands, as he muttered, "*Rám Rám Mahadeo!*" But, quickly recovering his self-control, he answered Plowden.

"Truly Motichand speaks from Gunga. None knew of this circumstance save he and I, and that dog, the nephew of the Nawab, who afterwards denied it."

"And now," said Plowden, "we bring you your father's message, and claim the reward."

"The command of the dead must be obeyed. Give me the message."

"But the reward?"

The ascetic held out his open hands with a gesture of expostulation. "I am a fakir, naked and hungry. I may not touch money, neither to receive it nor to give."

"Then show me the Garden of Seven Fruits."

"The sahib has spoken. It shall be as he wishes. Let him seek for himself this root of evil. But, having found it, let him promise he will depart and return no more."

"We will depart," said Plowden, "as soon as we have duly received our reward."

"Swear it," demanded the Fakir.

"On my beard I swear it," assented Plowden with becoming gravity.

"Come!" said the Fakir.

He turned and led the way through the ruined city, and as he did so broke out into the weird chant they had heard him singing on the first day, beating his bony breast with his hand in his heathen ritual. Presently they reached and passed the tank, and a little farther on the Fakir stopped.

"This," he said, waving his hand around, "is the Garden of Seven Fruits."

They looked about them. It was a wild of stunted bush and scattered trees The jungle had blotted out every vestige of a garden.

"Worse and worse!" lamented Eccles. "We ought to have brought a steam plough!"

"I don't see anything but to trust the beggar and chance it."

"Chance it!" said Eccles impatiently.

Plowden looked hard at the Fakir. Was he deceiving them? The grey face, with its ghastly mask of ashes, remained inscrutable; the dull eyes reflected no intelligence. A graven image could not have displayed greater indifference.

"Fakirjee! Show me the spot where falls the shadow of the Pir."

"The shadow of the Pir?"

"Aye. For such was thy father's message."

The Fakir bent his head for a few moments, and was lost in reflection. Then he suddenly started, and there came a look of recognition into his eyes. He beckoned them to follow.

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A few yards off seven mango trees were growing in a rude circle. He stopped at one, and, pointing to the ground beneath, "Dig here," he said.

"But wherefore? This is no tomb or mosque of Pir."

"These seven trees," said the Fakir, "bear the names of the days of the week. And this is *Peer*."

Plowden's face, as he heard this, was a study. "Eccles!" he exclaimed, with a gulp in his throat, "write me down an ass. I'm altogether out of it. It was *Peer* which means Wednesday, and not *Pir* a saint, that the message alluded to. These trees are called after the week-days, and this fourth one is Wednesday, or *Peer*."

"But you don't talk of 'the' Wednesday," said Eccles, completely mystified.

"There is no definite article in Hindustani, and Trooper John stuck one in, which made all the difference. But come, this is no time for chattering and explanations. The Fakir here means business. See! he has squatted down to watch us. Let us start work."

They seized their picks and began to dig. It was a curious spectacle: the two Englishmen toiling like common coolies, and the naked ascetic gazing stolidly at them, his ash-smeared countenance set in a grim, expressionless cast, like an idol's.

Suddenly Eccles gave a grunt. His pick had become imbedded in something, and he could not move it.

"Hold on!" cried Plowden; "let me loosen the earth. Now try."

Eccles gave another tug, and the pick came away, with a fragment of old worm-eaten wood adhering to the point. Plowden darted his hand down and seized it.

"Partner," he said, after a moment's examination, "this has seen the saw. It's a bit of plank! Planks don't grow underground. Dig for all you're worth."

Eccles turned as white as a sheet, but said nothing. Only the way he whirled his pick round was dangerous as well as desperate. It was Plowden who did the real work, and he picked and scooped and scraped away the soil like a navvy.

"Man," he said, in a hoarse whisper, between the quick breaths, "it's a chest. Dig! dig!"

But the Fakir sat immutable, like an image carven in stone.

"Come away with it! Come away with it! Hurrah!" broke from Plowden's lips irresistibly, as, a minute later, an oblong box, studded with nails and clamps, was slowly dragged to the surface.

"Hurrah!" gasped Eccles, and incontinently sat down. There was not a hand-shake left in him.

With a couple of swinging strokes Plowden knocked off the top of the chest; then he knelt down and began to pull out the contents—bags, bundles, boxes, all higgledy-piggledy, turbans, silks, cowrie-shells, books of account, brass and stone idols, odd handfuls of coppers: the strangest assortment of things ever seen, all crammed in without system or order, just as they might have been by a man packing them for dear life in a moment of panic and peril.

Plowden satisfied himself as to the probable value of the contents: there was a splendid proportion of gold and jewels. "All Lombard Street and a China orange packed into one box!" he said jubilantly.

In the excitement of the moment they had both forgotten the Fakir. Plowden remembered him first, and looked up.

He was gone!

"By George! that old beggar has left us alone in our glory!" he exclaimed. "Bolted at the finish. Hang it! this won't do. We must bring him back and settle up."

He stood up, and looked all round to discover which way he had retreated; but there was no sign of him. Then he shouted: no reply. Finally he ran to the Fakir's hut. It was empty; but the hearth was still steaming from the water that had been sprinkled over the ashes to quench the fire. He knew what that meant: it was the sign of departure.

He returned to the mango tree. As he came in sight Eccles began gesticulating frantically to him.

"Here's another box underneath, and more below that," he bellowed.

"And the proprietor has scooted. *Tanda karao'd* his fire and hooked it!" announced Plowden.

They stared at each other in amazement.

"Well, this beats everything," declared Eccles.

"The *Lumberdar* was right. He's not such a champion idiot after all. All Fakirs are mad; and the Fakir of Mahmoodpore the maddest of the lot!"

"That being so, what are we to do? We cannot leave this treasure unprotected in the jungle."

"Certainly not. We must constitute ourselves its trustees."

"And take an inventory."

"Capital idea! See what it is to be a lawyer. I should never have dreamt of that."

"It will protect us in case——"

"Yes—in case."

They set to work and dug out three more boxes filled with the banker's riches, and laid them out under the shade. Then in a most methodical way Eccles produced a pencil and pocket-book. "You call out and I'll enter them, Plowden," said he. And Plowden did so, with a curious, but contented smile on his face.

This is what Eccles wrote:—

"An Inventory of certain riches found in the premises of Mr. Roopchund, of Mahmoodpore, and held in trust for him by the undersigned, pending his application for possession of the same.

Item. 28 bags of Gold Mohurs, each containing 2000.
„ 42 bags of Hali Sicca Rupees „ 2500.
„ 17 jewel boxes of sizes, with various gems therein.
„ A Nabob's turban, encrusted with pearls and emeralds.
„ 2 daggers (diamond-hilted).
„ A little gold God with ruby eyes.
„ 29 gold bangles and 117 silver ones.
„ Sundry bags of copper and cowrie-shells.
„ Several idols (brass and stone), and three rolls of silk.
„ 11 books of account, &c., &c., &c."

When they had finished they both signed it. Then, at Eccles' suggestion, they went to the Fakir's temple and formally summoned him to appear. On his failing to do so, they wrote their names and addresses in charcoal on the wall of the temple, with a notification that if Roopchund applied to them, he would hear of something to his advantage.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Plowden, who had played second fiddle in these proceedings.

"I think we have done everything that can reasonably be expected of us," replied Eccles thoughtfully.

"Well—that's a good job!" was Plowden's expressed opinion; but he winked

his eye behind Eccles' back. "And now we'll go and make our Goa boys drunk."

"What for?"

"Well, you don't want them as co-trustees, do you? The Government of India has a claim to treasure trove."

"Ah, but this isn't treasure trove. It is the private property, lawfully inherited, of Roopchund. The Government cannot touch this."

"Eccles," said Plowden, "you've got a nut on your shoulders! All the same, I think we had better give the Goa boys a couple of bottles of whiskey. It will render them temporarily incurious of our proceedings whilst we get the treasure to camp in the disguise of archæological objects. The empty beer-boxes will hold them fine, and leave space for a layer of bricks on the top."

Three days later Plowden and Eccles started on their return to the line of railway, which ran ten marches distant.

"I told you," said Plowden, as they waved good-bye to the site of their camp, "the gods intended me to die worth a quarter of a million."

Even as he spoke there rose in the air the sound of a voice that was familiar to them. They looked up. It was the Fakir, shambling down the road.

Reining up their horses, as by common consent, they awaited his coming.

"Ho, Fakirjee!" began Plowden, with intent to arrest him.

But, save for one glance at the tents struck, and the camels loaded for the march, the Fakir took no notice.

"Ho, Fakirjee—we have sought you. Stay and listen!"

But the grey, naked figure looked not to right nor left, only passed on. And the last they saw of him he was shuffling down the dusty road beating his breast with his clenched fist, and singing his weird chant with a rising voice.

HERBERT COMPTON.

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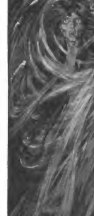
THE TOMB OF SARAH.



MY father was the head of a celebrated firm of church restorers and decorators about sixty years ago. He took a keen interest in his work, and made an especial study of any old legends or family histories that came under his observation. He was necessarily very well read and thoroughly well posted in all questions of folk-lore and mediæval legend. As he kept a careful record of every case he investigated, the manuscripts he left at his death have a special interest. From amongst them I have selected the following, as being a particularly weird and extraordinary experience. In presenting it to the public, I feel it is superfluous to apologise for its supernatural character.

MY FATHER'S DIARY.

1841.—*June 17th.* Received a commission from my old friend Peter Grant to enlarge and restore the chancel of his church at Hagarstone, in the wilds of the West Country.

July 5th. Went down to Hagarstone with my head man Somers. A very long and tiring journey.

July 7th Got the work well started. The old church is one of special interest to the antiquarian, and I shall endeavour while restoring it to alter the existing arrangements as little as possible. One large tomb, however, must be moved bodily ten feet at least to the southward. Curiously enough, there is a somewhat forbidding inscription upon it in Latin, and I am afraid this particular tomb should have to be moved. It stands amongst the graves of the Kenyons, an old family which has been extinct in these parts for centuries. The inscription on it runs thus :—

"SARAH.

"1630.

"FOR THE SAKE OF THE DEAD AND THE WELFARE OF THE LIVING, LET THIS SEPULTURE REMAIN UNTOUCHED AND ITS OCCUPANT UNDISTURBED TILL THE COMING OF CHRIST.

"IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST."

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July 8th. Took counsel with Grant concerning the "Sarah Tomb." We are both very loth to disturb it, but the ground has sunk so beneath it, that the safety of the church is in danger; thus we have no choice. However, the work shall be done as reverently as possible under our own direction.

Grant says there is a legend in the neighbourhood that it is the tomb of the last of the Kenyons, the evil Countess Sarah, who was murdered in 1630. She lived quite alone in the old castle, whose ruins still stand three miles from here on the road to Bristol. Her reputation was an evil one even for those days. She was a witch or were-woman, the only companion of her solitude being a familiar in the shape of a huge Asiatic wolf. This creature was reputed to seize upon children, or failing these, sheep and other small animals, and convey them to the castle, where the Countess used to suck their blood. It was popularly supposed that she could never be killed. This, however, proved a fallacy, since she was strangled one day by a mad peasant woman who had lost two children, she declaring that they had both been seized and carried off by the Countess's familiar. This is a very interesting story, since it points to a local superstition very similar to that of the Vampire, existing in Slavonic and Hungarian Europe.

The tomb is built of black marble, surmounted by an enormous slab of the same material. On the slab is a magnificent group of figures. A young and handsome woman reclines upon a couch; round her neck is a piece of rope, the end of which she holds in her hand. At her side is a gigantic dog with bared fangs and lolling tongue. The face of the reclining figure is a cruel one: the corners of the mouth are curiously lifted, showing the sharp points of long canine or dog teeth. The whole group, though magnificently executed, leaves a most unpleasant sensation.

If we move the tomb it will have to be done in two pieces, the covering slab first and then the tomb proper. We have decided to remove the covering slab to-morrow.

July 9th.—6 p.m. A very strange day.

By noon everything was ready for lifting off the covering stone, and after the men's dinner we started the jacks and pulleys. The slab lifted easily enough, though it fitted closely into its seat and was further secured by some sort of mortar or putty, which must have kept the interior perfectly air-tight.

None of us were prepared for the horrible rush of foul, mouldy air that escaped as the cover lifted clear of its seating. And the contents that gradually came into view were more startling still. There lay the fully dressed body of a woman, wizened and shrunk and ghastly pale as if from starvation. Round her neck was a loose cord, and, judging by the scars still visible, the story of death by strangulation was true enough.

The most horrible part, however, was the extraordinary freshness of the body. Except for the appearance of starvation, life might have been only just extinct. The flesh was soft and white, the eyes were wide open and seemed to stare at us with a fearful understanding in them. The body itself lay on mould, without any pretence to coffin or shell.

For several moments we gazed with horrible curiosity, and then it became too much for my workmen, who implored us to replace the covering slab. That, of course, we would not do; but I set the carpenters to work at once to make a temporary cover while we moved the tomb to its new position. This is a long job, and will take two or three days at least.

July 9th.—9 p.m. Just at sunset we were startled by the howling of, seemingly, every dog in the village. It lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and

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then ceased as suddenly as it began. This, and a curious mist that has risen round the church, makes me feel rather anxious about the "Sarah Tomb." According to the best established traditions of the Vampire-haunted countries, the disturbance of dogs or wolves at sunset is supposed to indicate the presence of one of these fiends, and local fog is always considered to be a certain sign. The Vampire has the power of producing it for the purpose of concealing its movements near its hiding-place at any time.

I dare not mention or even hint my fears to the rector, for he is, not unnaturally perhaps, a rank disbeliever in many things that I know, from experience, are not only possible but even probable. I must work this out alone at first, and get his aid without his knowing in what direction he is helping me. I shall now watch till midnight at least.

10.15 p.m. As I feared and half expected. Just before ten there was another outburst of the hideous howling. It was commenced most distinctly by a particularly horrible and blood-curdling wail from the vicinity of the churchyard. The chorus lasted only a few minutes, however, and at the end of it I saw a large dark shape, like a huge dog, emerge from the fog and lope away at a rapid canter towards the open country. Assuming this to be what I fear, I shall see it return soon after midnight.

12.30 p.m. I was right. Almost as midnight struck, I saw the beast returning. It stopped at the spot where the fog seemed to commence, and lifting up its head, gave tongue to that particularly horrible long-drawn wail that I had noticed as preceding the outburst earlier in the evening.

To-morrow I shall tell the rector what I have seen; and if, as I expect, we hear of some neighbouring sheepfold having been raided, I shall get him to watch with me for this nocturnal marauder. I shall also examine the "Sarah Tomb" for something which he may notice without any previous hint from me.

July 10th. I found the workmen this morning much disturbed in mind about the howling of the dogs. "We doan't like it, zur," one of them said to me—"we doan't like it; there was zummat abroad last night that was unholy." They were still more uncomfortable when the news came round that a large dog had made a raid upon a flock of sheep, scattering them far and wide, and leaving three of them dead with torn throats in the field.

When I told the rector of what I had seen and what was being said in the village, he immediately decided that we must try and catch or at least identify the beast I had seen. "Of course," said he, "it is some dog lately imported into the neighbourhood, for I know of nothing about here nearly as large as the animal you describe, though its size may be due to the deceptive moonlight."

This afternoon I asked the rector, as a favour, to assist me in lifting the temporary cover that was on the tomb, giving as an excuse the reason that I wished to obtain a portion of the curious mortar with which it had been sealed. After a slight demur he consented, and we raised the lid. If the sight that met our eyes gave me a shock, at least it appalled Grant.

"Great God!" he exclaimed; "the woman is alive!"

And so it seemed for a moment. The corpse had lost much of its starved appearance, and looked hideously fresh and alive. It was still wrinkled and shrunken, but the lips were firm, and of the rich red hue of health. The eyes, if possible, were more appalling than ever, though fixed and staring. At one corner of the mouth I thought I noticed a slight dark-coloured froth, but I said nothing about it then.

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"'We didn't like it, zur; there was summut abroad last night that was unholy.'"

"Take your piece of mortar, Harry," gasped Grant, "and let us shut the tomb again. God help me! Parson though I am, such dead faces frighten me!"

Now was I sorry to hide that terrible face again; but I got my bit of mortar, and I have advanced a step towards the solution of the mystery.

This afternoon the tomb was moved several feet towards its new position, but it will be two or three days yet before we shall be ready to replace the slab.

10.15 p.m. Again the same howling at sunset, the same fog enveloping the church, and at 10 o'clock the same great beast slipping silently out into the open

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country. I must get the rector's help and watch for its return. But precautions we must take, for if things are as I believe, we take our lives in our hands when we venture out into the night to waylay the—Vampire. Why not admit it at once? For that the beast I have seen is the Vampire of that evil thing in the tomb I can have no reasonable doubt.

Not yet come to its full strength, thank Heaven! after the starvation of nearly two centuries, for at present it can only maraud as wolf apparently. But, in a day or two, when full power returns, that dreadful woman in new strength and beauty will be able to leave her refuge. Then it would not be sheep merely that would satisfy her disgusting lust for blood, but victims that would yield their life-blood without a murmur to her caressing touch—victims that, dying of her foul embrace, themselves must become Vampires in their turn to prey on others.

Mercifully my knowledge gives me a safeguard; for that little piece of mortar that I rescued to-day from the tomb contains a portion of the Sacred Host, and who holds it, humbly and firmly believing in its virtue, may pass safely through such an ordeal as I intend to submit myself and the rector to to-night.

12.30 p.m. Our adventure is over for the present, and we are back safe.

After writing the last entry recorded above, I went off to find Grant and tell him that the marauder was out on the prowl again. "But, Grant," I said, "before we start out to-night, I must insist that you will let me prosecute this affair in my own way; you must promise to put yourself completely under my orders, without asking any questions as to the why and wherefore."

After a little demur, and some excusable chaff on his part at the serious view I was taking of what he called a "dog hunt," he gave me his promise. I then told him that we were to watch to-night and try and track the mysterious beast, but not to interfere with it in any way. I think, in spite of his jests, that I impressed him with the fact that there might be after all good reason for my precautions.

It was just after eleven when we stepped out into the still night.

Our first move was to try and penetrate the dense fog round the church, but there was something so chilly about it, and a faint smell so disgustingly rank and loathsome, that neither our nerves nor our stomachs were proof against it. Instead, we stationed ourselves in the dark shadow of a yew tree that commanded a good view of the wicket entrance to the churchyard.

At midnight the howling of the dogs began again, and in a few minutes we saw a large grey shape, with green eyes shining like lamps, shamble swiftly down the path towards us.

The rector started forward, but I laid a firm hand upon his arm and whispered a warning "Remember!" Then we both stood very still and watched as the great beast cantered swiftly by. It was real enough, for we could hear the clicking of its nails on the stone flags. It passed within a few yards of us, and seemed to be nothing more nor less than a great grey wolf, thin and gaunt, with bristling hair and dripping jaws. It stopped where the mist commenced, and turned round. It was truly a horrible sight, and made one's blood run cold. The eyes burnt like fires, the upper lip was snarling and raised, showing the great canine teeth, while round the mouth clung and dripped a dark-coloured froth.

It raised its head and gave tongue to its long wailing howl, which was answered from afar by the village dogs. After standing for a few moments, it turned and disappeared into the thickest part of the fog.

Very shortly afterwards the atmosphere began to clear, and within ten minutes the mist was all gone, the dogs in the village were silent, and the night seemed

to reassume its normal aspect. We examined the spot where the beast had been standing, and found, plainly enough upon the stone flags, dark spots of froth and saliva.

"Well, Rector," I said, "will you admit now, in view of the things you have seen to-day, in consideration of the legend, the woman in the tomb, the fog, the howling dogs, and, last but not least, the mysterious beast you have seen so close, that there is something not quite normal in it all? Will you put yourself unreservedly in my hands and help me, *whatever I may do*, to first make assurance doubly sure, and finally take the necessary steps for putting an end to this horror of the night?" I saw that the uncanny influence of the night was strong upon him, and wished to impress it as much as possible.

"Needs must," he replied, "when the Devil drives; and in the face of what I have seen, I must believe that some unholy forces are at work. Yet, how can they work in the sacred precincts of a church? Shall we not call rather upon Heaven to assist us in our need."

"Grant," I said solemnly, "that we must do, each in his own way. "God helps those who help themselves, and by His help and the light of my knowledge we must fight this battle for Him and the poor lost soul within."

We then returned to the rectory and to our rooms, though I have sat up to write this account while the scene is fresh in my mind.

July 11th. Found the workmen again very much disturbed in their minds, and full of a strange dog that had been seen during the night by several people, who had hunted it. Farmer Stotman, who had been watching his sheep (the same flock that had been raided the night before) had surprised it over a fresh carcase and tried to drive it off, but its size and fierceness so alarmed him that he had beaten a hasty retreat for a gun. When he returned the animal was gone, though he found that three more sheep from his flock were dead and torn.

The "Sarah Tomb" was moved to-day to its new position; but it was a long, heavy business, and there was not time to replace the covering slab. For this I was glad, as in the prosaic light of day the rector almost disbelieves the events of the night, and is prepared to think everything to have been magnified and distorted by our imagination.

As, however, I could not possibly proceed with my war of extermination against this foul thing without assistance, and as there is nobody else I can rely upon, I appealed to him for one more night—to convince him that it was no delusion, but a ghastly, horrible truth, which must be fought and conquered for our own sakes, as well as that of all those living in the neighbourhood.

"Put yourself in my hands, Rector," I said, "for to-night at least. Let us take those precautions which my study of the subject tells me are the right ones. To-night you and I must watch in the church; and I feel assured that to-morrow you will be as convinced as I am, and be equally prepared to take those awful steps which I know to be proper, and I must warn you that we shall find a more startling change in the body lying there than you noticed yesterday."

My words came true; for on raising the wooden cover once more, the rank stench of a slaughterhouse arose, making us feel positively sick. There lay the Vampire, but how changed from the starved and shrunken corpse we saw two days ago for the first time! The wrinkles had almost disappeared, the flesh was firm and full, the crimson lips grinned horribly over the long pointed teeth, and a distinct smear of blood had trickled down one corner of the mouth. We set

our teeth, however, and hardened our hearts. Then we replaced the cover, and put what we had collected into a safe place in the vestry. Yet even now Grant could not believe that there was any real or pressing danger concealed in that awful tomb, as he raised strenuous objections to any apparent desecration of the body without further proof. This he shall have to-night. God grant that I am not taking too much on myself! If there is any truth in old legends, it would be easy enough to destroy the Vampire now; but Grant will not have it.

I hope for the best of this night's work, but the danger in waiting is very great.

6 p.m. I have prepared everything: the sharp knives, the pointed stake, fresh garlic, and the wild dog-roses. All these I have taken and concealed in the vestry, where we can get at them when our solemn vigil commences.

If either or both of us die with our fearful task undone, let those reading my record see that this is done. I lay it upon them as a solemn obligation. "That the Vampire be pierced through the heart with the stake, then let the Burial Service be read over the poor clay at last released from its doom. Thus shall the Vampire cease to be, and a lost soul rest."

July 12th. All is over. After the most terrible night of watching and horror, one Vampire at least will trouble the world no more. But how thankful should we be to a merciful Providence that that awful tomb was not disturbed by any one not having the knowledge necessary to deal with its dreadful occupant! I write this with no feelings of self-complacency, but simply with a great gratitude for the years of study I have been able to devote to this special subject.

And now to my tale.

Just before sunset last night, the rector and I locked ourselves into the church, and took up our position in the pulpit. It was one of those pulpits, to be found in some churches, which is entered from the vestry, the preacher appearing at a good height through an arched opening in the wall. This gave us a sense of security (which we felt we needed), a good view of the interior, and direct access to the implements which I had concealed in the vestry.

The sun set and the twilight gradually deepened and faded. There was, so far, no sign of the usual fog, nor any howling of the dogs. At nine o'clock the moon rose and her pale light gradually flooded the aisles, and still no sign of any kind from the "Sarah Tomb." The rector had asked me several times what he might expect, but I was determined that no words or thought of mine should influence him, and that he should be convinced by his own senses alone.

By half-past ten we were both getting very tired, and I began to think that perhaps after all we should see nothing that night. However, soon after eleven we observed a light mist rising from the "Sarah Tomb." It seemed to scintillate and sparkle as it rose, and curled in a sort of pillar or spiral.

I said nothing, but I heard the rector give a sort of gasp as he clutched my arm feverishly. "Great Heaven!" he whispered: "it is taking shape."

And true enough, in a very few moments we saw standing erect by the tomb the ghastly figure of the Countess Sarah!

She looked thin and haggard still, and her face was deadly white; but the crimson lips looked like a hideous gash in the pale cheeks, and her eyes glared like red coals in the gloom of the church.

It was a fearful thing to watch as she stepped unsteadily down the aisle, staggering a little as if from weakness and exhaustion. This was perhaps, natural,

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as her body must have suffered much physically from her long incarceration, in spite of the unholy forces which kept it fresh and well.

We watched her to the door, and wondered what would happen; but it appeared to present no difficulty, for she melted through it and disappeared.

"Now, Grant," I said, "do you believe?"

"Yes," he replied, "I must. Everything is in your hands, and I will obey your commands to the letter, if you can only instruct me how to rid my poor people of this unnameable terror."

"By God's help I will," said I; "but you shall be yet more convinced first, for we have a terrible work to do, and much to answer for in the future, before we leave the church again this morning. And now to work, for in its present weak state the Vampire will not wander far, but may return at any time, and must not find us unprepared."

We stepped down from the pulpit, and taking dog-roses and garlic from the vestry, proceeded to the tomb. I arrived first, and throwing off the wooden cover, cried, "Look! it is empty!" There was nothing there! Nothing except the impress of the body in the loose damp mould!

I took the flowers and laid them in a circle round the tomb, for legend teaches us that Vampires will not pass over these particular blossoms if they can avoid it.

Then, eight or ten feet away, I made a circle on the stone pavement, large enough for the rector and myself to stand in, and within the circle I placed the implements that I had brought into the church with me.

"Now," I said, "from this circle, which nothing unholy can step across, you shall see the Vampire face to face, and see her afraid to cross that other circle of garlic and dog-roses to regain her unholy refuge. But on no account step beyond the holy place you stand in, for the Vampire has a fearful strength not her own, and, like a snake, can draw her victim willingly to his own destruction."

Now, so far my work was done, and calling the rector, we stepped into the Holy Circle to await the Vampire's return.

Nor was this long delayed. Presently a damp, cold odour seemed to pervade the church, which made our hair bristle and flesh to creep. And then, down the aisle with noiseless feet came That which we watched for.

I heard the rector mutter a prayer, and I held him tightly by the arm, for he was shivering violently.

Long before we could distinguish the features, we saw the glowing eyes and the crimson sensual mouth. She went straight to her tomb, but stopped short when she encountered my flowers. She walked right round the tomb seeking a place to enter, and as she walked she saw us. A spasm of diabolical hate and fury passed over her face; but it quickly vanished, and a smile of love, more devilish still, took its place. She stretched out her arms towards us. Then we saw that round her mouth gathered a bloody froth, and from under her lips long pointed teeth gleamed and champed.

She spoke: a soft soothing voice, a voice that carried a spell with it, and affected us both strangely, particularly the rector. I wished to test as far as possible, without endangering our lives, the Vampire's power.

Her voice had a soporific effect, which I resisted easily enough, but which seemed to throw the rector into a sort of trance. More than this: it seemed to compel him to her in spite of his efforts to resist.

"Come!" she said,—"come! I give sleep and peace—sleep and peace—sleep and peace."

"She stretched out her hands towards us."

She advanced a little towards us; but not far, for I noted that the Sacred Circle seemed to keep her back like an iron hand.

My companion seemed to become demoralised and spellbound. He tried to step forward, and finding me detain him whispered,—"Harry, let go! I must go! She is calling me! I must! I must! Oh, help me! help me!" And he began to struggle.

It was time to finish.

"Grant!" I cried, in a loud, firm voice, "in the name of all that you hold sacred, have done and play the man!" He shuddered violently, and gasped "Where am I?" Then he remembered, and clung to me convulsively for a moment.

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At this a look of damnable hate changed the smiling face before us, and with a sort of shriek she staggered back.

"Back!" I cried: "back to your unholy tomb! No longer shall you molest the suffering world! Your end is near."

It was fear that now showed itself in her beautiful face (for it was beautiful in spite of its horror), as she shrank back, back and over the circlet of flowers, shivering as she did so. At last, with a low mournful cry, she appeared to melt back again into her tomb.

As she did so the first gleams of the rising sun lit up the world, and I knew all danger was over for the day.

Taking Grant by the arm, I drew him with me out of the circle and led him to the tomb. There lay the Vampire once more, still in her living death as we had a moment before seen her in her devilish life. But in the eyes remained that awful expression of hate, and cringing, appalling fear.

Grant was pulling himself together.

"Now," I said, "will you dare the last terrible act, and rid the world for ever of this horror?"

"By God!" he said solemnly, "I will.—Tell me what to do."

"Help me to lift her out of her tomb. She can harm us no more," I replied.

With averted faces we set to our terrible task, and laid her out upon the flags.

"Now," I said, "read the Burial Service over the poor body, and then let us give it its release from this living hell that holds it."

Reverently the rector read the beautiful words, and reverently I made the necessary responses. When it was over I took the stake, and, without giving myself time to think, plunged it with all my strength through the heart.

As though really alive, the body for a moment writhed and kicked convulsively, and an awful heart-rending shriek woke the silent church; then all was still.

Then we lifted the poor body back; and, thank God! the consolation that legend tells is never denied to those who have to do such awful work as ours came at last. Over the face stole a great and solemn peace; the lips lost their crimson hue, the prominent sharp teeth sank back into the mouth, and for a moment we saw before us the calm, pale face of a most beautiful woman, who smiled as she slept. A few minutes more, and she faded away to dust before our eyes as we watched. We set to work and cleaned up every trace of our work, and then departed for the rectory. Most thankful were we to step out of the church, with its horrible associations, into the rosy warmth of the summer morning.

With the above end the notes in my father's diary, though a few days later this further entry occurs:—

July 15th. Since the 12th everything has been quiet and as usual. We replaced and sealed up the "Sarah Tomb" this morning. The workmen were surprised to find the body had disappeared, but took it to be the natural result of exposing it to the air.

One odd thing came to my ears to-day. It appears that the child of one of the villagers strayed from home the night of the 11th inst., and was found asleep in a coppice near the church, very pale and quite exhausted. There were two small marks on her throat, which have since disappeared.

What does this mean? I have, however, kept it to myself, as, now that the Vampire is no more, no further danger either to that child or any other is to be apprehended. It is only those who die of the Vampire's embrace that become Vampires at death in their turn.

F. G. Loring, *Lieut. R.N.*

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A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY OLLENDORFF.

MOST of us who have passed the Rubicon of middle life look back upon a childhood embittered by catechisms. Mrs. Trimmer, beloved by George III. and his homely spouse, adapted these highly inartistic methods of gilding the pill of learning. Her imitators, Mangnall and Pinnock, were known only too well at the famous seminary of the Misses Pinkerton, and their instruments of mental torture were, doubtless, bedewed with Becky Sharp's childish tears. In our own days Ollendorff's grammars, with their drivelling dialogues, inspire a positive loathing in the breast of an intelligent child. But the whole tribe of modern catechisers are unconscious plagiarists. The germ of their system is to be found in Plato; and it must have been in vogue at the academy of Orbilius, that Roman Dr. Busby whose truculent memory is embalmed in Horatian verse.

A certain M. Guy Miege, who taught French in London during the reign of King Charles II., was certainly Ollendorff's prototype. In 1678 he published a grammar of his mother-tongue, "in a new method, with a store of familiar dialogues," which, unlike the modern grammarian's, are full of sound sense, and serve as a mirror of our ancestors' daily lives under the Restoration. Ancient cookery and school-books are equally rare; for they undergo the roughest treatment, and are relegated to the dust-bin when grease and dog-eared leaves render them illegible. Hence this curious picture of a vanished age escaped the searching ken of Lord Macaulay when he was engaged in hunting up materials for his description of life and manners at the epoch of our bloodless Revolution.

In the first series of conversations, the *dramatis personæ* are a Londoner and a young friend from the country, who longs for a wider horizon than that of his unsophisticated parents. He has been only two days in town, and lodges at the sign of the Peacock in Fleet Street. Having nothing better to do, he falls in readily enough with a suggestion that the pair should take a turn in St. James's Park. It is a pleasaunce sacred to the Court, and can be entered only through the Guard House; but, Mentor explains, it is an easy matter to get in because the Guard seldom deny such a courtesy to anything that looks like a gentleman. 'Tis by the King's favour. The rustic is in ecstasies over the abundance of fine walks, the canal which ebbs and flows with the tide admired from Father Thames in underground pipes, and the statue at its head. This sheet of water is thronged with the King's fowls. Ducks and geese of various countries, cranes, swans, vultures, ostriches and eagles are there in plenty, while smaller birds abound in cages,

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This display has long survived the Merry Monarch; and, for aught we know, the water-fowl which haunt the beautiful lake now may be descendants of those so assiduously fed by royal hands. A forgotten satirist named King, who wrote a journey to London in 1698, says, "There was no Pavillion, no decorations of treillages, but I saw a vast number of ducks. It was a surprizing sight. I could not forbear to say to Mr. Johnson, who accompanied me in the walk, that surely all the ponds in England had contributed to this profusion of ducks; which he took so well that he ran to an old gentleman that sat on a chair and was feeding of 'em. He rose up very obligingly, embraced me and saluted me with a kiss, and asked me to dinner, saying that he was infinitely obliged to me for flattering the King's ducks." This canal, as well as the umbrageous avenues adjacent, owe their origin to Charles II., who, according to the garrulous Pepys, began to lay out the Park as soon as he found himself firmly seated on the throne of his ancestors. Le Notre, the creator of the gardens of Versailles, is said to have been his architect. A contemporary print shows the Birdcage Walk lined with young limes and elm-trees, carefully protected by palisades.

Leaving the canal, the friends enter the Mall, which no longer serves for the game to which its name is due. A herd of deer approaches, and their tameness excites the countryman's astonishment. But a movement among the well-dressed crowd betokens the approach of Majesty. The promenaders uncover, as three gentlemen in plumed hats, attended by an obsequious following, walk briskly down the Mall. The centre figure is the Defender of the Faith himself. On his right hand walks his saturnine brother, afterwards James II., and on his left Prince Rupert, renowned in war and science. The King returns the visitors' salute, and Mentor says that he does the like to most people he meets with. "How happy," he exclaims, "are we to have so good a Prince!" "And yet," the rustic remarks, "he seems to have something severe in his countenance." "'Tis true," is the reply, "and he knows how to be severe when it is fit that he should be." The verdict of history shows how fallacious in this instance was the judgment of contemporaries. Charles' profound knowledge of the world and his sound common sense, gained in the stern school of adversity, were neutralised by an inability to say "No." His pantagruelian "jollity pickled in the scorn of life" is alone remembered to his credit.

But taking the air is thirsty work, and the pair soon find themselves installed before a pint of sack at the neighbouring King's Head. The question of foreign travel is broached, and the Londoner hints that his young friend is of an age to profit by it. "'Tis true enough," sighs the latter, "and I have a great mind to do it; but I have a father who is loth to be at the charge, and a mother that fears the danger; and so, what with my mother's timorousness and my father's avarice, I must be a Cockney all my life. They ever beat my ears with the saying of one of my countrymen—that oftentimes men carry away out of England more than they bring back. But I am fully resolved to travel. 'Tis not fitting that such a youth as I should pass his time in a chimney-corner. I must see a little of the world. Pray tell me, how many miles do they reckon from hence to Paris?" His friend explains that the distance is about a hundred leagues, and adds that there are several ways of getting there. If the first be chosen, you must go to Dover, which is some threescore miles from London, by coach at a fare of sixteen shillings and nothing to pay for your things unless they exceed ten pounds in weight, when a charge of a penny a pound is levied on the overplus. There is another way; you may ride post at threepence a mile and a fee to the postillion. And you have yet a third; you may go to Gravesend, which is twenty miles by

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water, for a shilling, and there find horses in plenty to take you to Dover. Thence a packet-boat sails on Tuesday and Friday nights for Calais when the tide serves. It is not deterred by wind and weather unless they be very contrary, for the passage is so short that one may tide it over. The sea journey is only seven leagues; the fare a crown. From Calais to Paris is commonly reckoned three-score leagues, but it is more. The way is by Boulogne, Montreuil, Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais and Beaunient. The second route is by way of Dieppe. You must take shipping at Rye, which is just as far off as Dover; but the sea passage is twenty-four leagues. The way is thence to Paris through Roan, the chief city of Normandy, Vernon and Pontoere; and the distance is two-and-thirty leagues.

By this time the day is on the wane, and the friends must be stirring. The boy is called for the reckoning. It comes to two shillings and threepence. "Take this half-crown," says the Londoner, "and keep threepence for thyself."

"I thank you, sir."

"This is the way to have good wine another time; but thou wilt not remember this."

"Sir, I never forget whatever gift is bestowed on me, and if it be a greater gift I would remember it the better."

"Go, go; I am not here to exercise thy memory. Call for a coach. (*Aside*) This is a roguish sort of boy. He prates like a parrot. I am apt to think 'tis what he drinks at the tap that makes him speaks so glib."

A dispute now occurs between the friends as to who is to be at the charge of the liquor. Each claims the privilege, and after much ponderous courtesy it is agreed that each shall severally pay his "club."

The succeeding dialogue is between a Frenchman who has just arrived in London, an entire novice as regards English manners, and a native who has made his acquaintance during a trip to Paris. After mutual greetings, replete with studied politeness, and inquiries as to mutual friends, they adjourn to a vintner's to drink the health of the absent.

"This seems to me," exclaims the foreigner, "a palace, not a tavern. I have never seen anything of the nature better built, neater or more spacious."

Their next care is to choose quarters for the new-comer. Entering a house which displays a bill telling of lodgings to let, they are shown by the buxom landlady into a bedroom on the first storey, furnished with a bed, a table, hanging shelf, stand, chairs, looking-glass and good tapestry. She points with pride to an adjacent closet, which will serve the gentleman to work in, if he be a scholar. Then the greater question of terms is broached. The hostess pays a rental of thirty pounds besides the parish rates, and she cannot take less than four shillings a week for the room. After much haggling the charge is reduced to three shillings; and it is agreed between the high contracting parties that they shall study their mother-tongues together on the mutual system.

"I vow," says the landlady, as she lets her callers out, "you are a brave man, and do everything with a boon grace."

The favourable impression made by the Frenchman inspires his friend with waggish reflections on the ease with which a foreign language may be acquired if the brain be quickened by the shafts of love.

But it is necessary that the lodger's cloke and portmanteau should be fetched from the City, where they have been deposited till quarters have been secured. The friends determine to seek them together, going by land and returning by the "silent highway." A beginning is made at Charing Cross, where the statue of the late King attracts their notice. It is considered to be a fine piece of work, though

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the horse is a little stiff in some parts. Whitehall lies to the right, and the Englishman promises to take his friend there some day to see the King dine. Passing Northumberland House, the pair enter the Strand, a street mighty full of people, with an amazing display of coaches and of goods for sale. The great building on the right is the new Exchange, a store of shops where they sell all sorts of choice commodities; and, great as are the heaped-up riches on the ground floor, there is as much to be seen overhead. A little farther on is the Middle Exchange, erected on the site of Cecil House, a spacious room extending from the Strand to the river, which is reached by a flight of steps. It is lined with shops, most of which are shut, for the place has a bad name. And then, too, there is yet a third Exchange, eastwards, which has replaced Exeter House, so that the middle Exchange stands between two fires. The next building worthy of note is Somerset House, heretofore the Queen-mother's palace. The present Queen goes thither to render her devotions in a fine chapel belonging to it. At this point the Strand is of a fine breadth, and its prodigious length is a matter of amazement to the Frenchman; but he is assured that its buildings are not to be compared with those of the City. Fleet Street, which succeeds, contains little worthy of note. The river of that name is crossed by a new bridge, one of four erected by the Corporation, who turned a noisome ditch into a stately canal, forty feet deep at middle tide, with stone quays and railings round the wharfs. This improvement cost £27,770. From Fleet Street St. Paul's is seen in desecrated majesty on the summit of Ludgate Hill. Its modern Corinthian portico is in ruins, and the vast edifice is seamed and scarred by the conflagration which raged around it twelve years ago. The Londoner mourns its vanished glory. St. Paul's, he says, is the only cathedral in Europe dedicated to the Apostle of the Gentiles, and the most ancient as well as the longest and highest of fanes. The nave was 690 feet in length (beating St. Peter's by twenty feet), 130 broad, and 102 in height. The Great Fire, however, has made it necessary to rebuild from the foundations. Workmen cluster on its vast bulk, as busy as bees; and if the Frenchman would see St. Paul's rise from its ashes, 'tis but a matter of staying for six or eight years in London. Cheapside succeeds, and here the splendour of the houses, which are like so many palaces, evokes the liveliest admiration. A marble statue of Charles II. on horseback, trampling on a Turk, does not add to the beauties of this thoroughfare, for it is by no means so well done as that of the late King at Charing Cross.

A nobler object now comes into view—the Royal Exchange. It is a fine fabric, and cost £50,000, advanced in equal shares by the Mayor and Aldermen and the Company of Silk Merchants. This has proved a good investment, for there are shops in the upper storey letting at £20, with a premium of £30, and great vaults below, producing in all £4000 per annum. As the inner quadrangle is only 203 feet by 171, the site of the Royal Exchange may be considered the richest plot of land in the world.

The tourist's steps are now directed to the Monument, with its brilliant crown of flames. To climb to the summit by the 345 fair marble steps is a task beyond their powers, and they are content with the view of London Bridge from the neighbouring Fish Street Hill. There are nineteen arches and a drawbridge in the centre; and the lofty superstructure of shops, alive with people, moves the Frenchman's wonder. "How," he asks, "could so ponderous a work have been thrown across a river wherein the tides rise and fall continually, and that as far back as 1209? It would be, in truth, almost impossible to build such another."

The new Custom House hard by is much more convenient and uniform than

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its predecessor, destroyed by the Great Fire, and fully justifies the £20,000 which the rebuilding of it cost. One year with another the King hath £400,000 out of it by way of revenue. A little farther down stream the Tower's sullen donjon rises from a sea of roofs. It is an old building without external show, but it contains as much worth seeing as all the City besides. Here is a fortress commanding the town and river, encompassed by a wall and ditch a mile long: a treasury wherein are hidden the jewels of the Crown. 'Tis an arsenal with arms ready for 60,000 men. Here are kept the records of England, and here all the money of the kingdom is coined. It is a prison whereto are committed persons of quality tainted with any treasonable act. It was once the palace of our kings; and in fine, if you would see lions, tygers and leopards, there are some continually kept. A description so animated inspires in the foreigner a longing to view these marvels; but he is so weary as scarce to be able to stand, and besides, his cloke and portmanteau are running in his head. The pair seek the inn where the baggage is deposited, and as the dinner-hour is come they enter a neighbouring eating-house, which gives good promise of a well filled larder. The landlord advances quickly to welcome the coming guests.

"Pray tell me quickly," asks the cicerone, "have you anything to eat for two starved bellies?"

"I have wherewithal to dine thirty folk."

"I question much if all of them have as great a stomach as this gentleman and I. But what have you?"

"I have good pottage, roast and boyled and stewed meat, and wherewith to make a fricassy. Will you be pleased to go upstairs?"

"Certainly: send us up what we want—a table-cloth, napkins, plates, spoons, knives and forks, bread and beer."

"Sir, you shall have all in the twinkling of an eye."

The first course disappears like magic, and the attentive Boniface asks his guests what they think of the pottage.

"It is admirably good," is the reply. "Now send us a piece of roast and a piece of boyled meat, as much as you think fit for two folks; we leave it to you."

While the pair are discussing their plentiful provant, the foreigner draws his companion out on the subject of the "lions" of the Metropolis. He is told that it is nine miles long, including Westminster Bridge, which is joined to London suburbs. Being built alongside the Thames, it hath on the one side the benefit of the river, and on the other that of the fields. There are several fine piazzas, but especially Lincoln's Inn and St. James's Fields. The streets are fine and broad, and everywhere adorned with stately sign-boards, which are especially worthy of admiration. As compared with Paris the town is beyond it in length, but not so broad. However, one with another 'tis thought that it contains more buildings than Paris. The pavement, indeed, is very uneasy; for whereas at Paris the streets are paved with flat stones, here they are spread with sharp ones for the most part. That's the reason why London is so seldom free from dust and dirt.

"Is there no attempt to remedy it?" asks the foreigner.

"It were very necessary, but they think less of it because of the conveniency of the river, and of coaches that go up and down the town."

"That may be," objects the other. "But one cannot go by coach or water for nothing."

The conversation now turns on the Great Fire, still a recent memory. The citizen discourses at some length on this blessing in disguise. But most of his facts have been made common property by the genius of Defoe. We learn,

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however, that Londoners were even then in the habit of spending August and September in the pure country air; and that the damage done to property by the conflagration was at least £10,000,000 sterling. "But," cries the narrator, "what is the more surprising is that a great city should have been rebuilt in so short a time, and far better than it was." Ten thousand houses were added in four years, high, lightsome and uniform. And at the same time a frolick of building possessed the nation, so that there have been additions made in the suburbs, especially near the Court (*i.e.* Westminster), of ten thousand houses.

These reminiscences bring the meal to a happy conclusion. The *quart-d'heure de Rabelais* arrives; and it is not a very painful one. The reckoning comes to but a shilling apiece, and, after the usual courteous dispute as to who should be responsible, the friends resolve that it shall be discharged after the usual English fashion, *i.e.* that each shall pay his share. The return journey to the Court end of the town is made by water. A boat is hailed, and London Bridge is shot without any danger on the inflowing tide. The ease with which their craft avoids collision with the massive piers on which the arches rest reminds the Frenchman of a much more perilous attempt.

"I cannot think," he says, "without horror on my passing the Bridge of the Holy Ghost over the Rhone. Passengers are generally landed when they get there. I only remained on board. But I was a little concerned when I saw numbers of people flocking from all sides to the bridge, to see what would become of us. However, we got through, but with the speed of an arrow from a cross-bow."

He goes on to explain his plans as to his residence in England.

"It will not extend over more than five or six months—just long enough to learn the language;" and his first care must be to arrange for his meals. Mentor advises him to board with his landlady, contracting for diet and washing. If she charges ten shillings a week for everything, he will have no reason to complain.

"Shall I have breakfast," he asks, "dinner and supper?"

"Very likely you will have something for breakfast, and a plentiful dinner: but I cannot warrant you for the supper, for that meal is almost out of use in London. 'Twas in the time of the late civil wars that they began to make shift without it; and ever since people have been content with a good dinner."

"'Tis no matter," is the philosophic reply. "We must live in Rome as the Romans. I can easily accustom myself to any manner of living."

Another national peculiarity becomes the theme of conversation—the craze for coffee-houses, which still possessed the charm of novelty. The first was opened in 1652 at Newman's Court, Cornhill, by the Greek servant of a merchant trading with Smyrna: but France did not know the beverage now so popular there till 1672, when a coffee-house was established at Marseilles. In these places of resort tea was a mere curiosity till 1657, when a large consignment fell into the hands of a Mr. Thomas Garraway. It soon became popular at his famous coffee-house. An excise duty of eightpence a gallon was levied on the decoction in 1660; but this absurd method gave place twenty-nine years later to a customs impost of five shilling a pound on the dry leaf, with 5 per cent. *ad valorem*.

"Would you know," asks Mentor, "a good way to make English speech familiar to you? It is to go often to coffee-houses, where men sit promiscuously together, and every one has the liberty to talk and hear what is said. For a dish of coffee, which costs but a penny, you may stay as long as you please; and if you would smoke, you have pipes, candles, and sometimes tobacco for nothing."

"I confess that all that is very convenient; but pray what sort of a liquor is that coffee?"

"It is the smoker's nectar—a potion they drink scalding hot, and which has the right taste of a crust of bread burnt."

"Then I fancy I shall not trade much in it. What is it made of?"

"Of berries of a shrub that comes out of Arabia; they dry them and beat them to dust; and then they put a certain proportion into fair water, boyled away to a certain degree, after the manner of the Turks, who are great users of it."

"But what is it good for?"

"God knows!"

"Is there any other liquor drunk in these houses?"

"To be sure. There's to be had tea, chocolate, ale, rum, and sometimes cyder."

"You name too many for me; and far from learning how to drink them, the very names of some have discomposed my head already. But do they nothing but drink in these houses?"

"People do not eat; but they smoke well, and then they entertain each other with such news as is abroad, whether it be true or false. The coffee-house is the centre of news. First there is the news-book, to be had every day it comes out, namely, Mondays and Thursdays."

"So I fancy men go there rather out of curiosity than for any great love they have of coffee! If I can but learn to take tobacco, I shall e'en do as the rest. Now talk of smoking; I was in a maze yesterday to see, as I went by, my landlady smoking briskly."

"'Tis a common thing here, because tobacco agrees with our climate better than with yours. England is more moist; and our bodies more phlegmatick. Besides, this is a kind of drug that hath a better taste with beer than with wine. I take it, as many do, for custom and company's sake."

"Then it must be a very bewitching thing?"

"So it is, to such as take it, to which they bring up youth in some of our shires."

"How so?"

"People frequently give their children a pipe of tobacco instead of breakfast."

"That's pretty. But is tobacco good fasting?"

"'Tis thought to be better then than at any other time, because it prevents the dangerous effects of ill air on an empty stomach."

"Then it was very useful at the time of the plague?"

"Without doubt; and then our nation began to take tobacco more than they ever did."

"What days of the week does the post go out for France?"

"On Mondays and Thursdays. It goeth on Tuesdays and Fridays for Germany; and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for England, Scotland and Ireland."

Both sexes were in those days equally interested in the subject of clothes—a matter of such importance, that Bacon advised a young man to eat below his means, house himself on an equality with them, and dress above them. The foreigner asks how he shall do to get him a suit of cloathes. He must have a handsome garb, for he is ashamed to go out in a travelling habit. Mentor promises to send him his own taylor for orders.

Snip accordingly waits on his future customer, who says that he must have a neat and convenient suit of fine English cloth.

"Will you be pleased to buy the cloth," asks the tradesman, "or shall I find it myself?"

"I will buy it," is the reply; "but you must come with me."

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They adjourn to the woollen-draper's, and are shown cloth that will do very well, good service, and of a colour much worn at present. The price asked is eighteen shillings an ell; but after prolonged bargaining, two and a half ells are bought for forty shillings. The Frenchman's measure is then taken; and minute instructions are given as to the new suit. The coat is to be lined with good silk, and the breeches with callico. As for the trimming, there must only be a black flowered ribbon.

"But now that I think on't," he adds, "buy me good silk stockings of the same colour as the cloth."

"Would you have them knit or woven?"

"Knit. How much will they cost me?"

"Seventeen or eighteen shillings."

"That's a great deal of money. And what will the woven cost?"

"The best eleven or twelve shillings."

"If that be so, I would rather pay five or six shillings more for knit."

But this is a small part of the outfit. There remains to buy, linen, a hat, shoes and stockings, gloves, and a sword and belt—in fact, more than ten pounds must be laid out on cloathes. A beginning is made at the lace shop; the dealings at which must inspire the liveliest gratitude for the boon conferred on society during the ensuing century by the Quakers, to whom we owe the innovation of fixed prices.

"Sir," asks the fair haberdasher, "what will you be pleased to buy?"

"Show me some of your laced cravats."

"Sir, take and choose."

"You have choice enough. But where be some cuffs?"

"Here they be; but if you will take my advice this is the lace that is most in fashion."

"Tell me your price for these two cravats and this pair of cuffs?"

"They be worth forty shillings."

"You jest, mistress. What! twenty shillings each? 'Tis too much by at least half a crown."

"Sir, you do not know what they cost me."

"You would be perhaps very loth that I should know. However, lay them by, and show me some good night-shirts."

"Here are some very fine and good."

"Speak them; but I pray you speak in reason. Don't knock me down with your unreasonable rates. What's the price of these shirts?"

"Sir, I know not what to say to you."

"I am afraid to knock you down, and yet I cannot forbear laughing. But in good earnest, what do you ask for them?"

"Eight shillings a shirt."

"Truly you are too dear."

"Sir, you are mistaken. I ask you but as much as the things are worth. How much will you give for them?"

"Six shillings a shirt."

"Indeed, that's far too little. You don't offer me what they stand me at. I see plainly there's nothing to be got by you. How many must you have?"

"I'll take two."

"Then give me fourteen shillings for both."

"I'll give you thirty shillings for the cravats and cuffs, and twelve for the shirts. See if you can sell them at that rate."

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"Sir, I cannot; but take them, not to make more words, at forty-five shillings."

"Farewell, mistress: I see you have no mind to sell."

"Sir, is it not possible to bring you to reasonable terms? You do not understand the price of things."

"What now, mistress? Do you call me back to give me a reproof?"

"No, sir; that's not my aim. Take the goods, and remember that you have them very cheap."

"Take your money: there's forty-two shillings; but withal remember that you have almost ruined me."

"Sir, you need not fear that I should build my fortunes on your ruins."

"Ha, mistress, what say you there? That's a bit torn out of a romance."

This irksome process has to be repeated at the glover's and the shoemaker's, where decent coverings for the feet and hands are purchased for two and four shillings respectively. In a day or two Mentor pays his friend a visit, to find him clad like a little prince. He heartily approves of the general effect: for, he reflects, the world has grown so simple that a man is valued but according to his cloathes.

A crisis now arrives in public affairs which threatens to cut short the foreigner's stay. One of the few instances of vigour displayed during King Charles' debile administration occurred while M. Guy Miege's sheets were going through the press. Louis XIV. was engaged in a struggle with the stubborn Dutch; and the sympathies of the British Parliament lay wholly with the weaker side. The outrages of the Annus Mirabilis, 1666, were forgotten in the heart-stirring spectacle of a brave people rightly struggling to be free. Charles found it necessary to yield to the popular clamour; for had he permitted the United Services to be overrun by the French, he would have found his faithful Commons recalcitrant in the matter of supplies, so essential to the gratification of his whims and passions. He therefore fitted out a powerful squadron, and sent three thousand men under the Duke of Monmouth to hold Ostend. His ambassadors were at the same time instructed to negotiate a Quadruple Alliance against the masterful Bourbon, embracing Holland, Spain and Germany. These measures led "Le Roi Soleil" to pause in his career of aggression, and brought about the general peace of Nimeguen. The highly charged condition of the political atmosphere which preceded these momentous events inspires the poor alien with gloomy thoughts as to the personal consequences of tarrying in an enemy's country. Indeed, the common people of England bear a strange hatred against the French. His friend adjures him not to be in any haste to leave. Why should he not visit the famous Universities? Really they are things worthy of curiosity. He will see colleges like palaces, richly endowed and well ordered, with very fine libraries, and affording a world of scholars as good as any in Europe. Oxford is fifty-two miles north-west, and Cambridge nearly the same distance north of London. There are convenient stage-coaches running thither in a day (in summer) at a fare of ten shillings. But the cross-roads between these seats of learning are difficult to keep; they are but little frequented, and there are no conveniences plying thereon. The shortest way between the two is through London.

The last set of dialogues takes us back to the rustic youth whom we have seen pining for a glimpse of the great world beyond the seas. He has overcome his parents' aversion to so costly and perilous an adventure as the tour of Europe; and his London acquaintance has agreed to serve as his bear-leader. They hire horses for the journey to Dover from the Messenger, and betake themselves to his inn for their last night in town.

"Boy," says the Mentor to the drawer, "get us a good chamber, for we would lie here to-night."

"Sir, you shall have one of the best rooms in the house, and a very good bed."

"Tell the landlady that we desire her to send us a pair of sheets."

"But, sir! won't you be pleased to go first to supper?"

"Do what I bid you, and tell the maid to bring the sheets immediately."

This peremptory order is executed promptly; but soap and water are rare commodities, and a careful scrutiny of the bed-linen takes place. They don't seem very clean, the traveller objects. "How many nights have they been used?"

"Sir," replies the handmaiden, "I assure you they have not been laid on since they were washed."

"Then lay on and make the bed, and then go and fetch some fire in the warming-pan."

"Sir, do you speak in earnest? This is the first time that I ever saw a bed warmed in hot weather for a person in good health."

"Then you do not know that this is a good way to prevent such infections as these common beds are liable to?"

After seeing that this precaution is taken, Mentor proceeds to the kitchen in quest of supper. He is shown by Boniface a joint large enough for twenty, browning on the spit; and is informed that at least a dozen guests will sup at tenpence a head. He agrees to join the party, and orders a pint of good wine as a whet.

On the following morning he rises at half-past five and begins the day with a short prayer, for he will not go out of his room as a wild beast from its den. Then, after breakfasting on three boiled eggs and a few glasses of wine, he mounts his steed in the inn yard and sallies forth in splendid weather.

"What do you think of your horse?" he asks his companion.

"I'll tell you to-morrow, for all horses are alike uneasy at first if one is not used to ride. But if I am not much mistaken I shall lose leather ere long."

"You have got a soft skin, then?"

"Yes, I can't help it. I am not innured to hardship as you are."

"You will soon be used to it. 'Tis but putting a little tallow on the galled part just before you go to bed."

"I shall be forced to come to that experiment to-night. Nevertheless I begin to think of the pleasure there is in travelling, when I look upon the delicate hills and plains that our sight makes a discovery of every now and then; and when I reflect on the fine cities that we are to go through, who would be content to spend his life in a chimney corner?"

We can only hope that the trip realised their ardent anticipations; for the dialogues break off at this interesting point. A collation of the French and English versions, which are given side-by side, cannot fail to inspire the reader with a sense of the superiority of the former language as a vehicle for the expression of civilised thought. The English diction is as uncouth as the national manners and customs described in this curious work. The pre-eminence enjoyed by our neighbours in most of the arts which adorn and sweeten life was destined to endure more than a century. Burke admitted it when he said that England was but a moon shone upon by France. , Not until she deliberately broke away from her past and drowned her social system in blood was that supremacy seriously threatened. *Natura nihil facit per saltum.*

F. H. Skrine.

I PLUCK A FLOWER. ONCE I
THE PRINCESS WAITED FOR YOU
AT THE GATE...
LOOKS DOWN THE LOTUS DALE
AND WITH DARK EYES
AND WHISPERS SOFTLY
LOVE. I WAIT. I WAIT...
I PLUCK IN IT'S WAY
TO BE SO LOOK IN CLOTHING ?
FOR YOUTH FLIES
AND OTHER MEN PASS LIGHTLY
ON THEIR WAY
AND SEE A PRETTY PRINCESS
THERE, WHO SIGHS.

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THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

I.

"'E WAS a flower," said Henry Withers of the Sick Horse Depôt.

"A floower in front garden!" ironically responded Holgate the Yorkshire engineer, as he lay on his back on the lower deck of the *Osiris*, waiting for Dicky Donovan's orders to steam up the river.

"'E was the bloomin' flower of the flock," said Henry Withers, with a cross between a yawn and a sigh, and refusing to notice Holgate's sarcasm.

"Aw've heerd on 'em, the floowers o' the flock—they coom to a bad end mostwise in Yarkshire—nipped in t' bood loike! Was tha friend nipped untimely?"

"I'd give a bloomin' camomile to know!"

"Deserted or summat?"

"Ow yus, 'e deserted—to Khartoum," answered Withers with a sneer. "The 'owlin' sneak went in 'idin' with Gordon at Khartoum!"

"Aye, aw've heerd o' Goordon a bit," said Holgate dubiously, intent to further anger the Beetle, as Henry Withers was called.

"Ow yus, ow verily yus! An' ye've 'card o' Julius Cæsar, an' Nebucha'nezzar, an' Florence Noightingale, 'aven't you—you wich is chiefly bellyband and gullet!"

"Aye, aw've eaten too mooch to-day," rejoined Holgate placidly, refusing to see the insults. "Aw don't see what tha friend was doin' at Khartoum wi' Goordon."

"'E was makin' Perry Davis's Pain Killer for them at 'ome who wouldn't send Gordon 'elp when the 'eathen was at 'is doors a 'underd to one. 'E was makin' it for them to soothe their bloomin' pains an' sorrers when Gordon an' Macnamara 'ad cried *'elp!* for the lawst toime!"

"Aw've taken off ma hat to Goordon's nevvy—he be a man that has a head for macheens,"—Holgate's eyes dwelt on his engine lovingly,—"but aw've heerd nowt o' Macnamara—never nowt o' him. Who was Macnamara?"

"'E was the bloomin' flower of the flock—'e was my pal as took service in the Leave-me-alone-to-die Regiment at Khartoum."

"Aw've never read o' Macnamara. Dost think tha'll ever know how he went?"

"I ain't sayin' 'as 'e *went*, an' I ain't thinkin' as 'e went. I'm waitin' like a bloomin' telegarpher at the end of a wire. 'E was the pick o' fifteen 'underd men, was Macnamara."

"What sent t' laad to Goordon?"

"A-talkin' of 'isself silly to two lydies at onct."

"Aye, theer's the floower o' the flock! Breakin' hearts an' spoilin' lives—aw've seen them floowers bloomin'!"

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"'E didn't break no witherin' 'earts, an' 'e didn't spoil no lives. The lydies was both married afore Macnamara got as far as Wady Halfar. 'E break 'earts—not much! 'E went to Khartoum to be quiet!"

"Aw'm pityin' the laads that married them lasses."

"'Ere, keep your bloomin' pity. I wuz one. An' if your pity's 'urtin' yer, think of 'im as 'adn't no wife nor kid to say when 'ee's dead, 'Poor Peter Macnamara, 'e is gone!'"

"A good job too, aw'm thinkin'."

"An a bloomin' 'ard 'eart yer 'ave. Wantin' of a man to die without leavin' 'is mark—'is bloomin' 'all-mark on the world. I 'ave two—two kids, I 'ave—an' so 'elp me Gawd, things bein' as they are, I wouldn't say nothin' if one of 'em was Macnamara's—wich it ain't—no fear!"

"Was Macnamara here you wouldn't say thaat to his faace, aw'm thinkin'."

"I'd break 'is 'ulkin' neck first. I ain't puttin' these things on the 'oardins, an' I ain't thinkin' 'em, if 'ee's alive in the clutches of the 'eathen Kalifer at Homdurman. There's them as says 'e is, an' there's them as says 'e was cut down after Gordon. But it's only gawd-forsaken Arabs as says it, an' they'll lie wichever way you want 'em."

"Aye, laad, but what be great foolks doin' at Cairo? They be sendin' goold for Slatin an' Ohrwalder by sooch-like heathen as lie to you. If Macnamara be alive, what be Macnamara doin'? An' what be Wingate an' Kitchener an' great foolks at Cairo doin'?"

"They're sayin', 'Macnamara, 'oo's 'e? 'E ain't no class. 'Oo wants Macnamara?'"

Holgate raised himself on his elbow, a look of interest in his face, which he tried to disguise. "See, laad," he said, "why does tha not send messenger thaself—a troosty messenger?"

"'Ere, do you think I'm a bloomin' Crosus? I've done the trick twice—ten pounds o' loot once, an' ten golden shillings another. Bloomin' thieves both of 'em—said they wuz goin' to Homdurman, and didn't—not much! But one of 'em went to 'eaven with cholery, an' one is livin' yet with a crooked leg, wich is less than I wuz workin' for."

Holgate was sitting bolt upright now. "Didst tha save them ten sooverins to get news o' Macnamara, laad?"

"Think I bloomin' well looted 'em?—go to 'ell!" said Henry Withers of the Sick Horse Depôt, and left the lower deck of the *Osiris* in a fit of sudden anger.

A half-hour later Holgate told the story to Donovan Pasha, his chief, and the chief called in his guest, Sir Barclay Winton of Winton, and Holgate had to tell it all over again.

The result of this telling was a remarkable thing. Before a month had gone by a "troosty messenger" was sent to Omdurman to discover the truth about Peter Macnamara. The Arab was commissioned to spend five hundred pounds in helping him to escape, if he was alive.

II.

Up in Omdurman Peter Macnamara knew naught of this. He ran behind his master's horse, he sat on his master's mat, he stood in the sun before his master's door, barefooted, and silent and vengeful in his heart, but with a grin on his face. When Khartoum fell he and Slatin had been thrown into the Saier

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loaded with irons. Then, when the Mahdi died, he had been made the slave of Ali Wad Helu, whose vanity was flattered by having a European servant. The Khalifa Abdullah being angry one day with Ali Wad Helu, vented his spite by ordering Macnamara back to prison again. Later the Khalifa gave him to the Emir Wad Setti for a servant; but that service was of short duration, for Macnamara's patience gave way under his master's brutality on a certain morning, and he refused to help the Emir on his horse. This was in the presence of the Khalifa, and Abdullah was so delighted at the discomfiture of Wad Setti that he saved the Irishman's life, and gave him to Osman Wad Adam, after he had been in irons three months and looked no better than a dead man. Henceforth things went better, for Osman Wad Adam was an Arab with a sense of humour, very lazy and very licentious, and Macnamara's Arabic was a source of enjoyment to him in those hours when he did nothing but smoke and drink bad coffee. Also Macnamara was an expert with horses, and had taught the waler which Osman Wad Adam had looted from Khartoum a number of admired tricks.

Macnamara wished many a time that he could take to the desert with the waler; but the ride that he must ride to Wady Halfa was not for a horse. None but a camel could do it. Besides, he must have guides, and how was he to pay guides? More than once he had tried to get a word with Slatin, but that was dangerous for them both—most dangerous for Slatin, who was now the servant of the Khalifa Abdullah himself. Slatin was always suspected, and was therefore watched carefully, but the Khalifa knew that Macnamara had no chance to escape, for he had no friends in Cairo, no money, and no more could have bought a camel than a kingdom. Escaping from the city itself, he could but die in the desert.

He had only one Arab friend—little Mahommed Nafar the shoemaker. The shoemaker was friendly to him for a great kindness done in the days when they both lived in Khartoum and ere the Arab deserted to the camp of the Mahdi. Besides, what help could Mahommed Nafar give him unless he had money? With plenty of money the shoemaker might be induced to negotiate with Arab merchants coming from Dongola or Berber into Omdurman to get camels and arrange an escape down the desert to Wady Halfa; but where was the money to come from?

One day, at a great review, when the roar of the drums rivalled the hoarse shouts of the Mahdists, and the Baggaras, for a diversion, looted one quarter of the town, Macnamara was told by his master that Slatin had been given by the Khalifa to Mahommed Sherif, and was going to Darfur. As a kind of farewell barbecue, whether or not intended by the Khalifa as a warning to his departing general, ten prisoners had their feet and hands cut off in the Beit el Mal, and five lost their heads as well as their hands and feet.

"It makes my blood run cold," said Slatin softly in English, as Macnamara passed him, walking at his master's stirrup.

"Mine's *boilin'*, sir!" answered Macnamara.

Slatin's eyes took on a more cheerful look than they usually carried, for it was many a day since he had been addressed with respect, and the "sir" touched a mellow chord in his memory—memory of the days when he was Governor of Darfur. Suddenly he saw the Khalifa's eyes fixed on Macnamara, and the look, for a wonder, was not unfriendly. It came to him that perhaps the Khalifa meant to take Macnamara for his own servant, for it flattered his vanity to have a white man at his stirrup and on his mat. He knew that the Khalifa was only sending himself to Darfur that he might be a check upon Mahommed Sherif. He did not think that Macnamara's position would be greatly bettered,

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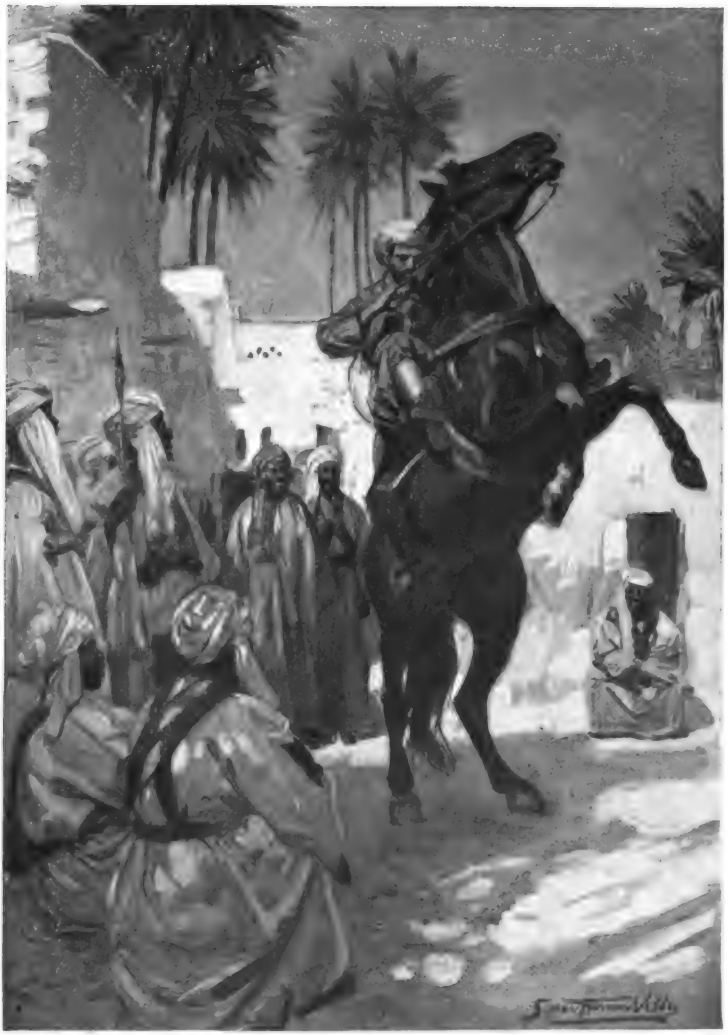

"Macnamara was an expert with horses, and had taught the waler which Osman Wad Adam had looted from Khartoum a number of admired tricks."

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save perhaps in bread and onions, by being taken into the employ of the Khalifa. His life would certainly not be safer. But, if it was to be, perhaps he could do a good turn to Macnamara by warning him, and by planting deep in the Khalifa's mind the Irishman's simple-minded trustworthiness. When therefore the Khalifa suddenly turned and asked him about Macnamara he chose his most discreet vocabulary. The Khalifa, ever suspicious, said that Macnamara had been thrown into prison twice for being insubordinate. To this Slatin replied:

"Sire, what greater proof could be had of the man's simplicity! His life is in your hands, sire. Would he have risked it if he had not been the most simple-minded of men? But you who read men's hearts, sire, as others read a book, you know if I speak the truth!" Slatin bent his head in humility.

The flattery pleased the Khalifa.

"Summon Osman Wad Adam and the man to me!" he said.

In the questioning that followed, Macnamara's Arabic and his understanding of it was so indifferent that it was necessary for Slatin to ask some questions in English. This was a test of Macnamara, for Slatin said some things in English which were not for the Khalifa's knowing. If Macnamara's face changed colour, if he started, if any unusual expression came into it, Abdullah's suspicions, ever ready, would have taken form.

But Macnamara's wits were not wool-gathering, and when Slatin said to him, "If I escape, I will try to arrange yours," Macnamara replied, with a respectful but placid stolidity: "Right, sir. Where does the old sinner keep his spoof?"

It was now for Slatin to keep a hold on himself, for Macnamara's reply was unexpected. Ruling his face to composure, however, he turned to the Khalifa and said that up to this moment Macnamara had not been willing to become a Mahommedan, but his veneration for the Mahdi's successor was so great that he would embrace the true faith by the mercy of God and the permission of the Khalifa! When the Khalifa replied that he would accept the convert into the true faith at once, Slatin then said to Macnamara:

"Come now, my man, I've promised that you will become a Mahommedan—it's your best chance of safety."

"I'll see him on the devil's pitchfork first!" said Macnamara; but he did not change countenance. "I'm a Protestant, and I'll stand be me baptism!"

"You'll lose your head, man!" answered Slatin. "Don't be a fool!"

"I'm keepin' to what me godfathers and godmothers swore for me," answered Macnamara stubbornly.

"You must pretend for a while, or you'll be dead in an hour—and myself too."

"You!—that's a different nose on me face," answered Macnamara. "But suppose I buck when I get into the mosque?—no, begobs, I'll not be doin' it!"

"I'll say to him that you'll do it with tears of joy, if you can have a month for preparation."

"Make it two an' I'm your man, seein' as you've lied for me, sir. But on wan condition: where does he keep his coin?"

"If you try that on, you'll die bit by bit like the men in the Beit el Mal to-day," answered Slatin quickly.

"I'm carvin' me own mutton, thank ye kindly, sir," answered Macnamara.

"I've heard that part of his treasure is under his own room," went on Slatin quickly, for he saw that the Khalifa's eyes had a sinister look—the conversation had been too long.

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"Speak no more!" said Abdullah sharply. "What is it you say, my son?" he added to Slatin.

"He has been telling me that he never had any education even in his own faith, and that he can't learn things quickly. Also he does not understand what to do in the mosque, or how to pray, and needs to be taught. He then asked what was impossible, and I had to argue with him, sire."

"What did he say?" asked the Khalifa, his fierce eyes fixed on Macnamara.

"He wished to be taught by yourself, sire. He said that if you taught him he would understand. I said that you were the chosen Emperor of the Faithful, the coming king of the world, but he replied that the prophets of old taught their disciples with their own tongues."

It was a bold lie, but the Khalifa was flattered, and made a motion of assent. Slatin, seeing his advantage, added:

"I told him that you could not spare the time to teach him, sire; but he said that if you would talk to him for half an hour every day for a month, after he had studied Arabic for two months, he would be ready to follow your majesty through life and death."

"Approach, my son," said the Khalifa to Macnamara suddenly. Macnamara came near. He understood Arabic better than he had admitted, and he saw in this three months' respite, if it were granted, the chance to carry out a plan that was in his mind. The Khalifa held out a hand to him, and Macnamara, boiling with rage inwardly and his face flushing—which the Khalifa mistook for modesty—kissed it.

"You shall have two moons to learn Arabic of a good teacher every day, and then for one moon I myself will instruct you in the truth," said Abdullah. "You shall wait at my door and walk by my stirrup and teach my horse as you have taught the English horse of Osman Wad Adam. Thy faithful service I will reward, and thy unfaithfulness I will punish with torture and death."

"I'll cut the price of the kiss on those dirty fingers from a Dervish joint!" muttered Macnamara to himself, as he took his place that evening at the Khalifa's door.

One thing Macnamara was determined on. He would never pray in a Mahommedan mosque, he would never turn Mahommedan even for a day. The time had come when he must make a break for liberty. He must have money. With money Mahommed Nafar, who was now his teacher (Slatin had managed that) would move for him.

Under the spur of his purpose Macnamara rapidly acquired Arabic, and steadfastly tried to make Mahommed Nafar his friend, for he liked the little man, and the little man was the only Arab, save one, from first to last, whom he would not willingly have hung on the point of a bayonet. At first he chafed under the hourly duplicity necessary in his service to the Khalifa, then he took an interest in it, and at last he wept tears of joy over his dangerous proficiency. Day after day Macnamara waited, in the hope of making sure that the Khalifa's treasure was under the room where he slept. Upon the chance of a successful haul, he had made fervid promises, after the fashion of his race, to the shoemaker Mahommed Nafar. At first the shoemaker would have nothing to do with it: helping prisoners to escape meant torture and decapitation; but then he hated the Khalifa, whose Baggaras had seized his property, and killed his wife and children; and in the end Macnamara prevailed. Mahommed Nafar found some friendly natives from the hills of Gilif, who hated the Khalifa and his tyrannous government; and at last they agreed to attempt the escape.

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III.

A month went by. Lust, robbery, and murder ruled in Omdurman. The river thickened with its pollution, the trees within its walls sickened of its poison, the bones of the unburied dead lay in the moat beyond the gates, and on the other side of the river desolate Khartoum crumbled over the streets and paths and gardens where Gordon had walked. The city was a pit of infamy, where struggled, or wallowed, or died, to the bellowing of the Khalifa's drum and the hideous mirth of his Baggaras, the victims of Abdullah. But out in the desert—the Bahluda desert—between Omdurman and old Dongola, there was only peace. Here and there was "a valley of dry bones," but the sand had washed the bones clean, the vultures had had their hour and flown away, the débris of deserted villages had been covered by desert storms, and the clear blue sky and ardent sun were over all, joyous and immaculate. Out in the desert there was only the life-giving air, the opal sands, the plaintive evening sky, the eager morning breeze, the desolated villages, and now and then in the vast expanse, stretching hundreds and hundreds of miles south, an oasis as a gem set in a cloth of faded gold.

It would have seemed to any natural man better to die in the desert than to live in Omdurman. So thought a fugitive who fled day and night through the Bahluda desert, into the sandy wastes, beyond whose utmost limits lay Wady Halfa, where the English were.

Macnamara had conquered. He had watched his chance when two of the Mulazimin were asleep and the Khalifa was in a stupor of opium in the harem, had looted Abdullah's treasure, and carried the price of the camels and the pay of the guides to Mahommed Nafar the shoemaker.

His great sprawling camel, the best that Mahommed Nafar could buy of Ebn Mazar, the sheikh in the Gilif Hills, swung down the wind with a long, reaching stride, to the point where the sheikh would meet him, and send him on his way with a guide. If he reached the rendezvous safely, there was a fair chance of final escape.

Moonlight, and the sand *swishing* from under the velvet hoofs of the camel, the silence like a filmy cloak, sleep everywhere, save at the eyes of the fugitive. Hour after hour they sprawled down the waste, and for numberless hours they must go on and on, sleepless, tireless, alert, if the man was to be saved at all. As morning broke he turned his eye here and there, fearful of discovery and pursuit. Nothing. He was alone with the sky and the desert and his fate. Another two hours and he would be at the rendezvous, in the cover of the hills, where he would be safe for a moment at least. But he must keep *ahead* of all pursuit, for if Abdullah's people should get in front of him he would be cut off from all hope. There is little chance to run the blockade of the desert where a man may not hide, nor water, nor feed, nor rest, once in a hundred miles or more!

For an hour his eyes were fixed, now on the desert behind him, whence pursuit should come, now on the golden-pink hills before him, where was sanctuary for a moment, at least. . . . Nothing in all the vast space but blue and grey—the sky and the sand; nothing that seemed of the world he had left; nothing save the rank smell of the camel, and the Arab song he sang to hasten the tired beast's footsteps. Mahommed Nafar had taught him the song, saying that it was as good to him as another camel on a long journey. His Arabic, touched off with the soft brogue of Erin, made a little shrill by weariness and peril, was not the Arabic of Ebn Mazar, but yet, under the spell, the camel's head ceased swaying nervously,

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the long neck stretched out bravely, and they came on together to the Gilif Hills, comrades in distress, gallant and unafraid. . . . Now the rider looked back less than before, for the hills were near, he was crossing a ridge which would hide him from sight for a few miles, and he kept his eyes on the opening in the range where a few dom-trees marked the rendezvous. His throat was dry, for before the night was half over he had drunk the little water he carried; but the Arab song still came from his lips:

"*Doos ya lellee! Doos ya lellee!*
Tread, O joy of my life, tread lightly!
Thy feet are the wings of a dove,
And thy heart is of fire. On thy wounds
I will pour the king's salve. I will hang
On thy neck the long chain of wrought gold,
When the gates of Bagdad are before us—
Doos ya lellee! Doos ya lellee!"

He did not cease singing it until the camel had staggered in beneath the dom-trees where Ebn Mazar waited. Macnamara threw himself on the ground beside the prostrate camel that had carried him so well, and gasped, "Water!" He drank so long from Ebn Mazar's water-bag that the Arab took it from him. Then he lay on the sands hugging the ground close like a dog, till the sheikh roused him with the word that he must mount another camel, this time with a guide, a kinsman of his own, who must risk his life—at a price. Half the price was paid by Macnamara to the sheikh before they left the shade of the palm-trees, and, striking through the hills, emerged again into the desert farther north.

In the open waste the strain and the peril began again, but Mahommed Mahmoud, though a boy in years, was a man in wisdom and a "brother of eagles" in endurance: and he was the second Arab who won Macnamara's heart.

It was Mahmoud's voice now that quavered over the heads of the camels and drove them on; it was his eye which watched the horizon. The hours went by, and no living thing appeared in the desert, save a small cloud of vultures, heavy from feasting on a camel dead in the waste, and a dark brown snake flitting across their path. Nothing all day save these, and nothing all the sleepless night, save a desert wolf stealing down the sands. Macnamara's eyes burned in his head with weariness, his body became numb, but Mahommed Mahmoud would allow no pause. They must get so far ahead the first two days that Abdullah's pursuers could not overtake them, he said. Beyond Dongola, at a place appointed, other camels would await them, if Mahmoud's tribesmen there kept faith.

For two days and nights Macnamara had not slept, for forty-six hours he had been constantly in the saddle, but Mahommed Mahmoud allowed him neither sleep nor rest.

Dongola came at last, lying far away on their right. With Dongola, fresh camels; and the desert flight began again. Hour after hour, and not a living thing; and then at last a group of three Arabs on camels going south, far over to their right. These suddenly turned and rode down on them.

"We must fight," said Mahmoud; "for they see you are no Arab."

"I'll take the one with the jibbeh," said Macnamara coolly, with a pistol in his left hand and a sword in his right. "I'll take him first. Here's the tap off yer head, me darlins!" he added as they turned and faced the dervishes.

"We must kill them all, or be killed," said Mahmoud, as the dervishes suddenly stopped, and the one with the jibbeh called to Mahmoud:

"Whither do you fly with the white Egyptian?"

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"If you come and see you will know, by the mercy of God!" answered Mahmoud.

The next instant the dervishes charged. Macnamara marked his man, and the man with the jibbeh fell from his camel. Mahmoud fired his carbine, missed, and closed with his enemy. Macnamara, late of the 7th Hussars, swung his Arab sword as though it were the regulation blade and he in sword practice at Aldershot, and catching the blade of his desert foe, saved his own neck and gave the chance of a fair hand-to-hand combat.

He met the swift strokes of the dervish with a cool certainty. His weariness passed from him; the joy of battle was on him. Now he took the offensive. Once or twice he circled slowly round the dervish, whose eyes blazed, whose mouth was foaming with fury; then he came on him with all the knowledge and the skill he had got in little Indian wars. He came on him, and the dervish fell, his head cut through like a cheese.

Then Macnamara turned, to see Mahmoud and the third dervish on the ground, struggling in each other's arms. He started forward, but before he could reach the two Mahmoud jumped to his feet with a reeking knife, and waved it in the air.

"He was a kinsman, but he had to die," said Mahmoud as they mounted. He turned towards the bodies, then looked at the camels flying down the desert towards Dongola.

"It is as God wills now," he said. "Their tribesmen will follow when they see the camels. See, my camel is wounded!" he added, with a gasp.

IV.

Two days following, towards evening, two men on foot trudged through the desert haggard and bent. The feet of one—an Arab—had on a pair of red slippers, the feet of the other were bare. Mahmoud and Macnamara were in a bad way. They were in very truth "walking against time." Their tongues were thick in their mouths, their feet were lacerated and bleeding, they carried nothing now save their pistols and their knives, and a small bag of dates hanging at Macnamara's belt. Prepared for the worst, they walked on with blind hope, eager to die fighting if they must die, rather than to perish of hunger and thirst in the desert. Another day, and they would be beyond the radius of the Khalifa's power: but would they see another day?

They thought that question answered, when, out of the evening pink and opal and the golden sand behind them, they saw six Arabs riding. The friends of the slain dervishes were come to take revenge. The two men looked at each other, but they did not try to speak. Macnamara took from his yelek a bag of gold and offered it to Mahmoud. It was the balance of the payment promised to Ebn Mazar. Mahmoud salaamed and shook his head, then in a thick voice said: "It is my life and thy life. If thou diest I die. If thou livest, the gold is Ebn Mazar's. At Wady Halfa I will claim it, if it be the will of God!"

The words were thick and broken, but Macnamara understood him, and they turned and faced their pursuers, ready for life or death, intent to kill—Macnamara of the 7th Hussars and Mahommed Mahmoud of the Gilif Mountains. They were not aware that from out of the hollow a little farther north—behind them now—were riding six men from Wady Halfa on camels; and that these men quickened their speed when they saw the Arabs from Dongola riding down on the two. The Arabs from Dongola were nearer, but the men from Wady Halfa rode harder.

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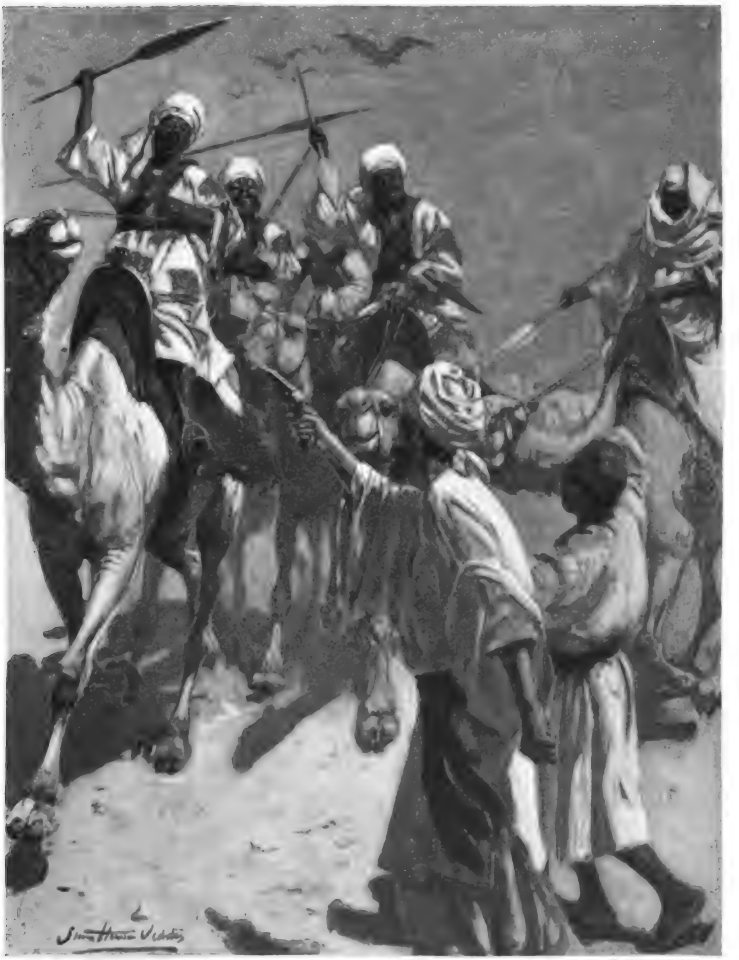

"There was no chance to look round; the time had come to fight. Their pistols cracked, and one man fell—Macnamara's."

The Arabs from Dongola had almost reached their quarry when the two besieged ones heard the shouts of the friendlies from Wady Halfa behind them. There was no chance to look round; the time had come to fight. Their pistols cracked, and one man fell—Macnamara's. Then Mahmoud went down with a lance through his side.

And then the friendlies from Wady Halfa took their turn. They rode in upon the *mêlée*, where Macnamara, twice wounded, fought with his sword, vainly trying

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to speak at the same time—one man, delirious with thirst, dying with thirst and fatigue, fighting five like a demon.

Just as the friendlies took a hand in, Macnamara shouted, as he opened the head of a Baggara with a backward cut: "The 7th Hussars and Mary Malone!"

And as an Arab brought him down with a cut in the shoulder, Henry Withers of the Sick Horse Depôt, fighting with the friendlies, shouted: "'Ee's Macnamara. Give 'em 'ell!"

Which they did; and dragged Macnamara out of his mess, and Mahmoud with him.

Dicky Donovan's expedition for the rescue of Macnamara had succeeded, by the help of Ebn Mazar and Mahommed Mahmoud.

Mahommed Mahmoud lived to take back to Ebn Mazar the other hundred pounds of the gold Macnamara had looted from the Khalifa; and Mahmoud also took something for himself from the British officers at Wady Halfa. For him nothing remained of the desperate journey but a couple of scars.

It was different with Macnamara. He had to take a longer journey still. He was not glad to do it, for he liked the look of the English faces round him, and he liked what they said to him. Also he was young enough to "go a-roaming still," as he said to Henry Withers. Besides, it sorely hurt his pride that no woman or child of his would be left behind to lament him. Still, when Henry told him he had to go, he took it like a man.

"'Ere, it ain't no use," said Henry to him the day they got to Wady Halfa,—"'Ere, old pal, it ain't no use. You 'ave to take your gruel, an' you 'ave to take it alone."

Macnamara did not reply. He looked at him for a moment steadily, then he said: "It was you that sint thim after me, Hinry me b'y?"

"'Ow we went ain't the question, but 'ow you go, that is," answered Henry Withers, with a sense of duty on him.

"They towld me—Holgate an' the barionet towld me it was you, Hinry."

"'Ere, w'ere do yer think I could buy arf a dozen bloomin' camomiles? I tell yer, it was Donovan Pashar and the barionet—wich 'is name is Winton. But what I want to tell yer quiet and friendly, old pal, is that yer drawfted out—all the way out—for good!"

"'Sh—did ye think I wasn't knowin' it, me b'y?" Macnamara's face clouded. "Did ye think I wasn't knowin' it? Go an' lave me alone," he added quickly.

Henry Withers went out pondering, for he was sure it was not mere dying that fretted Macnamara.

The next day the end of it all came. Henry Withers had pondered, and his mind was made up to do a certain thing. Towards evening he sat alone in the room where Macnamara lay asleep—almost his very last sleep. All at once Macnamara's eyes opened wide.

"Kitty, Kitty, me darlin'," he murmured vaguely. Then he saw Henry Withers.

"I'm dyin'," he said, breathing heavily. "Don't call anny one, Hinry," he added brokenly. "Dyin's that aisy—aisy enough, but for wan thing."

"'Ere, speak out, Pete."

"Sure, there's no wan but you, Withers, not a wife nor a child av me own to say, 'Poor Peter Macnamara, he is gone!'"

"There's one," said Henry Withers firmly. "There's one, old pal."

"Who's that?" said Macnamara huskily.

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"Kitty."

"She's no wife," said Macnamara, shaking his head. "Though she'd ha' been that, if it hadn't been for Mary Malone!"

"She's mine, an' she 'as the marriage lines," said Henry Withers. "An' there's a kid—wich ain't mine—born six months after! 'Oo says no kid won't remark, 'Poor Macnamara, 'e is gone, wich 'e was my fader!"

Macnamara trembled; the death-sweat dropped from his forehead as he raised himself.

"Kitty—a kid av mine—and she married to Henry Withers!—an' you saved me, too——!" Macnamara's eyes were wild.

Henry Withers took his hand.

"'Ere, it's all right, old pal," he said cheerfully.

"What's the kid's name?" said Macnamara.

"Peter—same as yours."

The voice was scarce above a breath. "Sure, I didn't know at all. An' you forgive me, Hinry darlin', you forgive me?"

'I've nothing to forgive," said Henry Withers.

A smile lighted the blanched face of the dying man. "Give me love to the boy—to Peter Macnamara!" he said, and fell back with a smile on his face.

"I'd do it again. Wot's a lie so long as it does good?" said Henry Withers afterwards to Holgate the engineer. "But tell *'er*, tell Kitty! no fear! I ain't no bloomin' fool. 'E's 'appy—that's enough. She'd cut me 'eart out, if she knowed I'd lied about 'er!"

GILBERT PARKER.

À UNE FIANCÉE.

AT the spring of the day, when the world is still,
And the clouds from the hill roll away and away,
I think of my Love, and I softly say—
"Does she think of me at the spring of the day,
When the world is still?"

At the close of the day, when the world is still,
And the shepherding wind brings the clouds to the hill,
The fleecy clouds like a flock astray,
I think of my Love, and I softly say—
"Does she think of me at the close of the day,
When the world is still?"

H. A. G.

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A CHRISTMAS DRIVE IN RUSSIA.

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"WHAT happened to Nathan Bone," began Castlebridge, in his peculiarly deliberate manner, as we were sitting round the hearth in the Banqueting Chamber at Bathersberry Hall one night, "was told me by somebody who knew him as well as anybody did; but as he cannot correctly be said to have been known at all, this, perhaps, is not saying much. Bone was an antiquarian, and a learned man, it is believed. No one knew where he came from; no one knew who he really was. No doubt he was a little mad. His ways were not the ways of other men, and his peculiarities were too pronounced to be merely such. He never spoke to any one, with the exception of a niece of his, who lived with him. No matter where he was, no matter what happened, he would never exchange a single word with anybody but this niece—not even with his housekeeper, who was rather good-looking, and who secretly doted on him. Daisy—that was his niece's name—was a young girl of twenty-three, exceedingly pretty, and naturally had a lover. He was tolerably well-to-do, 'tis said, and was dying to marry her. But the antiquarian would not hear of it. He swore that she should never marry, with his consent, as long as he lived. And the worst of it was, he was so remarkably hale and hearty that he promised to live another forty years, at the very least. The lover, whose name was Ralph Thompson, was a fellow of some spirit, and, consequently, used to press the girl to run off with him. Daisy, however, persisted in saying that she would never marry him, save with her uncle's consent, even if she had to wait fifty years; and so, what with one thing and another, you can easily imagine the fix that they were in.

"Thompson, of course, had interviews with the antiquarian: told him how he loved his niece, how he wished to marry her, and how happy he would make them if he would only give in. But it was no use whatever. In the first place, Nathan Bone never used to answer a word; and in the second place, he never used to listen. Of course Thompson was not allowed to enter the house; and if by any chance the two met anywhere Bone would scowl at him, and wave him aside as he would an importunate beggar.

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"But sometimes, when he was out hunting up old fossils, or purchasing musty old curios, his niece would accompany her lover to his house, where she was always most favourably received by his parents, and where they no doubt made up for a little of their misfortune, as was only natural. How long this state of things would have lasted nobody can tell. How long it did last almost everybody knows.

"On a Christmas Eve, Bone was always in a bad humour; and on the Christmas Eve that this affair happened he was more than usually so. He had been up to London for two days, and had returned by the coach, which was naturally crowded, and Bone hated a crowd. What was more, the people were all talking about the holidays, and the capital times before them, wishing one another a happy Christmas, and telling each other all sorts of uninteresting little things about themselves, as people will do at this time of the year; and one of the inside passengers was taking home a turkey, and as it was hanging up beside the driver's seat, he was particularly anxious about it, and kept getting out to examine it every time the coach stopped. Then there was a man sitting next to him who kept making funny remarks, at which everybody laughed very much. All these little things annoyed Bone, who maintained a contemptuous silence the whole way. And then, as if this was not already enough, he found, when he got home, that his niece had decorated the rooms with holly and evergreens, and made it look almost cheerful.

"This naturally upset him still more, for he had a great antipathy to everything cheerful; and, last of all, the waits came and played, and sang Christmas carols in front of the house until he drove them away by emptying cold water over them.

"Then, in a thoroughly bad humour, he went upstairs to the room in which he kept his curios. It was now a quarter to twelve. Daisy happened to glance at the clock, and noticed the time. It was not a large room, but it was very old-fashioned, and was stocked with the most extraordinary things—fossils, shells, pieces of old armour, bones of prehistoric animals and birds, green snakes coiled up in bottles, skulls of criminals, coins, weapons, pieces of pottery, and the fossil of a cat. In fact, one might have taken it for a curiosity shop. But Bone was the only one who ever entered it, so that that made no difference. He used to spend most of his time here, though what he did is still a mystery. Some said that he was something of a magician; others that he had great hoards of money hidden away somewhere in this room, and that he used to come here at night to take it out and gloat over it. But it is no use repeating all the things that he was said to be. He had brought a long, narrow box with him from town, which he had himself carried up to this room. What was in it, Daisy and the servants could not imagine. And no doubt you will think it strange when I tell you that it contained a skeleton. What he wanted it for, goodness only knows. Already there was one grinning thing in the room. Anyhow, the fact remains that he bought another, and I believe, bought it because of the fearful grin that it had.

"When he had locked the door, he began to open the box; and he soon discovered that the jolting of the coach had caused one of the skeleton's legs to come unfastened. It was not broken; it had merely become detached at the joint. He picked the skeleton up in his arms, carried it across the room, and stood it up by means of an appliance which fitted round the thing's neck. This done, he stepped back and looked at it. He had forgotten to light the candles, and the only light in the room came from the fire. When he had surveyed the thing long enough, he went to the hearth, took up the poker, and began to stir the logs; and he was still bending down, with his back to the skeleton,

when twelve o'clock sounded. No sooner had it done so than a hollow voice exclaimed:

"'Now then, there! Look sharp with that fire.'

"Bone was not a man to be easily startled. But this voice, on account of its unearthly sound, fairly made him jump. He dropped the poker, and faced round. There was nobody to be seen. He was alone in the room. Not a sound was to be heard.

"'Come along! come along!' the voice went on.

"And if you will believe me," said Castlebridge, looking round upon us very seriously, "it was that skeleton speaking. It was, indeed. Bone began to tremble. He stared hard at the thing, and the thing stared back at him out of its eyeless sockets. The firelight flickered upon its head. Where its eyes had once been were two deep shadowy cavities. Its grinning face looked frightful.

"'Do you hear?' it cried, beginning to move a little.

"'What's the matter?' said Bone, stepping back a few paces.

"'Matter!' said the skeleton, indignantly,—'why, a good deal. Where's my other leg?'

"'In the box,' replied Bone.

"'Oh, indeed!' said the skeleton, ironically. 'In the box, is it! And what's it doing there?'

"'I haven't had time to put it on yet,' said Bone, very much startled; for it was the first time in his life that he had ever talked with a skeleton.

"'And what business have you ever to have had it off, I should like to know?'

"'I didn't take it off,' Bone replied. 'It came off.'

"'Came off!' repeated the skeleton, indignantly. 'Odds graves and gibbets! then bring it here, and put it on again; and undo this cranked thing at the back of my neck!'

"'Strange!' muttered Bone—'strange!'

"Nevertheless, he brought the skeleton's other leg from the box, and fastened it on, keeping his eye on the thing the while to see that it did not do him any mischief; and then he unscrewed the fastening which held it to the wall.

"'That's it,' said the skeleton, moving its head from side to side. 'Now help me to that chair by the fire. Stay! First of all, have a look at my joints.'

"Bone lit a candle, and did as he was requested. 'This left knee's a bit shaky,' he said.

"'I'm shaky all over, it strikes me!' said the skeleton.

"'I'll just put a fresh bit of wire round this articulation; then I think you'll do,' said Bone. 'You've got a bit chipped off the top of your tibia. That's what makes it feel so loose. I shouldn't bend too much, if I were you,' he added, as the skeleton stooped to look at its legs. 'Your back isn't very first-rate.'

"'What's the matter with it?' asked the skeleton, testily.

"'Well, it's beginning to crumble a little in places,' said Bone. 'You're a bone short, too, in the dorsal region, I see.'

"'Ah!' said the skeleton, nervously,—'ah! I hope this room is fairly dry.'

"'I hope so too,' said Bone.

"'I don't think that journey did me any good,' the skeleton observed thoughtfully.

"'I don't think it did,' said Bone. 'Just hold on to something a minute, will you, while I put this knee to rights. That's it. Now let's see how you work.'

"'Be careful!' said the skeleton, as Bone began to move the lower part of the leg backwards and forwards.

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Fig. 1. Ancient Egyptian Sculpture of Ramesses II, Luxor Museum of Ancient Egyptian Art, Luxor, Egypt.

Fig. 2. Ancient Egyptian Sculpture of Ramesses II, Luxor Museum of Ancient Egyptian Art, Luxor, Egypt.

"'Why, it gives me quite a turn to see you again!' gasped the first skeleton, shaking a little.

"'I daresay it does.'

"And the second skeleton sat down in the chair opposite, making a gruesome creaking noise as it did so, that was horrible to listen to. Bone did not speak a word. He sat down on a stool between the two; and there he stopped till the end.

"'I was wishing I could come across you somewhere or other,' the second skeleton observed, after a short pause. 'I've got a secret to tell you.'

"'What's that?' said the other.

"'It's about that little affair you were hanged for,' said the second skeleton, very slowly.

"'I didn't murder him!' said the first skeleton.

"'No. But you were hanged for it. . . . And I hanged you.'

"'So you did, so you did!' said the first skeleton. 'Still, I didn't murder him.'

"There was a pause. Then the second skeleton said:

"'I know it.'

"'Eh?'

"'I know it.'

"'How do you know it?'

"The second skeleton stared at the other for a full minute, its ghastly grin quite terrifying old Bone. Then it said: 'Because I did.'

"'You murdered him!'

"'Ay.'

"There was another pause.

"'Well, that is odd!' said the first skeleton, at last.

"'So I thought when I was arranging your drop. I gave you a good drop, I remember—a very good drop.'

"'So you did, so you did! . . . And to think we should be sitting here now, talking it over!'

"'Ah! It's of no consequence now, of course. But it's pleasant to talk of old times again. And I feel a deal easier now that I've told you. It used to worry me at times, especially after I came into my money, and took a house there on the Dover road.'

"'Very odd it was, to be sure!' said the second skeleton. 'I wonder where he is now. I've kept a good look out for him, but I haven't come across him yet. I rather fancy he's scattered about a bit—a leg here and a leg there, so to speak.'

"'Perhaps so. I shouldn't wonder at it at all. . . . But what the thunder did you kill him for? He seemed as fine a young gentleman as breathed, if I remember rightly—though, to be sure, he was a little haughty in his ways.'

"'A little too haughty, Adam, to please me—just a little too haughty, Adam. And when he called me a vile knave, as he strode out of your inn, I disliked it. It displeased me. He had cursed you for a swindling varlet, if you remember, because you had tried to palm off some of your cheap wine on him—I never could stand that cheap wine of yours myself, Adam—and you answered pretty hotly, as we all of us heard. So when I followed him out, after seeing you leave the premises, and knowing you would be away a full hour, I knew, too, well enough, that when he was found there would be some that would call to mind your words. And so they did. . . . He had some spirit, I must allow. He was little more than a boy, too, and—would you believe it?—was going off to join his

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"'Crank it! I don't know,' said the first skeleton.

"'I'll tell you,' began the other in a horrible whisper; then it stopped suddenly. 'First of all,' it said uneasily, 'Old Bone must go outside. I won't tell Old Bone.'

"'Bone,' said the first skeleton, 'leave the room.'

"The antiquarian got up, unlocked the door, and passed outside, closing the door behind him. He stopped and listened, of course; but not a word, not one single word, did he hear.

"'Bone,' said the first skeleton, 'leave the room.' The antiquarian got up, unlocked the door, and passed outside."

"While he was standing there, with his ear to the key-hole, it so happened that his niece came by. Knowing that there could be nobody in the room, she was naturally astonished to see him listening like that. But the antiquarian took no notice of her.

"'Whatever are you doing there, uncle?' she exclaimed.

"Old Bone raised a finger. 'Hush!' he whispered, excitedly. 'Not a word!'

"'What is the matter?" asked the girl, still more surprised.

"'Not a word!' whispered Old Bone.

"Daisy at once saw that a great change had come over him, and I need hardly say that she came to the conclusion that he was at last quite mad. She stopped with him, however, until eventually, not hearing any sound, he grew too impatient to wait any longer, and opened the door. They entered the room together, and then, if you will believe me, they saw something that made Bone stagger."

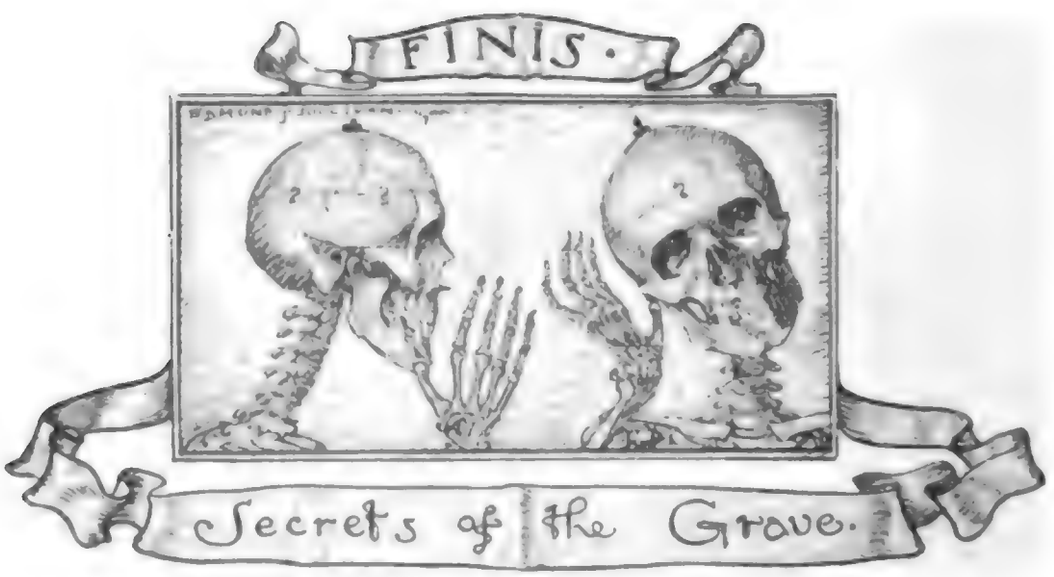
Castlebridge paused, and glanced at the face of each of his listeners.

"Each of those skeletons," he said, very slowly, "was back in its proper place; and the only thing that was left to prove that he had not dreamed it all was the first skeleton's arm, which had dropped on to the floor, and still lay there.

"What passed between the antiquarian and his niece is not known. That he never said a word to her about what he had seen is certain. No doubt he knew

that she would not believe it. But the strange thing is the change that it wrought in him. The very next day he packed his skeletons off to London. He sent for Ralph Thompson, told him that he would have to marry his niece at once, and to only one man did he ever tell what he had seen and heard that night. That man was the parson (who told it to me), and he did not believe a word of it. What is more, Bone married his housekeeper, and became as jolly a fellow as you would wish to meet; took to hunting, gave parties, went to all the dances round about, and, in short, became a thoroughly popular fellow; and everybody said," concluded Castlebridge, "that now that he was mad they liked him a great deal better than when he was sane."

ANTHONY KIRBY GILL



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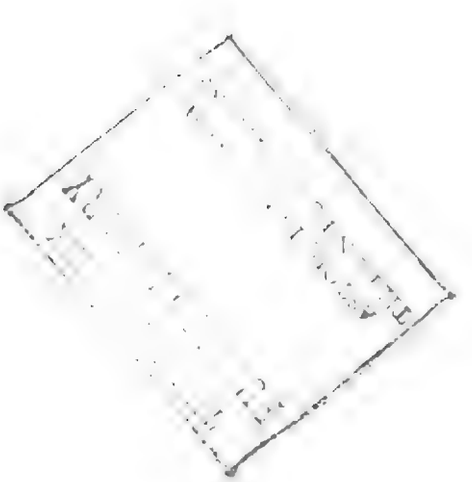

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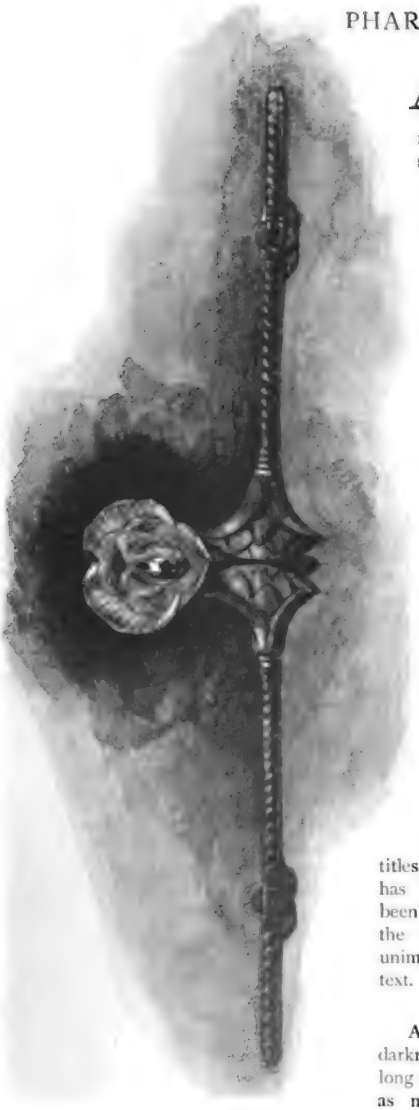
PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.



AT Patmos, in the library of the Monastery of St. John the Divine, a monk showed me a Greek twelfth-century manuscript which having partly read, he declared contained an Egyptian narrative of unusual import. The text appeared clear, albeit to me, of course, unintelligible, and was only defaced at the seams where the vellum had been folded. He translated into Italian the endorsement, which declared it to be the work of Eupithes, the son of Phidon, copied by him from a parchment duplicated by Periander, a scribe of the Alexandrian Library. This collection having been destroyed by Amrou, A.D. 651, the writing of Periander was prior to that date. As the Monastery does not part with its manuscripts, I proposed to the monk to sell me a transcription of the original, which he consented to make. When this reached me, some weeks later, I sent it to a classical authority, by whom it was rendered into the following English. The repetition of lengthy titles, inevitable to Egyptian writings, has been omitted, and it has not been thought necessary to confuse the reader with brackets indicating unimportant lacunæ in the original text.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

A Beacon secretly kindled in darkness to smoulder, it may be, long; yet to speak at the last as men signal one to another with

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indeed be made a Queen and drink deep of the glamour of life. Behold, Sevech's money is all gold and no silver, and his kingdom is vast, so that whithersoever thou journey, whether it be with or against the wind, the land is still his. A land of rocks and sand, whose groves are cacti, for it is the desert; nevertheless, what things thou shalt ask, whether it be camels or jewels, or raiment or handmaidens, will he cheerfully take for thee from his neighbours." Then spake Amenteh, "Lord of the two horns, thy daughter, who is the dust of thy feet, hath heard it said that every ass thinks himself fit to stand with the King's horses." Therefore was Pharaoh grieved, and cried, "Shall mine own child kindle a fire under my stool!" But he returned to Sevech and told him what Amenteh had said. Then, when Khafre heard these things, he said unto Sevech, "Dispenser of good things, give me a gift, and let my head be in thy hand if I do not read this riddle." So Sevech gave him a gift, and Khafre said, "Be it known unto thee, O lover of knowledge, that there dwelleth in the palace a Phœnician, a beautiful man, and a magician, who expounds to the Princess music and the stars; such a man, sometimes, though not loud-tongued, aspires to the daughter of a King." At which Sevech questioned the dwarf, saying, "Who told thee this?" And Khafre laughed, answering, "The Chimera, which lurketh in the garden, in whose yellow eyes one may read the secrets of the Ages, even the web of Fate, hath revealed it." So Sevech became as a panther of the South for rage, and bade Khafre walk in the garden with this man, that he might know his face.

The garden of the Pharaohs, called Heartsease, is set between the palace and the river. It is here the young women come to bathe, and here the scribes, the Priests, the Princes, and the Prophets likewise come to talk upon the beautiful land of peace where the immortal acacias bloom. Wherein the Kings of Egypt each dedicate four figures: upon the palace wall an image of their guardian, whether it be Isis, the beautifully enthroned, or Thoth of the waving plumes, or Horus the adorably silent. And among flowering plants the King's own image with splendid crest is placed, and behind it a fountain of flowers, and on either hand the face of the woman he hath most loved, and the face of his dearest friend. Wherefore for ever, although unseen between the box-rows of that garden, are the footsteps of bygone days. It is here the King breathes the lotus incense and learns the mystical meaning of the fleeting river, which is Oblivion, bearing us on its fugitive tide. Beyond which river in the distance stretches that faint and shining horizon which presages a World beyond the tomb. There, beneath the bending boughs, Pharaoh walks, gazing, as a King should, above the transient things of Earth, knowing the praise of gardens and that every garden is a world. There also dwells the Chimera which is the Master of the Magicians, lulled by the bamboo flute players, knowing the secret of the Future, which is breathed in the meaning of a musical sound. To a man to whom music and the stars say nothing will the Chimera not speak, but at the close of day it cometh forth to stand beside the lotus flowers, gazing upon the western sky where, with each dying sunset, rekindles the deathless splendour of the past. For the Chimera's wisdom lies in the inspiration of luminous distance, where, beyond the palm-tops and the clouds, it divines the waving hands of Fate.

When Sevech had taken his bow and an Egyptian arrow he hid himself in Pharaoh's garden; and when Ithobaal and the dwarf passed, he let fly the arrow, that it pierced Ithobaal and he fell. But Khafre lifted his voice and cried, "Who hath done this thing?" And the guards of the palace drew forth the arrow; and behold, although it was the arrow of an Egyptian, its feathers were trimmed after

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of Amon-Ra is that to-night, at the hour of the tuning of the lutes, when the crescent has sunk behind the palms, you come to him alone in the Court of his Temple, even in the mysterious Hall of the Rising Sun, that he may reveal the poem of life. And he—that is immortal as an echo, and who is awake when mortals sleep—shall be bound to you with the chain of Love, so that he shall betroth himself, in faithfulness, as the husband of your youth."

That evening, at the hour of the tuning of the lutes, as Amenteh approached the Temple softly and unseen, its graceful and towering pillars in the starlight of that dustless air seemed made to lift the thoughts towards Heaven. In the midst of its ilexes, the Chambers of the Sun, with painted pillars and sculptured statues, rose in silence above the little noise of men, and its grandeur acquired the significance of a supernatural inspiration. In its foot-worn courts not one remained of all them that thronged by day, neither was heard the voice of the Priests that chant, nor the words of the Prophets that prophesy. So she paused beside the altar, whose carving in the darkness was like russet-stained ivory, and about which still hung a breath of the spice cakes which all that day the Vulture charmers had burned. When suddenly, a silent phantom advanced from the shadow of the night, as it were from the stones of the wall, and she beheld that it was Amon-Ra in the semblance of a beautiful man. Then were they powerfully and irresistibly drawn one to the other, and while through the night the nightingale sent the swift arrow of its thrilling song, he led her amid the ilexes and folded her in the embrace of his love. And, listening to the ripple of the river of Oblivion, she knew that the delight of that hour would always seem near, and that, however swiftly the years might glide upon its current, they could never bear it wholly from her into their fading distance.

Then whispered the Sun-god—he whose voice is as the sound of pipes to a hunter at rest—"Be it added to the renown of Amon-Ra that he possessed the love of a beautiful woman, for which mortals are proud to die,—for which, alone, a god should aspire to live." And he gave her for a memorial and as a talisman of joy, a sapphire ram's head set in a fillet of gold, even the diadem of the King of the gods, the carving whereof was beyond the cunning of the artificers of Egypt, and its beauty more refined than the sparkling of many gems, so that whoever beholds it perceives that it is the gift of a god.

She answered, "After I am no more, and in the cycles of Time when the glory of Egypt is departed, these silent walls, perhaps, shall keep the inspiration of the love of Amon-Ra and remain for ever beautiful."

Then declared he, whose eyes are like the exuberant sight of the sunlit sea, "As surely as sunshine on the mountains marks my passing footsteps, shalt thou stand with me hereafter amid the glory of the Sun, whose rising and setting outlive the transient things of Earth."

Then, at the hour of the fading away of the heavenly ones, the never-setting stars, when Amenteh perceived the breath of dawn in her nostrils, she departed softly and unseen as she had come.

Now Pharaoh returned from the borders of Midian, and straightway called the dwarf Khafre, and privily bade him summon ten horsemen of the guard, and take Ithobaal and bind him and set him upon a camel and journey six days into the desolate places of the Desert and six days back again without him. Therefore Osiris granted to the Phœnician the final and not least benediction of a swift and sudden departure—as one who lifts the drapery and passes to outer chambers to be seen no more. So, although for many days none knew these things, thus was curiously accomplished the word which Ithobaal had spoken to Amenteh, that his

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end should be compassed by a little man. Wherefore Pharaoh caused Khafre to be seven times decorated with gold.

But when Pharaoh's daughter discovered what was done, she turned like a flaming fire upon the dwarf, and coming upon him unaware, reviled and cursed him and spat in his face. And she sought a sharp sword to slay Khafre, but ere it was found she fell in a swoon. Whereat the dwarf's face turned to ashy paleness, and he feared to dwell in the palace, although he was the King's familiar, for Amenteh hired men to take his life. From which time also, the Sun-god appeared to her no more. Nevertheless, although the memory which alone survived to Amenteh became a tragic shadow, it yet seemed, the rest of her days, more luminous and delightful than all else beside.

When the summer was come, Pharaoh's daughter walked with her handmaids through the palm orchard by the river, and the maidens cast aside their veils and

"He let fly the arrow, that it pierced Ithobaal."

slippers to bathe, for it was the heat of the day. So with the ripple of the river blended the ripple of their mirth. And they were beautiful as crimson oleanders, and the water kissed their feet, and Amenteh was in their midst as the pearl set in a ring. Then she came upon a chest caught in the bulrushes, at the edge of the meadow grass, wherein was a babe. But before they laid a hand upon the chest, the child cried, and Amenteh's heart leaped within her. So she said, "He shall be called Thut-Mosis, for from the water we take him." But her handmaids laughed, saying, "How know ye that it is a man-child?" Whereat Amenteh was silent, but the Chimera came forth from among the wild hyacinths and lay at her feet and looked fixedly in her eyes. When the maidens lifted the chest they rejoiced saying, "Verily Sechet shall watch his sleep, and when he traverseth deep water Anubis shall lead him by the hand; and hereafter Socharis, the crusher, the compeller of things, who holds the key of earthly felicity, shall unlock for him the portal of an everlasting abode."

At which selfsame hour Pharaoh rested in his garden watching the swelling of

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the river and giving his mind to calm, oblivious for the moment to the sordid course of Time, and the silence of the garden was quickened only by the twittering of birds. At noon he had been borne to the interment of Ptah-Mes, Captain of the Horse, and had returned wearied with the noise and glitter of that pageant—the blaze of trumpets, the throng of mourners, the procession of slaves and burden-bearers with gazelles and peacocks and ostriches and apes; the populace attracted from shops and trellised housetops into the dazzling sunlight; the strangers from afar, the camels and horses and barking dogs. Now, at the edge of the river a kingfisher dived, and in an instant of sudden illumination Pharaoh comprehended, with the light of a new and intuitive revelation, the multiplicity of influences whereof man is the curious product, and caught the grotesque resemblance that through all ages, beneath varying phases, lends to life the same characteristics, with the same fateful and absurd reiteration. A sunbeam flashed across his dream, changing illusion to reality. He understood, with mental vision preternaturally clear, that, for himself, these things were past. Instinctively his lips moved in the phrase of a whispered farewell, but none listened—not even the gods. Till suddenly, before him rose the spirit of Ptah-Mes, whose body had been laid at rest that morning, who in life had been the companion of Pharaoh's youth, the friend and adviser of his maturity, and who now addressed him with ominous words.

"Lo, the dead awaken, and the knot that bound is untied, and the Dream which the Seer could not interpret is revealed. The ruined greatness of thy successors shall linger alone amid the desolation of Egypt. From generation to generation, and from reign to reign, the monuments shall become more and more silent,—their message spoken, their names obliterated, their last words scarcely understood. Yet even then, in those remote ages, shall the shades of the gods return to stand beside the open grave of their Egyptian Kingdom. This day hath been saved from the waters of Oblivion, one that shall bring strange and fearful calamities. Though born in obscurity, his name shall remain famous when thine, O Sethos, is forgotten. Though he eat of the ashes of bondage, he shall become greater than the lords of the thrones. Though an outcast and a fugitive, he shall spoil the Egyptians, and glory in the overthrow of their host. Though thou art passing away in the morning of Egypt, his words shall endure till the evening of the longest day."

Then Pharaoh's pierced and freezing heart knew that it was a presage, and as he started, the kingfisher rose from the water, and flew with flight of distant rustling wings away.

So when Pharaoh sprang to his feet in anger and affright, and was told how a man-child had been drawn from the river of Oblivion, he cried, "Ye waste time: let the child be slain, and have done." But none knew where to seek, for Amenteh had given money to an Hebrew woman to hide the child, that it might be saved alive. And that night, when all the land of Egypt slept, Osiris, who is lord of the greatest of all Kingdoms, opened wide the portal, and beckoned, and Pharaoh passed beyond the transient things of Earth. So Seti-Meneph-Tah ruled in his father's stead, and afflicted the Hebrews which were in bondage, wherefore Amenteh took Thut-Mosis and he became her son.

As years passed, Pharaoh's daughter often returned to sit in the Temple of Amon-Ra, to sing there as she sang in the days of her youth. And her prayer was thus: "O sweet-voiced Isis, thou that tunest the lutes of the Evening, grant me a heart in tune with the song of birds at break of Day."

Thus gazing from the mysterious Hall of the Rising Sun, through long-drawn

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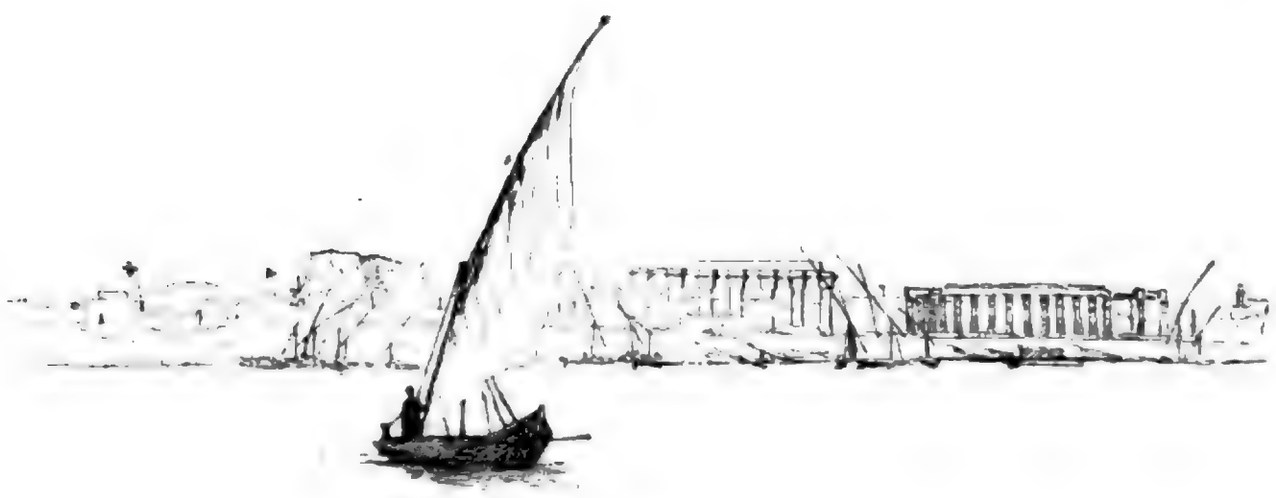
and musical repetitions, among the oldest love-stories of ancient times, and its authorship is doubtless lost "in the River of Oblivion." Imperfect as is our knowledge of the Pharaohs, we may believe they were not exempt from human frailty. It may also be affirmed that Pharaoh's daughter merely anticipated the Greeks in attributing to Amon-Ra, who was mythologically akin to Zeus, an amorous passion resembling those in which the Thunderer delighted. In all mythical ages the gods have shown a willingness to interest themselves so far in humanity as to make love to the beautiful daughters of men.

The second chapter of the Book of Exodus gives significant intimation that Moses was bound to the Royal family of Egypt by a stronger tie than the charity which rescued a foundling. Had the Hebrew woman to whom the infant discovered among the bulrushes was entrusted, been its mother, she would hardly have received wages to rear her own child. Had Moses been no more to Pharaoh's daughter than the abandoned offspring of Hebrew servitude, there could have been little reason for his subsequent return to her, and still less that he should "become her son." In physical appearance the Hebrews and Egyptians were in marked contrast. Yet the Midianite girl, Zipporah, whom Moses married, describing to her father her meeting with him at the well, refers to him as "an Egyptian," which justifies the surmise that if Moses, a Hebrew, possessed the racial type of Egypt, it was due to a perfectly natural cause.

Some years ago at Ghizeh, amid the tombs of queens and princesses of the early dynasties, was exhumed the mummy of a woman, whose inscription declared her to be "Amenteh, Pharaoh's daughter, unmarried, beautifully enthroned, and *the beloved of Amon-Ra.*" The features of the mummy case, usually intended as a crude presentment of the deceased, mark a type of exceptional grace and intelligence. The skeleton has been stripped of its wrappings, and the visitor from lands unknown to ancient Egypt may behold, under glass, the crumbling fragments of one whose dramatic story identifies her with a scene the Old Testament has preserved and made familiar. Can it be that this was the mother as well as the finder of the infant "Thut-Mosis"?

Bound about the blackened brow, as in defiance of the grave's decay, was a sapphire ram's head of exquisite workmanship—a startling token, if the manuscript may be believed, of that amorous passion for the sake whereof, its decorous phrase declares, "mortals are proud to die, and for which, alone, a god should aspire to live."

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.



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WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

" . . . The first is she
Whose face is arrogant with empiry:
Her throne from out the wounded hill-side's steep
Is rudely fashioned, and beneath her creep
The narrow streets; and stretching broad and free—
Like a green waving meadow—lies the bay,
With blossom sails and flowery wavelets flecked.
Elate she stands, her brown and wind-blown hair
Halves a face with virgin freshness fair,
As she receives, exuberant, erect,
The stubborn homage that her sisters pay!"

A. H. ADAMS: "*Wellington*" ("*The Four Cities of Maoriland*").

NEW ZEALAND does not stand out on the world's map as the gateway to a vast region hungered after by the civilised Powers; nor is Wellington, her capital city, the key to territory yearned for by diplomatists. Too small for conquest, useless as a base for hostile operations, Maoriland stands alone at the uttermost end of the earth; to Englanders she is "the Underneath," to the wanderer "the Greater Britain of the South," and to the Australasian "God's own country." At least four days' journey "from anywhere," New Zealand is a land all to herself, with beauty-spots unique and unequalled, minerals useful and rare, mild in climate yet possessing peaks of everlasting snow, with lakes of bubbling heat or freezing cold, warmed by a ruddy sun yet never scorched by the deadly drought; rich in forest and bush of beautifully-grained timbers which resound not to the song of birds,—the land of silence and safety, for no sting of creeping thing is there to fear. Though not the land the godlike heroes sought after, New Zealand is the land of gold and fleece, myriads of sheep grazing on its fertile plains, cattle on a thousand hills, and gold in rock and strand. Whilst Australia is known by its eucalyptus (blue gum) crowned tablelands, arid plains and salt lakes, New Zealand's landscape comprises high mountain chains, fresh-water lakes and running streams. With no spot distant

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farther than seventy miles from the seacoast, New Zealand's area is a few square miles less than that of Great Britain, and yet so narrow is she that her length would form a bridge between Rome and Edinburgh; her thirteen degrees of latitude and three thousand miles of seacoast, blown upon by Antarctic gales and breathed upon by Pacific zephyrs, give infinite variety to tourist and health-seeker; whilst her Milford Sounds, Sutherland Falls, Tongariro and Tarawera Volcanoes, Waitomo Caves, hot lakes, geysers, mud springs, and greenstone rocks are the marvel of sight-seers.

Photo by F. E. Tomlinson.

A Glimpse of Government House.

The pioneers of colonisation, if not of civilisation, in Maoriland were the sealers, whalers, and other adventurers from the north, who in the days when the world was wide and the century was young, as Henry Lawson sings:—

> "... sailed away in the ships that sailed ere science controlled the main,
> When the strong brave heart of a man prevailed as 'twill never prevail again;
> They knew not whither, nor much they cared—let Fate or the winds decide—
> The worst of the Great Unknown they dared in the days when the world was wide."

From the sealers and whalers sprang the Pakeha-Maori ("strangers turned into natives"), forming groups at various points along the coast, for there were monsters rich in oil in the Ao-tea-roan waters in those days. It was from the Pakeha-Maoris that the English voyagers and circumnavigators obtained their first knowledge of the harbours of the new country.

A modest and now much-defaced marble tablet over the meagre drinking fountain outside the city's Free Public Library is the very slight tribute paid by Wellington workers to the man whose forethought won for New Zealanders, and

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other colonials, the eight-hour workday. Samuel Duncan Parnell, a carpenter, London-born—who never owned allegiance to a trades' union—single-handed, when first he set foot on Port Nicholson's beach, stipulated for, and eventually obtained for himself, and afterwards established and fostered for the benefit of his fellows the practice of the principle of equal division of the twenty-four hours—

"Eight hours' labour,
Eight hours' rest,
Eight for recreation
And what seemeth best."

There has been much argument in the colonies and Great Britain upon the origin of the shorter workday, and it was not until a short time before his death that Parnell himself established his claim as the founder of the movement, and the present writer has independent evidence supporting the claim. Parnell fought in the workshop and at mass meetings on Petoné Beach, Wellington, for the principle during the time between February 7th and March 7th, 1840; he made it the custom of his trade and other trades in Wellington; it spread to other parts

Photo by F. E. Tomlinson.

Central portion of Wellington City, from the Harbour.

of the colony, thence over to Victoria; and he lived to see the establishment of an annual Eight-hour Day (Labour Day) set apart as a State holiday in the land of his adoption, and died in Wellington in 1890 in his eightieth year.

The Manawatu Gorge is Wellington's prominent beauty-spot, a railway line—one of the very few lines privately owned in the colony, nearly all being owned and managed by the State—running into the Gorge daily from the city. Describing a trip through the Gorge in the days before the coach gave way to the iron horse a writer in *Maoriland* says:—

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Parliament Buildings, 1899, with statue of the late Hon. John Ballance.

Photo by F. E. Tomlinson.

Departmental Buildings "the largest wooden building in the world."

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far north, and Dunedin, in the extreme south, have come to recognise a patent fact, and set up head-quarters where previously there had been but agencies or branches. Governor Hobson's choice of a capital site for the colony was, in 1840, under missionary influence fixed at Russell, Bay of Islands; within twelve months, under military influence, a more southern site was chosen, and Auckland, "the beauty of the north," became the seat of government, holding it amid strenuous struggles until 1864, when Wellington came to her own as the Empire City.

Wellington is a city without a history, for when a colony or nation is but a half-century old, what record but one of struggle, striving, and selection has its capital city to draw upon? The clash of angry arms has never been heard within her boundary, though the sound of attack and defence has been heard twice: away back in the forties, across the hills that begirt her like a girdle, in 1846, when descents were made by the natives upon the Hutt Valley, to the north-east of the city; and again at Porirua, when the noted chiefs Te Rauparaha and Rangiheata were the disturbers of the peace. By a very clever and astute move, Sir George Grey, who was then Governor of the Colony, personally effected the capture of Te Rauparaha, and incarcerated him with several of his leaders in prison in Wellington. Kapiti, Mana's sister island off Porirua, was for many years Te Rauparaha's stronghold, and beautiful for situation and strong for defence that island is. The great chief was liberated by Sir George Grey after seven years' captivity; and as a token of gratitude the Maori erected and maintained a church "to the Christians' God" at Otaki (near Wellington)—where he himself died a pagan.

Within four hours' steam of Wellington lie the charming Queen Charlotte and Pelorus Sounds, on the southern side of Cook's Straits. The seaside towns of Picton and Nelson are within these Sounds; and it was in Queen Charlotte Sound

Photo by Burton Bros., Dunedin.

Manawatu. A Typical Gorge of Maoriland.

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that Captain Cook, the great circumnavigator, in January, 1770, raised the British flag and took possession of Maoriland, in the name of George the Third of Great Britain.

The Departmental Buildings, known throughout the colonies as "the largest wooden building in the world,"—though no less an authority than Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when visiting Wellington in 1891, denied this record,—forms one of the sights of the city, with its many windows, of which there are more than there are days in the year. The building itself covers an area of rather more than half an acre, and accommodates from four to five hundred persons, including ministers, under-secretaries, heads of departments, clerks, and messengers. There are 146 rooms and a round dozen of departments upon four floors. Within a stone's throw of each other are the Parliamentary Buildings, Government House (at present occupied by the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly), the Departmental Buildings, the Government Printing Office, and the Government railway station.

Photo by Burton Bros., Dunedin.
The active volcano Mount Tongario, near Wellington.

The Old Identity and the Early Settler are the authorities of a youthful colony, and local history dates back to the arrival of the first vessels. The early Maori commenced his history with the arrival of the seven historic canoes, including the *Arawa* and *Tainui*, from the isles of the south; Wellington's first European settlers named their streets, terraces, bays, etc., after the ships they arrived in—*Tory*, *Cuba*, *Aurora*, *Oriental*, etc. In the first year of settlement (1840) the population totalled 1,300 souls, in 1871 it was 8,000, in 1881 21,000, in 1891 32,000, in 1894 37,000, in 1898 41,000, to-day 44,000. Mr. S. C. Brees, C.E., engineer and surveyor in Wellington for the New Zealand Land Company from 1841 to 1845, foresaw the possibilities of the new country. In his now rare "Pictorial Illustrations

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The stake is set, the victim bound,
The faggots piled about,
She pleads no more, her eyes are dry,
Her parted lips feel not the sigh
That scarcely trembles out.

When lo! amid the curling smoke
A miracle displayed!
The burning brands are roses red,
And those unlit a white-rose bed,
In riot grace arrayed.

With trembling haste they loosed her bonds,
Remorseful tears they shed,
With roses white as souls unborn,
With roses red as youth's own morn,
They coronalled her head;

And the nightmare sea of sorrow broke
In spray of snow-white bliss,
And evermore her every hour
Was sweet as the scent that roses shower,
Waked by the morning's kiss.

RHYS H. WILLIAMS.

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mind of another to his own mind—to sorrow, in short, not merely *with*, but *instead of*.

Marvellous, miraculous as this must appear, yet this is what Davidson accomplished: yes, accomplished, though in the accomplishment he came by his death—a death more shocking, more mockingly ironical than any ever invented by inquisitorial ingenuity, or planned by man for a benefactor of humanity—a death which it is the purpose of this narrative to relate.

Having, in a series of lesser tests, satisfied himself of his powers, Davidson next sought an appropriate case on which to put them to the supreme proof. In a world so full of sorrow, his search was not prolonged. A case soon came to his notice within his own practice, a practice situated in one of the central districts of London, comprising many poor people, many more perhaps than his prosperous patients and acquaintances ever suspected. It was a case to provoke compassion in the bosom of the most callous—a young woman of humble station, who, almost in the first days of her married life, had lost her husband. A sorrow more acute it would be difficult indeed to conceive. Stunned with grief, the poor woman continued, even after the removal of the body, to watch by the death-bed, believing that her husband still lay there. Persuasion was powerless to move her from her post, and force, even of the gentlest description, threatened to induce a dangerous crisis. To make matters worse, she shed no tears. There were fears for her reason, for her life even. Both Davidson resolved to save by the interposition of himself, by transferring from her mind to his the sorrow that was dementing, that was killing her.

It had always been understood between Davidson and myself that, whenever he ventured upon his great attempt, I, his one-time fellow-student, his later professional colleague and his follower, his distant follower in hypnotism, should assist him: assist him, not in the operation itself, but by guarding him from disturbance during its performance, and afterward—strangest duty of all—by watching over him while he remained helpless, paralysed by his vicarious sorrow.

Accordingly, about half-past eleven on the evening of a winter's day, earlier on which I had received Davidson's note acquainting me with his intention of operating, I took myself on foot to his house, a couple of streets distant from mine, and thence Davidson and I walked together to that of the patient. The operation had been fixed for as soon after midnight as possible, since absolute silence, or as near a degree thereto as could be obtained in London, was essential to its success. Twelve o'clock was striking as we reached the street in which the woman lived, a row of two-storied houses all alike. Knocking at the door of one of them, we were immediately admitted by a man, awaiting our arrival no doubt, who guided us, in stockinged feet, up the unlit staircase. (The young married couple occupied the upper story only; the lower fortunately, for the time being, was empty.) Passing through a door at the top of the stairs, we found ourselves in an apartment at once kitchen and sitting-room. Two women were seated at a table in the middle, the mother of the young widow and a married sister; both of whom, as well as the man, the husband of the sister, were dressed in deep mourning. To these, as they rose to receive him, Davidson whispered a word or two, and then crossed on tiptoe to the farther corner of the room, towards a door which communicated with an inner room, the bedroom in which the stricken woman was sitting. Cautiously opening this door, he peeped within a moment, then beckoned me to follow as he penetrated into the chamber of mourning.

I obeyed. The room, a slightly smaller one than that we had just quitted, was lit by the harsh light of a lamp without globe or shade. In the angle

diagonally opposite the door stood the bed, a double bed; and on a chair alongside sat the woman, her back toward us as we came upon her. She stooped a little, looking down upon the pillows, on a place where the face of a person in the bed would have been. Her right hand just rested on the edge of the mattress, her left lay in her lap, knuckles downwards, the fingers loosely curled over the palm, in an attitude of listless despair. She paid no attention to us, not even when Davidson, drawing up another chair and bearing the lamp in one hand, seated himself over against her and steadily scrutinised her countenance.

From over Davidson's shoulder, I too looked. The woman was young, little more than a girl, but her face was terribly ravaged with her few days' anguish. Her eyes were wide and staring, the lines of her cheeks hard and rigid, the corners of her lips drawn downwards in a pitiful droop. Never have I beheld an expression so full of woe. Her sorrow, untransmuted to tears, by such subtle processes, mysteries of suffering, as nature can use, had accumulated within her sorrow-bound brain, there to react as new stimulant to sorrow. This typhoon of emotion, this torment of sorrow, it was, that Davidson, through hypnotism, through sympathy, a process as mysterious as the initial mystery of suffering, was to transfer to himself, the violence and torture of which he must subsequently subdue or else endure with the fortitude of one seasoned to grief. Davidson's examination was soon over. Setting down the lamp on a little table beside the bed, he rose, and I saw that it was for me to leave. He conducted me to the door, then shut himself in with the woman, to wrestle with her, soul to soul, for her sorrow.

I rejoined the relatives in the sitting-room, where the four of us were to await in suspense the termination of the operation. As I sat down I looked at my watch: it was seven minutes past twelve. A few sounds as we arranged our chairs in positions whence we could keep the bedroom door in view, a noise or two as Davidson moved about the death chamber, practically one with ours so far as sound was concerned—and all was still. Silence of which we had been the sole disturbers once more expanded round us, not that profound silence of the country unsoundable by the ear, but a town silence, measurable by the loudness of sounds minute or inaudible during the day, the cracking contractions of the furniture and fabric of the building from within, and from without, the modified din that passes for silence at night in great cities.

What was in the minds of my fellow-watchers during this terrible ordeal I cannot say. Something in Davidson seemed always to inspire both patients and their friends with a confidence almost fetichistic. Happily, therefore, the three relations were unable, I believe, to foresee the dangers, both to patient and operator, that were visible to me. As a rule hypnotism is dangerous only in the hands of inexperience. But in an experiment of this kind, which passed the experience even of the most expert, Davidson himself was but little better than a novice. For my part, I went the length of doubting even the success of success. Suppose the woman to be delivered of her mortal sorrow, could she survive her deprivation? Was not her grief so identified with her life that it would be impossible for her to part with one without the other! And Davidson? If successful, would he be in any less desperate case than the patient at the present moment? Who was to heal him, the healer? I would have been coward enough to wish that he might fail, had I not also known that failure, since he would never acknowledge himself beaten, would as likely as not be caused by the breakdown of his own brain beneath the terrible strain.

In the meantime, while I endured the terrors imagination presented to me, the four of us together underwent the torture of suspense. The two uncertainties—

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its sorrow, its dearest treasure, was absolutely silent, as silent as the process of thinking. From time to time there rose before me a vision of those two faces opposing one another—the girl's hard, fixed, stubborn in grief, and Davidson's earnest and compassionate.

For two long hours, two of the longest in the daily cycle, the contest lasted; then the door opened, and Davidson appeared. His face was pale, paler than ordinary, and despite the chilliness of the night was streaming with perspiration from his strenuous cerebration. What did his reappearance mean? Failure? So we all believed. A whimper of despair escaped the mother, and she caught her married daughter by the arm. I sprang toward Davidson.

"A glass of water—quick," he said, in a low tone. "I am not getting on as well as I expected. But the thing is possible. I have succeeded far enough to satisfy myself of that."

For a moment I looked into his tired face and hesitated. It was on my tongue to implore him to give up the struggle. Probably he divined what was passing in my mind, for he repeated, "Come, the water, quick." It was a rebuke for the cowardly counsel I had not uttered. I poured him out a glassful from a carafe standing on the dresser, while he spoke a word or two of reassurement to the relatives. Then he drank off the water, and returned to his toil in the bedroom.

Once more the horrible period of doubts, anxieties, and fears, occurred. Aching in every limb through long continuation in one position, we still kept our eyes fastened to the door, striving to penetrate the panels with our glances, almost as it were by habit, so long did we seem to have sat there watching and waiting. The mother, worn out with weeping and want of sleep, fell presently into a doze, leaning her head against her daughter's shoulder. The rest of us, envious, tempted, could scarcely refrain from nodding.

Another hour, as long as the two preceding together, slowly passed. I found myself forgetting for what to listen, or even to listen at all. Then, suddenly, came a sound from the next room. We were all four awake in a second. A sound, a very small one, but unmistakably a sound—the moving of a chair. We eagerly listened for more. A moment or two of silence, then sounds again—light footsteps they seemed; then there could no longer be any doubt, for we heard them hesitatingly cross the floor. We four sat staring, not daring to conjecture. The door handle turned, the door swung open, and there stood before us the woman—alive—saved. For a deep breathing space we gazed without moving from our places, while she looked back at us with sleep-walking eyes, that saw us not. The hard, stony grief had vanished from her countenance. In its stead there shone an expression of almost childish softness, of infantine freedom from trouble. Bewilderment there was, but a bewilderment of happy awakening, not of despair too great to be grasped.

The same impression was in the mind of each of us, I think, during those first astounding moments. We all felt as though we were looking on one raised from the dead. A miracle! And the worker? That recollection brought me to myself. Leaving the patient to the charge of her overjoyed relatives, I hurried into the bedroom to Davidson, by whom my place now was. On the threshold, however, I was arrested by the extraordinary spectacle which met my sight. Seated by the bed, in the same chair, and precisely in the position of the late patient, facing away from the door, right forearm laid on the bed, left hand turned palm upwards on the lap, head and shoulders slightly twisted and bowed so that the eyes rested on the pillow—was Davidson. He was perfectly still, as

"We all felt as though we were looking on one raised from the dead."

still as the woman had been, and as inattentive to the presence of another. I advanced with faltering steps into the chamber, but halted when I stood behind his chair. I dared go no farther. I feared to behold upon the face of Davidson, that I knew and loved so well, the heart-rending expression which had been on that of the woman.

The rest of the party, bustling about the sitting-room, preparing for departure, aroused me from stupefaction, and recollecting my duties toward Davidson, I crept from the room, locked the door and pocketed the key, to make sure that he was not disturbed while there were still people about the premises. According to Davidson's directions delivered in advance, everything was ready to remove the woman, before she came to herself, from a scene so full of black memories. Wrapped in thick shawls, and led on either hand by her mother and sister, she let herself be guided docilely from her home so early broken up. I preceded them down the staircase, bearing the sitting-room lamp to light their steps. The brother-in-law had hurried before to a neighbouring mews to order the carriage that Davidson had placed at the patient's disposal. The horses had been kept harnessed, and the carriage was already at the door when we descended into the street. I helped to bestow the woman within the carriage, and watched her drive away. Before midday she had reached her mother's home, the home of her own girlhood, a village in Surrey. There her convalescence was passed, and there, amid the happy recollections of her early life previous to trouble, her soul once more revived to joy and life. With recovery, the memory of her sorrow, of the death of her husband, returned, but with diminished acuteness, as of a thing that had happened to her long ago, or to some one else, to a friend she had loved. All that was intimate and immediate in her sorrow had been left behind in the mind of him who occupied at that moment the place beside her husband's bed.

To him I speedily returned. I sat myself down in the now empty room, to await what time Davidson should waken from his reverie of grief. From a distant clock, distant half a diameter of London, so faint and far it sounded, I heard a three-quarters chime—a quarter to four it must have been. How long would my watch last? I had no idea. I could conjecture neither the hour of Davidson's release, nor the manner. Would tears relieve him, or would he quietly and steadily master this sorrow as he had mastered others? Or could it be, paradoxical though it might seem, that an alien grief once made his own by this strange mortal attentive to the sorrow of all but himself, would cease any longer to be grief? I doubt even whether Davidson himself had any definite opinion on the point. But this much I can safely affirm, that what actually did happen, though strictly almost grotesquely logical in sequence and event, he can no more have foreseen than I myself or any other man.

Curiously enough, however, I now felt little anxiety on his behalf, although, as a matter of fact, I was well aware that his present predicament was little less perilous than that of the patient of whom we had despaired but three hours previously. But my elation at his past triumph prophesied to me—falsely, alas!—that he would triumph again in the immediate future.

Alone, seeming to myself the sole waking person in the world, environed by silence, the mysterious silence of a sleeping city, I became conscious, conscious as I had never been before, of the vast assemblage of humanity around me, the vastest on earth, humanity suffering and sorrowing, yet every item of which is all but insensible to the sorrowing and suffering of every other; and immediately I perceived in its true perspective the wonder Davidson had accomplished. Of all these myriads, he alone had pierced the hard barriers of personality which make of every

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man a species to himself. He had equipped with power impotent pity, and had endowed with action passive compassion. The magic of it baffled the imagination. To think that the woman no longer sat in the next room, but Davidson in her stead, dreaming and brooding over the sorrow that had been hers!

Bemused with such marvels, I began to grow drowsy. My prolonged watching, on the top of a long day's work, had tired me out. I sank by degrees into an intermittent slumber, punctuated with nods, and finally into a deep sleep. I slept what seemed a considerable time, though such is the illusive nature of sleep, that, in all probability, my nap had lasted no longer than twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour, before I started suddenly awake, aroused by a sound, a sound that seemed to come from the next room, a sound—something like sobbing. For a second or so, while I still struggled with slumber, memories of haunted chambers crowded to my head, of chambers of mourning haunted by the sound of wailing. These crazy fancies, however, endured but an instant; in another, I had realised with thankfulness what the sobbing betokened. *Davidson was crying.* Tears had come to the relief of his grief. Just as the emotion in the young widow's mind might, in the first instance, have been dispersed in tears, so the same emotion transported to Davidson's brain was discharging itself in sobs. In another minute or two he would have recovered consciousness, and could conquer what remained to him of sadness with the gladness of success.

Meantime, I hearkened, marvelling greatly, and the better to hear, I rose and strode towards the door. The sound grew louder. The storm of grief was evidently increasing, while Davidson appeared to be striving in vain to check its violence. The sobs that escaped him were harsh, and utterly unlike any expression of woe I had ever heard proceed from human throat. I listened, listened, straining my ear-drums to the splitting point—then suddenly every fear, reasonable or unreasonable, that I had experienced in expectancy, rushed back to my mind refreshed by a brief period of hopefulness. *Davidson was not crying—he was laughing!*

I knew what had happened. An odd scrap of scientific lore and an old anecdote recurred to my memory, not extended in words as I relate them, but in a single stroke, in a point of time—how the movements in the muscles in laughing and in crying are identical, and how therefore, for some unaccountable reason, a great store of sorrowful emotion will occasionally, through some strange diversion, be discharged not in tears, but in paroxysms of laughter; and the story of the man whose grief, on beholding his friend shot dead in the street by his side during a siege, was carried off in one great gust of laughter at the ludicrous sight of the friend's tall hat bumping away over the stones. Davidson was laughing. The noises I had taken for sobs were in reality sputters of laughter. It was too horrible. To think of that chamber of mourning resounding with laughter, laughter excited—through what awful dislocation?—by the incidents of that poor woman's sorrow; and such laughter, laughter as of one in agony beyond bearing!

It was true, of course, that laughter might serve to dissipate the accumulated emotion as well as weeping would have done; yet, for all that, it had a note none the less abhorrent and abnormal. Horror rendered easier alarm. Action of some sort I felt bound to take, yet what, I hardly knew. At the thought of entering the room, a wave of goose-flesh rippled up my back, over my scalp, and down through the muscles of my face; but enter, for the sake of my friend, I felt I ought. I caught hold of the door handle. The door was locked. Locked? I remembered: I had locked it myself. I fumbled in my pockets for the key, then fumbled with the key for the lock. The door opened. Behind was black

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darkness; the lamp had burnt out. I hurriedly brought one from the sitting-room, set it upon the first convenient piece of furniture, and looked for Davidson. He had disappeared. No, I discovered him. He was lying on the bed, face downwards; the pillow was crammed into his mouth, while his back heaved convulsively. I approached and laid a hand upon his shoulder. At my touch he writhed, turned half over on the bed, and, still writhing, rolled off on to the floor.

"Here, huddled together, we peered over the shoulders of one another into the apartment."

There he remained sitting, bending slightly forward, shaken with suppressed spasms, hiding his face in his hands, from behind which, now and again, a spurt of laughter escaped. I knelt beside him, and tried gently to pull one hand aside, that I could see his face. In a second he had fallen on his back, his hands were blown from his mouth, and there broke from his throat the most diabolical peal of laughter.

From that moment he lost all control of himself. Stretched upon the boards,

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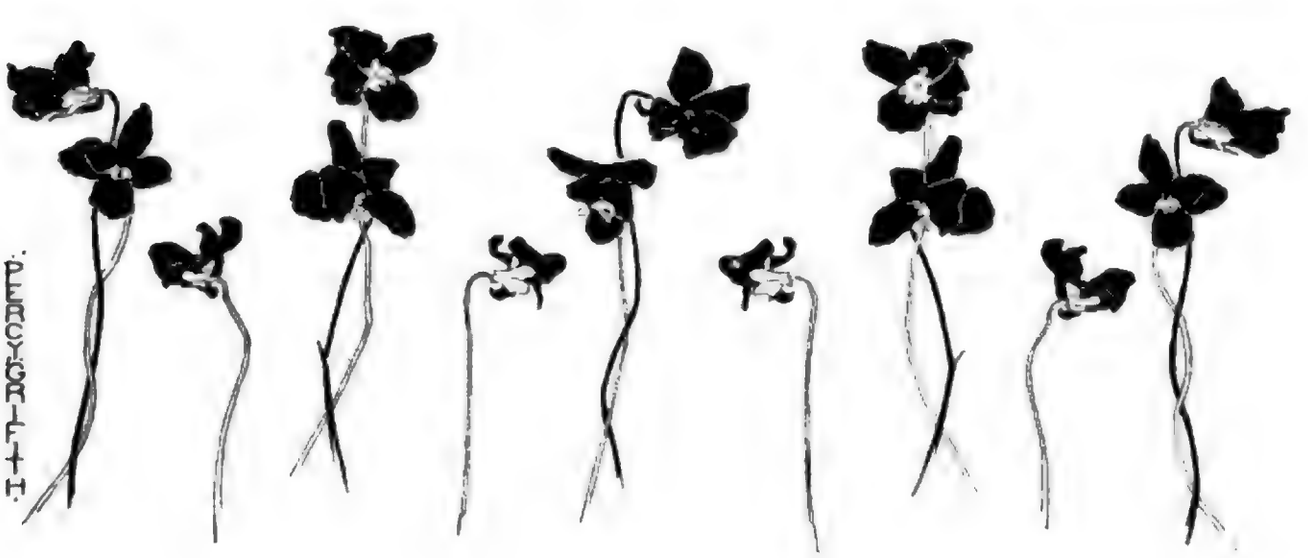
tossing this way and that, clasping his sides, he put forth from the very pit of his lungs, bellow after bellow. I jumped astride of him, and tried to hold him down, but he hurled me to the ground almost at once. Next I tried to hypnotise him, to master for him his masterless emotion; but as well might a wren have wrestled with a hurricane. Most horrible of all, I perceived that with the unloosing of his passion he had become conscious. He recognised me, I could see, and realised, too, his danger and his indignity. He made an effort to speak, but whatever words he may have formed were swept out of his mouth like weak swimmers in the torrent of sound that issued thence. Only from his eyes, his strange eyes, that looked serious from his contorted face, he cast me a glance, a glance of despair and farewell, such as a man caught in the machinery of a mill might cast his mate before he was whirled to destruction.

That look was more than I could stand. I confess I lost my head. I sprang to my feet, rushed from the room, through the next, down the stairs, pursued as I ran by Davidson's appalling yells, down into the street, shouting "Help!" though what could help, and where helpers were to come from, I never reflected. It was just growing light, and on a sudden I perceived that the whole place was full of people, attracted to the spot by the noise, I suppose—a policeman, a night watchman, a man in dress clothes, a milkman, a couple of workmen with tool-bags in their hands, three or four neighbours who had hurried out half dressed—all of whom I beheld without the least surprise. More from my manner, I suspect, than my incoherent words, must these have gathered that something terrible had happened; though for that matter, that needed little telling while the street echoed with the clatter of laughter. Never from any torture chamber of the Middle Ages, nor from any ancient bedlam where men were tickled to madness, could more horrible cries have proceeded. We stood, a little awe-struck group, hearkening, when, abruptly, the noises ceased. In a compact crowd, moved by one impulse, we surged across the road, into the house, up the staircase, through the outer room to the threshold of the bed-chamber. Here, huddled together, we pulled up and peered over the shoulders of one another into the apartment.

It was finished. By the light of the lamp, beginning to grow ghastly before the first pale rays of dawn, we saw Davidson dead upon the floor, stretched motionless in the last contortion into which that mighty force Sorrow, the mightiest in the world, had flung him, before it had destroyed him.

STEWART JOHNSON.



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THE MINUET.

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HUNTING.

III.—THE FIELD-RIDERS AND OTHERWISE.

IN the noble "sport of kings" two elements are ever present, as, according to the French proverb there are in love: "Il y a toujours l'un qui aime et l'autre qui est aimée." Substitute the verb *chasser* for *aimer*, and we have it. Hitherto I have dealt with the engine—or machine, if I may call it so—that the hunted one has to pit himself against; I mean the master, hunt servants, and hounds. I now come to those for whose delectation the pack is kept up—those who, to use an expression I detest, follow the hounds, and who are generally known as the "field." And what a strange mixture we find—all sorts, shapes, and sizes!—some who have come out for sport, some for business, some because they think it is the right thing to do, and some to meet some one else, probably of the opposite sex. Even amongst those who turn up for sport there are many classes: hard-riding youngsters, whose sole idea is galloping and jumping; equally hard-riding men of maturer age, who love hunting *per se*, who love to see the hounds work, who know the run of a fox as well as he does himself, and who look on fences and brooks as merely so many obstacles to be negotiated and taken as they come. Then we have the still older sportsmen, who also love hunting for itself, but who, being unable to ride over the country as they used to do, discuss amongst themselves their former successes, lamenting the while the decadence of the sport; and then, when the hounds have found and are away, manage to see most of the run by utilising their knowledge and nicking in at various points by a series of short cuts. It is wonderful, too, how seldom they are wrong. Over and over again I have seen the fox break away from the bottom end of a gorse with the hounds almost on his back, and go down wind as straight as an arrow, the old gentlemen being left at the top end, hopelessly out of it one would say. Away they go to the left or right, while we have to ride for all we are worth to get anywhere near the hounds. Fifteen minutes or so at racing speed, with a toss or two thrown in by way of encouragement, and then a sharp turn either one way or the other for five minutes more, when hounds suddenly throw up. You jump off your three-parts cooked horse to give him a breather, and look round. What is the first thing you see? Why, the old sportsman you left at the gorse sitting there quite cool and comfortable, in all probability giving the huntsman the tip as to which way the fox has gone, and, what is more galling,

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perfectly able to describe the whole of the sharp burst and your own particular discomfiture at the brook or the rails or the big fence out of the water-meadows. "I spotted you, my boy," the genial old gentleman will say; "I spotted you, and I said to myself, 'If he goes at it that pace he'll be down,' and, by Jove, you were!" And then he will chuckle, and you feel you would like to murder him there and then, and are only saved by the hounds getting on the line again.

Even this is not so distracting as the contingent that frequent the centre of the hard high road. When, after forty minutes' hard riding, one turns up just as the huntsman is giving the fox to the hounds, with one's coat covered with mud, one's hat smashed, a painful contusion of the knee, and possibly a stiff shoulder, it is a bit rough to hear the road-riders' accounts of the run, and to be asked by one of them why you are so far behind and what you have been doing to yourself, when you know as a positive fact that the individual who is questioning you has never ridden over a fence, and dare not attempt it to save his life. Yet to hear the "highway brigade" talk, any one who did not know them would think they were the bruisers of the hunt. It is a bit annoying, when you have had an imperial crowner at some fence on the way and shaken yourself up considerably, to be told by one of the band in question, "Ah, you should have had that fence where I did—a bit lower down. I know the place where you came to grief well—shocking bad take off—nearly broke my neck there last year." And all because the road happened to run parallel to the said fence, and the disaster was seen from it.

There is also one other class of hunting-man—save the mark!—who is a most intolerable bore. He belongs to the "would an I could" school. Always in the way, always looking out for a convenient gap, and generally crossing one at a ticklish place just as one has picked the spot where one means to have it. For the most part he is well mounted and most immaculately turned out, and he means well. Down a big grass field, or over the downs, he is as right as rain; but unfortunately he suffers from an incurable disease of the heart, or rather, I should say, his heart is not quite in the proper place, and as he nears the fence at the end his pace gets slower and slower, and his eyes roam up and down to find a broken rail, an open gate, or a very weak spot—a large gap for choice. When he has discovered this he at once makes for it, cutting straight across any one unfortunate enough to be in his wake, and is absolutely deaf to argument or objurgation. I can well remember on one occasion, when two of the soft-hearted ones were funking and messing about at really the only practicable place in a big bullfinch, a hard-riding farmer, on a big up-standing horse, came sailing down, and, shouting, "Room, please!" knocked them both clean over the other side. Before they had had time to pick up the pieces, he turned round with a broad grin, said, "That's the way to do it, gentlemen," and then galloped on. How we did bless that farmer! and how angry the two unfortunates were!

And this brings me to the backbone of every hunt—viz. the farmer. Without his assistance and co-operation where should we be? He sees his fences broken and his gates left open with perfect equanimity so long as the hounds are running. He can generally ride, and nine times out of ten has a useful animal out. He is as keen as mustard, and if they find on his farm, be it in the gorse or covert, he is for the time being the proudest man in England. No one can tell better than he where the foxes are likely to be, and in these days of barbed wire you may lay long odds that on the land of the farmer who hunts it is properly flagged. It is what our American cousins call a very cold day for the non-sporting farmer who comes into a hunting-country, wires his fences, and objects to his land being ridden over. Sooner or later his brother agriculturists

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will "get at" him, and it generally ends in his retirement to fresh fields and pastures new.

Some years ago there was a *soi-disant* farmer—I think he had been a grocer in London—who took a farm in one of the Midland counties, and gave out that he was not going to have the hounds over his land breaking his fences and gates and doing this, that, and the other. All his fences were wired, and he refused to have them flagged. "I'll show them what's what! They ain't going to fool me with their beastly 'unting and dogs and horses and so forth," was what he said; the result being, that after standing it for three weeks there was a combination of young sporting farmers, who met one afternoon in solemn conclave, and the next morning there was not a gate or a gate-post left on that man's farm, and most of his wire fencing had disappeared. He "gassed" a good deal about the law, etc., and what he was going to do, but the end was a speedy migration. No, we could not do without the farmers.

And the ladies—what can I say about them? I am well aware that there are men who say that they have no business in the field, that they are all a nuisance and in the way; but I don't agree with that opinion at all. There are many women who can and do ride quite as straight and well as any man, and, what is more, know just as much, if not more, about the game. I could name ten or twelve offhand who cannot be beaten. Why, in heaven's name, should they not hunt? I admit that the woman who cannot ride or look after herself, and who only comes out because she thinks it is the proper thing, is a nuisance; and woe betide the unfortunate being who has to pilot her! She will want all the gates opened for her, through which she will gallop, much to the discomfort of her unlucky swain. She will be worse at a gap than even the "would an I could" brigade. More than once during a run she will require her stirrup altered or her girths tightened; and should she be riding a kicker, beware of her in a gateway, for she will go near to breaking your leg, and then turn round with a sweet smile and say, "Oh, I am *so* sorry! I hope my naughty horse did not hurt you." You have to bear it as best you can, and what makes it worse is that you cannot relieve your feelings by letting off a "swear-word." Such a woman as that is no doubt better at home, and should not be allowed by her husband, father, or any one in authority to come farther than the meet. But to say that no lady should hunt is narrow-minded and absurd.

One more type and I have finished; and that is the irrepressible gentleman—generally a young one, and often, I am sorry to say, a gallant defender of his country—who always, if he can, gets away with the fox before the hounds are out, with the inevitable result that he heads him, and then having been duly hauled over the coals by the irate Master, tries to make amends by jumping into the middle of the pack and laming two or three hounds, if by good luck he does not kill one. He will, by himself, off his own bat, go far to ruin any day's sport; and should he happen to combine with another offender—the somewhat shady horse-dealer, who is riding a young 'un for sale—the game is up, and you may as well go home. I shall always remember a well-known old huntsman, after two or three ineffectual attempts to force his fox out of some osiers, in which he was foiled every time by the antics of two young subalterns and a horse-dealer, saying, "Look at that blessed trio!—two young Army gents and a 'horse-coper.' How can any decent fox face that lot? I wish I could pole-axe the three and send them to the kennels, though I don't suppose hounds would touch 'em." It was not altogether civil, but there was a good deal of truth and justice in his remark.

A. G. Bagot ("Bagatelle").

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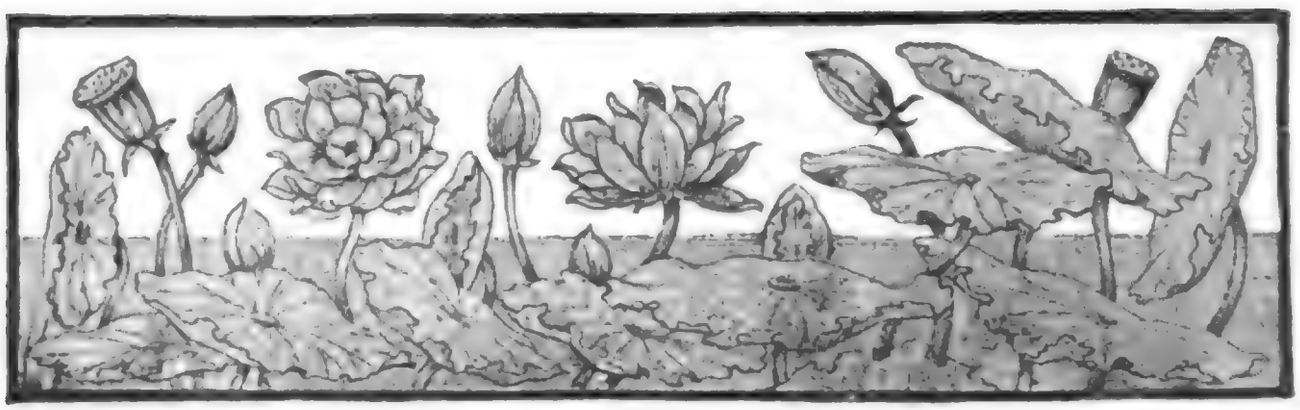

A CASE OF EAVES-DROPPING.

JIM SHORTHOUSE was the sort of fellow who always made a mess of things. Everything with which his hands or mind came into contact issued from such contact in an unqualified and irremediable state of mess. His college days were a mess: he was twice rusticated. His schooldays were a mess: he went to half a dozen, each passing him on to the next with a worse character and in a more developed state of mess. His early boyhood was the sort of mess that copy-books and dictionaries spell with a big "M," and his babyhood—ugh! was the embodiment of a howling, yowling, screaming mess.

At the age of forty, however, there came a change in his troubled life, when he met a girl with half a million in her own right, who consented to marry him, and who very soon succeeded in reducing his most messy existence into a state of comparative order and system.

Certain incidents, important and otherwise, of Jim's life would never have come to be told here but for the fact that in getting into his "messes" and out of them again he succeeded in drawing himself into the atmosphere of peculiar circumstances and strange happenings. He attracted to his path the curious adventures of life as unfailingly as meat attracts flies, and jam wasps. It is to the meat and jam of his life, so to speak, that he owes his experiences; his after-life was all pudding, which attracts nothing but greedy children. With marriage the interest of his life ceased for all but one person, and his path became regular as the sun's instead of erratic as a comet's.

The first experience in order of time that he related to me shows that somewhere latent behind his disarranged nervous system there lay psychic perceptions of an uncommon order. About the age of twenty-two—I think after his second rustication—his father's purse and patience had equally given out, and Jim found himself stranded high and dry in a large American city. High and dry! And the only clothes that had no holes in them safely in the keeping of his uncle's wardrobe.

Careful reflection on a bench in one of the city parks led him to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to persuade the city editor of one of the daily journals that he possessed an observant mind and a ready pen, and that he could "do good work for your paper, sir, as a reporter." This, then, he did, standing at a most unnatural angle between the editor and the window to conceal the whereabouts of the holes.

"Guess we'll have to give you a week's trial," said the editor, who, ever on the look-out for good chance material, took on shoals of men in that way and

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retained on the average one man per shoal. Anyhow it gave Jim Shorthouse the wherewithal to sew up the holes and relieve his uncle's wardrobe of its burden.

Then he went to find living quarters; and in this proceeding his unique characteristics already referred to—what theosophists would call his Karma—began unmistakably to assert themselves, for it was in the house he eventually selected that this sad tale took place.

There are no "diggings" in American cities. The alternatives for small incomes are grim enough—rooms in a boarding-house where meals are served, or in a room-house where no meals are served—not even breakfast. Rich people

"'Guess we'll have to give you a week's trial.'"

live in palaces, of course, but Jim had nothing to do with "sich-like." His horizon was bounded with boarding-houses and room-houses; and, owing to the necessary irregularity of his meals and hours, he took the latter.

It was a large, gaunt-looking place in a side street, with dirty windows and a creaking iron gate, but the rooms were large, and the one he selected and paid for in advance was on the top floor. The landlady looked gaunt and dusty as the house, and quite as old. Her eyes were green and faded, and her features large.

"Waal," she twanged with her electrifying Western drawl, "that's the room, if you like it, and that's the price I said. Now, if you want it, why, just say so; and if you don't, why, it don't hurt me any."

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Jim wanted to shake her, but he feared the clouds of long-accumulated dust in her clothes, and as the price and size of the room suited him, he decided to take it.

"Any one else on this floor?" he asked.

She looked at him queerly out of her faded eyes before she answered.

"None of my guests ever put such questions to me before," she said, "but I guess you're different. Why, there's no one at all but an old gent that's stayed here every bit of five years. He's over thar," pointing to the end of the passage.

"Ah! I see," said Shorthouse, feebly. "So I'm alone up here?"

"Reckon you are, pretty near," she twanged out, ending the conversation abruptly by turning her back on her new "guest," and going slowly and deliberately downstairs.

The newspaper work kept Shorthouse out most of the night. Three times a week he got home at 1 a.m., and three times at 3 a.m. The room proved comfortable enough, and he paid for a second week. His unusual hours had so far prevented his meeting any inmates of the house, and not a sound had been heard from the "old gent" who shared the floor with him. It seemed a very quiet house.

One night, about the middle of the second week, he came home tired after a long day's work. The lamp that usually stood all night in the hall had burned itself out, and he had to stumble upstairs in the dark. He made considerable noise in doing so, but nobody seemed to be disturbed. The whole house was utterly quiet, and probably everybody was asleep. There were no lights under any of the doors. All was in darkness. It was after two o'clock.

After reading some English letters that had come during the day, and dipping for a few minutes into a book, he became drowsy and got ready for bed. Just as he was about to get in between the sheets, he stopped for a moment and listened. There rose in the night, as he did so, the sound of steps somewhere in the house below. Listening attentively, he heard that it was somebody coming upstairs—a heavy tread, and the owner taking no pains to step quietly. On it came up the stairs, tramp, tramp, tramp—evidently the tread of a big man, and one in something of a hurry.

At once thoughts connected somehow with fire and police flashed through Jim's brain, but there were no sounds of voices with the steps, and he reflected in the same moment that it could only be the old gentleman keeping late hours and tumbling upstairs in the darkness. He was in the act of turning out the gas and stepping into bed, when the house resumed its former stillness by the footsteps suddenly coming to a dead stop immediately outside his own room.

With his hand on the gas, Shorthouse paused a moment before turning it out to see if the steps would go on again, when he was startled by a loud knocking on his door. Instantly, in obedience to a curious and unexplained instinct, he turned out the light, leaving himself and the room in total darkness.

He had scarcely taken a step across the room to open the door, when a voice from the other side of the wall, so close it almost sounded in his ear, exclaimed in German, "Is that you, father? Come in."

The speaker was a man in the next room, and the knocking, after all, had not been on his own door, but on that of the adjoining chamber, which he had supposed to be vacant.

Almost before the man in the passage had time to answer in German, "Let me in at once," Jim heard some one cross the floor and unlock the door. Then

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it was slammed to with a bang, and there was audible the sound of footsteps about the room, and of chairs being drawn up to a table and knocking against furniture on the way. The men seemed wholly regardless of their neighbour's comfort, for they made noise enough to waken the dead.

"Serves me right for taking a room in such a cheap hole," reflected Jim in the darkness. "I wonder whom she's let the room to!"

The two rooms, the landlady had told him, were originally one. She had put up a thin partition—just a row of boards—to increase her income. The doors were adjacent, and only separated by the massive upright beam between them. When one was opened or shut the other rattled.

With utter indifference to the comfort of the other sleepers in the house, the two Germans had meanwhile commenced to talk both at once and at the top of their voices. They talked emphatically, even angrily. The words "Father" and "Otto" were freely used. Shorthouse understood German, but as he stood listening for the first minute or two, an eaves-dropper in spite of himself, it was difficult to make head or tail of the talk, for neither would give way to the other, and the jumble of guttural sounds and unfinished sentences was wholly unintelligible. Then, very suddenly, both voices dropped together; and, after a moment's pause, the deep tones of one of them, who seemed to be the "father," said, with the utmost distinctness:—

"You mean, Otto, that you refuse to get it?"

There was a sound of some one shuffling in the chair before the answer came.

"I mean that I don't know how to get it. It is so much, father. It is *too* much. A part of it——"

"A part of it!" cried the other, with an angry oath, "a part of it, when ruin and disgrace are already in the house, is worse than useless. If you can get half you can get all, you wretched fool. Half-measures only damn all concerned."

"You told me last time ——" began the other firmly, but was not allowed to finish. A succession of horrible oaths drowned his sentence, and the father went on, in a voice vibrating with anger:—

"You know she will give you anything. You have only been married a few months. If you ask and give a plausible reason you can get all we want and more. You can ask it temporarily. All will be paid back. It will re-establish the firm, and she will never know what was done with it. With that amount, Otto, you know I can recoup all these terrible losses, and in less than a year all will be repaid. But without it. . . . You must get it, Otto. Hear me, you must. Am I to be arrested for the misuse of trust moneys? Is our honoured name to be cursed and spat on?" The old man choked and stammered in his anger and desperation.

Shorthouse stood shivering in the darkness and listening in spite of himself. The conversation had carried him along with it, and he had been for some reason afraid to let his neighbourhood be known. But at this point he realised that he had listened too long and that he must inform the two men that they could be overheard to every single syllable. So he coughed loudly, and at the same time rattled the handle of his door. It seemed to have no effect, for the voices continued just as loudly as before, the son protesting and the father growing more and more angry. He coughed again persistently, and also contrived purposely in the darkness to tumble against the partition, feeling the thin boards yield easily under his weight, and making considerable noise in so doing. But the voices went on unconcernedly, and louder than ever. Could it be possible they had not heard?

By this time Jim was more concerned about his own sleep than the morality

of overhearing the private scandals of his neighbours, and he went out into the passage and knocked smartly at their door. Instantly, as if by magic, the sounds ceased. Everything dropped into utter silence. There was no light under the door and not a whisper could be heard within. He knocked again, but received no answer.

"Gentlemen," he began at length with his lips close to the keyhole, and in German, "please do not talk so loud. I can overhear all you say in the next room. Besides, it is very late, and I wish to sleep."

He paused and listened, but no answer was forthcoming. He turned the handle and found the door was locked. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night except the faint swish of the wind over the skylight and the creaking of a board here and there in the house below. The cold air of a very early morning crept down the passage, and made him shiver. The silence of the house began to impress him disagreeably. He looked behind him and about him, hoping, and yet fearing, that something would break the stillness. The voices still seemed to ring on in his ears; but that sudden silence, when he knocked at the door, affected him far more unpleasantly than the voices, and put strange thoughts in his brain—thoughts he did not like or approve.

Moving stealthily from the door, he peered over the banisters into the space below. It was like a deep vault that might conceal in its shadows anything that was not good. It was not difficult to fancy he saw an indistinct moving-to-and-fro below him. Was that a figure sitting on the stairs peering up obliquely at him out of hideous eyes? Was that a sound of whispering and shuffling down there in the dark halls and forsaken landings? Was it something more than the inarticulate murmur of the night?

The wind made an effort overhead, singing over the skylight, and the door behind him rattled and made him start. He turned to go back to his room, and the draught closed the door slowly in his face as if there were some one pressing against it from the other side. When he pushed it open and went in, a hundred shadowy forms seemed to dart swiftly and silently back to their corners and hiding-places. But in the adjoining room the sounds had entirely ceased, and Shorthouse soon crept into bed, and left the house with its inmates, waking or sleeping, to take care of themselves, while he entered the region of dreams and silence.

Next day, strong in the common sense that the sunlight brings, he determined to lodge a complaint against the noisy occupants of the next room and make the landlady request them to modify their voices at such late hours of the night and morning. But it so happened that she was not to be seen that day, and when he returned from the office at midnight it was, of course, too late.

Looking under the door as he came up to bed he noticed that there was no light, and concluded that the Germans were not in. So much the better. He went to sleep about one o'clock, fully decided that if they came up later and woke him with their horrible noises he would not rest till he had roused the landlady and made her reprove them with that authoritative twang, in which every word was like the lash of a metallic whip.

However, there proved to be no need for such drastic measures, for Shorthouse slumbered peacefully all night, and his dreams—chiefly of the fields of grain and flocks of sheep on the far-away farms of his father's estate—were permitted to run their fanciful course unbroken.

Two nights later, however, when he came home tired out, after a difficult day, and wet and blown about by one of the wickedest storms he had ever seen, his dreams—always of the fields and sheep—were not destined to be so undisturbed.

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He had already dozed off in that delicious glow that follows the removal of wet clothes and the immediate snuggling under warm blankets, when his consciousness, hovering on the borderland between sleep and waking, was vaguely troubled by a sound that rose indistinctly from the depths of the house, and, between the gusts of wind and rain, reached his ears with an accompanying sense of uneasiness and discomfort. It rose on the night air with some pretence of regularity, dying away again in the roar of the wind to reassert itself distantly in the deep, brief hushes of the storm.

For a few minutes Jim's dreams were coloured only—tinged, as it were, by this impression of fear approaching from somewhere insensibly upon him. His consciousness, at first, refused to be drawn back from that enchanted region where it had wandered, and he did not immediately awaken. But the nature of his dreams changed unpleasantly. He saw the sheep suddenly run huddled together, as though frightened by the neighbourhood of an enemy, while the fields of waving corn became agitated as though some monster were moving uncouthly among the crowded stalks. The sky grew dark, and in his dream an awful sound came somewhere from the clouds. It was in reality the sound downstairs growing more distinct.

Shorthouse shifted uneasily across the bed with something like a groan of distress. The next minute he awoke, and found himself sitting straight up in bed—listening. Was it a nightmare? Had he been dreaming evil dreams, that his flesh crawled and the hair stirred on his head?

The room was dark and silent, but outside the wind howled dismally and drove the rain with repeated assaults against the rattling windows. How nice it would be—the thought flashed through his mind—if all winds, like the west wind, went down with the sun! They made such fiendish noises at night, like the crying of angry voices. In the daytime they had such a different sound. If only——

Hark! It was no dream after all, for the sound was momentarily growing louder, and its *cause* was coming up the stairs. He found himself speculating feebly what this cause might be, but the sound was still too indistinct to enable him to arrive at any definite conclusion.

The voice of a church clock striking two made itself heard above the wind. It was just about the hour when the Germans had commenced their performance three nights before. Shorthouse made up his mind that if they began it again he would not put up with it for very long. Yet he was already horribly conscious of the difficulty he would have of getting out of bed. The clothes were so warm and comforting against his back. The sound, still steadily coming nearer, had by this time become differentiated from the confused clamour of the elements, and had resolved itself into the footsteps of one or more persons.

"The Germans, hang 'em!" thought Jim. "But what on earth is the matter with me? I never felt so queer in all my life."

He was trembling all over, and felt as cold as though he were in a freezing atmosphere. His nerves were steady enough, and he felt no diminution of physical courage, but he was conscious of a curious sense of malaise and trepidation, such as even the most vigorous men have been known to experience when in the first grip of some horrible and deadly disease. As the footsteps approached this feeling of weakness increased. He felt a strange lassitude creeping over him, a sort of exhaustion, accompanied by a growing numbness in the extremities, and a sensation of dreaminess in the head, as if perhaps the consciousness were leaving its accustomed seat in the brain and preparing to act on another plane. Yet,

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strange to say, as the vitality was slowly withdrawn from his body, his senses seemed to grow more acute.

Meanwhile the steps were already on the landing at the top of the stairs, and Shorthouse, still sitting upright in bed, heard a heavy body brush past his door and along the wall outside, and almost immediately afterwards, the loud knocking of some one's knuckles on the door of the adjoining room.

Instantly, though so far not a sound had proceeded from within, he heard, through the thin partition, a chair pushed back and a man quickly cross the floor and open the door.

"Ah! it's you," he heard in the son's voice. Had the fellow, then, been sitting silently in there all this time, waiting for his father's arrival? To Shorthouse it came not as a pleasant reflection by any means.

There was no answer to this dubious greeting, but the door was closed quietly, and then there was a sound as if a bag or parcel had been thrown on a wooden table and had slid some distance across it before stopping.

"What's that?" asked the son, with anxiety in his tone.

"You may know before I go," returned the other gruffly. Indeed his voice was more than gruff: it betrayed ill-suppressed passion.

Shorthouse was conscious of a strong desire to stop the conversation before it proceeded any further, but somehow or other his will was not equal to the task, and he could not get out of bed. The conversation went on, every tone and inflexion distinctly audible above the noise of the storm.

In a low voice the father continued. Jim missed some of the words at the beginning of the sentence. It ended with: ". . . but now they've all left, and I've managed to get up to you. You know what I've come for." There was distinct menace in his tone.

"Yes," returned the other; "I have been waiting."

"And the money?" asked the father impatiently.

No answer.

"You've had three days to get it in, and I've contrived to stave off the worst so far—but to-morrow is the end."

No answer.

"Speak, Otto! What have you got for me? Speak, my son; for God's sake, tell me."

There was a moment's silence, during which the old man's vibrating accents seemed to echo through the rooms. Then came in a low voice the answer:

"I have nothing."

"Otto!" cried the other with passion, "nothing!"

"I can get nothing," came almost in a whisper.

"You lie!" cried the other, in a half-stifled voice. "I swear you lie. Give me the money."

A chair was heard scraping along the floor. Evidently the men had been sitting over the table, and one of them had risen. Shorthouse heard the bag or parcel drawn across the table, and then a step as if one of the men was crossing to the door.

"Father, what's in that? I must know," said Otto, with the first signs of determination in his voice. There must have been an effort on the son's part to gain possession of the parcel in question, and on the father's to retain it, for between them it fell to the ground. A curious rattle followed its contact with the floor. Instantly there were sounds of a scuffle. The men were struggling for the possession of the box. The elder man with oaths, and blasphemous imprecations, the other with short gasps that betokened the strength of his efforts.

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It was of short duration, and the younger man had evidently won, for a minute later was heard his angry exclamation.

"I knew it. Her jewels! You scoundrel, you shall never have them. It is a crime."

The elder man uttered a short, guttural laugh, which froze Jim's blood and made his skin creep. No word was spoken, and for the space of ten seconds there was a living silence. Then the air trembled with the sound of a thud, followed immediately by a groan and the crash of a heavy body falling over on to the table. A second later there was a lurching from the table on to the floor and against the partition that separated the rooms. The bed quivered an instant at the shock, but the unholy spell was lifted from his soul and Jim Shorthouse sprang out of bed and across the floor in a single bound. He knew that ghastly murder had been done—the murder by a father of his son.

With shaking fingers but a determined heart he lit the gas, and the first thing in which his eyes corroborated the evidence of his ears was the horrifying detail that the lower portion of the partition bulged unnaturally into his room. The glaring paper with which it was covered had cracked under the tension and the boards beneath it bent inwards towards him. What hideous load was behind them, he shuddered to think.

All this he saw in less than a second. Since the final lurch against the wall not a sound had proceeded from the room, not even a groan or a footstep. All was still but the howl of the wind, which to his ears had in it a note of triumphant horror.

Shorthouse was in the act of leaving the room to rouse the house and send for the police—in fact his hand was already on the door-knob—when something in the room arrested his attention. Out of the corner of his eyes he thought he caught sight of something moving. He was sure of it, and turning his eyes in the direction, he found he was not mistaken.

Something was creeping slowly towards him along the floor. It was something dark and serpentine in shape, and it came from the place where the partition bulged. He stooped down to examine it with feelings of intense horror and repugnance, and he discovered that it was moving toward him from the *other side* of the wall. His eyes were fascinated, and for the moment he was unable to move. Silently, slowly, from side to side like a thick worm, it crawled forward into the room beneath his frightened eyes, until at length he could stand it no longer and stretched out his arm to touch it. But at the instant of contact he withdrew his hand with a suppressed scream. It was sluggish—and it was warm! and he saw that his fingers were stained with living crimson.

A second more, and Shorthouse was out in the passage with his hand on the door of the next room. It was locked. He plunged forward with all his weight against it, and, the lock giving way, he fell headlong into a room that was pitch dark and very cold. In a moment he was on his feet again and trying to penetrate the blackness. Not a sound, not a movement. Not even the sense of a presence. It was empty, miserably empty!

Across the room he could trace the outline of a window with rain streaming down the outside, and the blurred lights of the city beyond. But the room was empty, appallingly empty;—and so still. He stood there, cold as ice, staring, shivering, listening. Suddenly there was a step behind him and a light flashed into the room, and when he turned quickly with his arm up as if to ward off a terrific blow he found himself face to face with the landlady. Instantly the reaction began to set in.

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Shorthouse was beside himself. He felt ready to pick her up and drop her over the banisters, candle and all.

"Look there," he said, pointing at her within an inch of her blinking eyes with the fingers that had touched the oozing blood: "look there, my good woman. Is that only thinking?"

She stared a minute, as if not knowing what he meant.

"I guess so," she said at length.

He followed her eyes, and to his amazement saw that his fingers were as white as usual, and quite free from the awful stain that had been there ten minutes before. There was no sign of blood. No amount of staring could bring it back. Had he gone out of his mind? Had his eyes and ears played such tricks with him? Had his senses become false and perverted? He dashed past the landlady, out into the passage, and gained his own room in a couple of strides. Whew! . . . the partition no longer bulged. The paper was not torn. There was no creeping, crawling thing on the faded old carpet. . . .

"It's all over now," drawled the metallic voice behind him. "I'm goin' to bed again."

He turned and saw the landlady slowly going downstairs again, still shading the candle with her hand and peering up at him from time to time as she moved. A black, ugly, unwholesome object, he thought, as she disappeared into the darkness below, and the last flicker of her candle threw a queer-shaped shadow along the wall and over the ceiling.

Without hesitating a moment, Shorthouse threw himself into his clothes and went out of the house. He preferred the storm to the horrors of that top floor, and he walked the streets till daylight. In the evening he told the landlady he would leave next day, in spite of her assurances that nothing more would happen.

"It never comes back," she said—"that is, not after he's killed."

Shorthouse gasped.

"You gave me a lot for my money," he growled.

"Waal, it aren't my show," she drawled. "I'm no spirit medium. You takes chances. Some'll sleep right along and never hear nothin'. Others, like yourself, are different and get the whole thing."

"Who's the old gentleman?—does he hear it?" asked Jim.

"There's no old gentleman at all," she answered coolly. "I just told you that to make you feel easy like in case you did hear anythin'. You were all alone on the floor."

"Say now," she went on, after a pause in which Shorthouse could think of nothing to say but unpublishable things,—"Say now, do tell, did you feel sort of cold when the show was on, sort of tired and weak, I mean, as if you might be going to die?"

"How can I say?" he answered savagely; "what I felt God only knows."

"Waal, but He won't tell," she drawled out. "Only I was wonderin' how you really did feel, because the man who had that room last was found one morning in bed——"

"In bed?"

"He was dead. He was the one before you. Oh! You don't need to get rattled so. You're all right. And it all really happened, they do say. This house used to be a private residence some twenty-five years ago, and a German family of the name of Steinhardt lived here. They had a big business in Wall Street, and stood 'way up in things."

"Ah!" said her listener.

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"Oh yes, they did, right at the top, till one fine day it all bust and the old man skipped with the boodle——"

"Skipped with the boodle?"

"That's so," she said; "got clear away with all the money, and the son was found dead in his house, committed soocide it was thought. Though there was some as said he couldn't have stabbed himself and fallen in that position. They said he was murdered. The father died in prison. They tried to fasten the murder on him, but there was no motive, or no evidence, or no somethin'. I forget now."

"Very pretty," said Shorthouse.

"I'll show you somethin' mighty queer anyways," she drawled, "if you'll come upstairs a minute. I've heard the steps and voices lots of times; they don't pheaze me any. I'd just as lief hear so many dogs barkin'. You'll find the whole story in the newspapers if you look it up—not what goes on here, but the story of the Germans. My house would be ruined if they told all, and I'd sue for damages."

They reached the bedroom, and the woman went in and pulled up the edge of the carpet where Shorthouse had seen the blood soaking in the previous night.

"Look thar, if you feel like it," said the old hag. Stooping down, he saw a dark, dull stain in the boards that corresponded exactly to the shape and position of the blood as he had seen it.

That night he slept in a hotel, and the following day sought new quarters. In the newspapers on file in his office after a long search he found twenty years back the detailed story, substantially as the woman had said, of Steinhardt & Co.'s failure, the absconding and subsequent arrest of the senior partner, and the suicide, or murder, of his son Otto. The landlady's room-house had formerly been their private residence.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"GOD OF OUR FATHERS," OR BARTY'S LAMP.

MR. WALTER COLLIER, travelling from the town of Linford to the village of Bradley, is in danger of losing his way and his temper simultaneously. The former has been long and tedious, the latter threatens to become correspondingly short.

He had left the town early on an October afternoon, anticipating with delight a walk of fifteen miles. His way lay over moors, still bright with heather, and through pine woods where the fallen cones and twigs made a crisp carpet for the feet. The raw cold of the autumn evening clings round him like a damp sheet. A large bump of locality and a larger one of determination eventually rescue him from what might have become a deplorable situation. The last wood has been skirted, the last hill traversed, when doubt again arrests his footsteps. The sorry experience bought by error might have been his, had it not been for the fact that above the sea of doubt and difficulty there arises a star—a beacon—rosy and inviting, which points out the way.

This is by no means the first time that Bartimæus Heather has fulfilled the mission for which he firmly believes that he was created, and his window-light has acted as a guiding star to the benighted traveller. His cottage, in so far as is possible to so lowly an edifice, dominates the entrance to the village. Its low thatched roof and modest dimensions would pass unnoticed in the gloom, were it not for the lamp burning behind the red blind in the little window, that gives out a friendly inviting stare into the darkness beyond—the "oi" of the village, as Barty proudly calls it.

Mr. Heather's day is composed of two solemn functions—the lighting of the lamp and his evening prayer. The minor details as to wherewithal he shall be fed and clothed do not trouble him. His cottage is his own, left to him by his late master with an income of £5 per annum. An occasional shilling is added to this munificence by the toil of Barty's crippled limbs, twisted and gnarled like the trunks of some trees, by rheumatism. He tries to cover the lack of proficiency in his labour by the superfluity of time devoted to it. Uninfluenced by any eight hours' bill, his conscience sternly exacts full ten hours of toil, no matter how much the pain of his sapless bones may plead for an earlier respite.

But he is fully conscious that his lot is not without its ameliorations. Pains may be prolific and luxuries few, but prayers are cheap and his circumstances are

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a fair engraving of the "Ecce Homo," and lower to one side is a faded daguerreotype of a woman. Barty is of a confiding nature, and not given to reserve. His garrulity speedily enlightens Mr. Collier as to his antecedents, his *locus standi*, his means of support, visible and otherwise. It is true that in the course of his narration Barty makes one or two references to "his Lord Jesus Christ," and comments with reverent wonder on the fact that He had condescended to die for the more particular salvation of himself, Bartimæus Heather.

And here Mr. Collier thinks he recognises the stock-in-trade sentiments of cant, and feels a momentary want of sympathy with the speaker. Indeed, when the latter affirms seriously that the vacant chair opposite him is usually occupied by the Man of Sorrows, Mr. Collier is almost tempted to smile.

To avert a like catastrophe a change is effected in the conversation.

"Your mother?" he asks, interrogatively, indicating the daguerreotype.

"Noa," and Barty's voice takes a minor key. "Noa, she be my young woman —leastways she was—but the Lord Jesus took her," he adds in an aside. "We kep' company some ten year, and just when the time come as we was to 'ave been married, the Lord Jesus took 'er to 'Imself! It's me as ought to be proud as 'E wanted her—and so I am, and grateful too; but," and the old man's glance rests on the empty chair before him, "it's kep' me a bit lonesome—that's all."

"And didn't you find any other woman to fill her place?" asks Mr. Collier, scarcely able to accept this evidence of constancy in a nineteenth-century world.

Bartimæus gives him a look, and he feels suddenly small and mean, and inclined to go on all fours.

"She's waiting for me up above, with the Lord Jesus," goes on the old man. "Do you think she'd put up with another woman? Noa, I must keep faith with her. It's lonesome at times—that's so; but I've got the Lord Christ, and He won't leave me."

At this juncture Mr. Collier takes up his hat preparatory to making a move. To a man whose reason has been cultivated at the expense of most of his native beliefs, this dogged faith in, this servile submission to, an unknown God on the part of an ignorant old fanatic, rouse in him a feeling almost of indignation. He could shake Mr. Heather in every bone of his crippled body for this blind dependence on a fictitious Spirit, which makes him ready to accept all the ills of life as gifts at His hands. Why cannot he be brought to see that he is only a unit in the scheme of the Universe, and subject to naught but its unalterable laws?

"Well, thank ye kindly, sir, for coming, and I hope I'll see you again. I'll not forget to thank the Lord Jesus for sending of ye. It was like the likes of 'Im to think of a poor lonely old man," is Barty's parting speech, and Mr. Collier, admitting no such agency in his comings and goings, strides on into the dark with an unwarrantable sense of irritation.

Over the breakfast table at "The Limes" on the following morning, Mr. Collier touches on the subject of his sister's protégé. He announces his intention of going to see him, and of ameliorating, to some extent, his physical condition.

"Yes, go to see him by all means," acquiesces Miss Jeannie—"make him a few presents, if you will—but do both in moderation. Remember that Barty's lot cannot be materially altered for good: it would be unkind to let him realise his wants. And above all things, Walter, do not interfere with his belief. You have much of this world's good—Barty has nothing but his faith in one to come."

Mr. Collier reluctantly admits the force of his sister's remarks, and for the first week of his stay in Bradley his philanthropic efforts are of a temperate character.

Later they become more indiscriminate and more profuse. To a man of genial, generous, essentially human disposition, there is considerable temptation to scatter freely: the sowing is so easy—the harvest so rich. And so a new era seems to dawn for Mr. Bartimæus Heather; and, fearful lest the pomp of wealth should possess his spirit, he prays continuously that pride shall not overtake and prove his ruin.

"If my Mary Ann could only see me now!" The sad tone then gives way to one of lively self-reproach. "But there—it's like my hungratitude,—because I've got so much, I wants more. I'm a grab-all, that's what I am!"

It is not only with blankets and beef, quilts for his bed, cushions for his chairs, that Mr. Collier makes life assume roseate hues for his poorer brother: he introduces into it an element to which it has been hitherto unknown—companionship. Mr. Heather learns to look for his coming as for the light of day. The cottage presents often an appearance of cosy comfort when the young and the old man may be seen seated on either side of the hearth. The fire burns brightly in the hitherto empty grate, and the smoke from their two pipes gives, even to silence, a sense of companionship.

And when Mr. Collier speaks, then there opens to Barty a vista more wonderful than fairyland to a child's mind. Tales of adventure, of fact, of fiction, stirring, humorous, pathetic—all these come easily from the younger man's lips, presented in words so simple that they reach the old man's heart.

Miss Jeannie is the one unsympathetic recipient of Barty's eulogiums on his new friend; she persistently discounts them.

"He be a wonderful man, your brother, miss," says old Heather for the twentieth time in the course of half an hour. "To think of all he knows, why, it makes my poor brain skirl, that it do! There's nothing that he don't know, as far as I can see."

"There is some knowledge he had far better be without," says Miss Jeannie coldly, but the enigmatic words convey nothing to Barty but mystification. Then follows the solution of the enigma!

Really Mr. Collier's intentions are excellent; the one idea of his intercourse with Barty is philanthropical. He is honest in his determination not to attempt in any way to shake the old man's beliefs. Mr. Bartimæus Heather, impressed above all things with the infallibility of his friend's judgment, naturally desires to consult it on subjects of primary importance to himself. He yearns for further confirmation from his lips of the truths which form the fabric of his own life, as men and women demand the constant reiteration of a love which they know to be unalterably theirs. He is unconscious that he is digging his own pit, and he speaks shyly of a subject which embodies all he knows of sentiment. His new-found friend is leaving shortly, and he realises that the present is the only opportunity he will have of hearing the truth from his lips.

"So ye be leaving to-morrow, sir?" says the old man, "and it's me will be real sorry to lose you. Ah! but the Lord was good to put it into your heart to come. I thank Him for it every night, I do—and asks a blessing on you, that I do—for your goodness to an old man."

"Thanks, Barty," says Mr. Collier, touched by the intention.

"And may I ask one favour of ye, sir, before you go?"

"Why, certainly!" Mr. Collier hopes it will take some tangible form.

"It be"—and Barty's voice sinks low and sounds like an appeal—"it be that you should name me in your prayers."

"Why, I never say any!" The words are scarcely spoken when Mr. Collier sees his mistake and regrets it.

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The old man solemnly regards him for a moment, and his next question is uttered in a hoarse whisper.

"But the Lord Jesus died to save you, sir, as well as me, so that we might both go to His Heaven. 'I go to prepare a place for you,'" Barty says, laying his withered hand on the Book from which he quotes.

Mr. Collier preserves a stolid silence. He does not wish to be drawn into a controversy, but he will not give the lie to his own convictions.

Somehow the silence affects the old man more strongly than speech. There is a nervous trembling in his limbs, a subdued fire in his eyes, a world of eager excitement in his voice, as he puts his last question. Hitherto Barty has never been suspected of oratorical eloquence.

"You have larnin', sir, and have read so many wonderful books, and you cannot fail to have larned more about the Lord Jesus than a poor ignorant old man like myself, with nothing to help him but his praying. Tell me, sir, that you believe as He died for you and me, and that He was the Son of God."

Mr. Collier rises from his chair, knocks out the ashes of his pipe against the bars of the grate, and takes Barty's hand.

"I am sorry," he says, "that you should ask me these things, Barty, because I would far rather not talk about them to you. The very learning which you speak about is probably the reason why we think differently. But, believe me, that your ignorant belief brings you greater happiness than all my enlightenment brings me."

He takes the old man's hand, presses a crown into it, utters a few words of farewell, and is gone.

Barty sits still in his chair and gazes vacantly into the embers. There is no sound in the little room beyond his breathing—then the crown-piece slips from his hand, and, rolling on to the stones, rouses him with a start.

"'Your hignorant belief,'" he repeats to himself, slowly and with meaning.

Still he does not move. The embers die out—the "oi of the village" burns low and dim, and the air of the room becomes chilled. Sharp twinges of rheumatism pass through his crippled limbs. Then he rouses himself, but with difficulty, and looks around him. An empty hearth, a lamp slowly going out, chill in all his limbs, and in his soul a sense of black desolation.

Mechanically he turns towards the "Ecce Homo," placing his chair so that he may use it to kneel upon, and attempts to mutter his evening prayer. But Barty's head is confused,—the familiar words do not come easily,—the only distinct idea present to his mind is that there is no one to hear him.

His eyes dimly discern the outline of Mary Jane's daguerreotype. Always had the sight of that picture brought with it a sense of companionship to the lonely old man. Mary Jane, though far, seemed near. To his imagination she stood often beside him—her garments were white, her homely brows encircled by a crown, in her hands she bore a harp. Barty had no ear for music, but the chords swept by Mary Jane across her harp lingered often in his ears as the sweetest earthly music.

But to-night, where is she? He has been able only to think of her as in Heaven! If there is no Heaven, then there is no Mary Jane. Is he alone?

The old man, who has hitherto known no fear, is seized with a great apprehension. The blackened embers, the low burning lamp, the wind whistling round the corners of the cottage, heighten the sense of desolation. He trembles in every limb; he is indeed alone!

And his mind, half torpid through cold and fear, is roused to an unusual

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keenness of reasoning power. He seems suddenly awakened to a sense of the barrenness of his days.

Grateful always for what he has deemed his blessings, he now realises that they do not exist. The mind that created has destroyed them. The pains in his limbs sear him like red-hot irons; they no longer are the road on which he follows in the bleeding footsteps of One more worthy,—and who calls him friend. His hearth is desolate. The wife of his youth, the Saviour of his old age, no longer fill it with comforting companionship. If he speaks there is none to hear and none to answer. Alone in life, he must be alone in death. Death—what does that mean?

The old man's eyes dilate with dread,—there comes into them the hunted look of an animal at bay. If death is not the gate to Heaven, and there is no Lord to save, perhaps the devil——

"The devil," he articulates thickly, and he peers into the shadows—then shudderingly recoils and retreats into the farthest corner of the room.

Everything seems to inflame his distorted fancy. The wind causes mysterious noises in the beams and rafters of the cottage, it sighs weirdly through the pine-trees, and circles round the little dwelling with whistling moans. The lamp has burned to its lowest ebb, and is giving vent to the flickering sputters which betoken its final extinction.

To Barty, whose mind is strung to the highest tension, the room seems peopled with the denizens of hell. They crowd round him, jeer at him, mock him; and all they say is: "Alone, alone, alone!"

He tries to push them from him, he wrestles with them,—he suffocates. A cold hand is laid upon his heart, the blood rushes to his head and eyes.

Then again the wind, shrieking, rattles at the door and window of the cottage. The lamp gives its last upward flicker and dies out, and in the darkness is heard the old man's voice raised in one long cry, as he falls to the ground—"Lord Jesus!"

The shadows have again fallen, when on the following evening Mr. Walter Collier leaves Bradley.

He turns for a last look at the little village before taking the bend in the road which will hide it from view. To all intents and purposes it presents the same appearance; with one exception—the "oi of the village" no longer winks a rosy welcome.

For Barty's lamp has gone out.

ETHEL MARRYAT.

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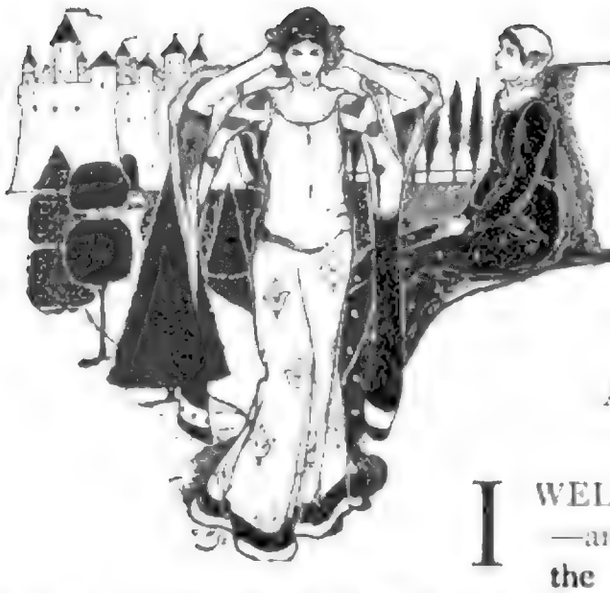

HER BOY.

"Find earth where grows no weed,
And you may find a heart where no error grows.
KNOWLES.

I WELL remember my first sight of my stepson—and my first impressions of him—which were the reverse of favourable. To tell the truth, I took an instinctive dislike to the spoilt-looking child as he stood opposite me, eyeing me boldly from under his curly, falling hair.

This was my stepson. The child's mother was the idol of my life. I had loved her hopelessly for years, and at last, through a train of utterly unlooked-for events, she became my wife. This meeting with her child, I must own, was a shock to me. Framed by the wide fireplace of the home which was his inheritance, I saw him first, looking like the Prince Charming of a child's fairy book. Great logs of wood were flung on the fire, and the flames leaped up like saffron in the frosty air. The white bearskin rug on which we stood completed the picture of English beauty framed in English comfort.

There were only three of us there then—Farrington, myself and Victoria. It is hard for me to describe her well, as I have never yet observed her with an outsider's eye. There was something in her face of moonlight and of dreams—something evanescent, subtle and intangible, so that even while I held her in my arms she often hardly seemed to belong to me. She now drew her boy towards me, and I held out my hand, forcing a smile to my lips, which I expect seemed a trifle unnatural. The child looked up at me earnestly for a moment or two, and then he spoke.

"I shan't say father," he said, in his clear treble voice. "You are ugly and black, and nurse says you'll beat me."

"Does she indeed? Then I suppose you are afraid of me?"

"*Afraid!*" said my stepson, throwing at me what was very much like a look of contempt, and leaning against his mother's knee; "I don't know anything about *that*."

"Are you not afraid of being beaten?"

"No! I'd hit you back again."

"Then if you and I were to fight, which do you think would win?"

This question sobered him a little. His curved lips straightened.

"You are very big," he said reluctantly. "Perhaps it would be *you*."

"Yes! It would certainly be me," I replied, smiling tentatively in spite of myself. "Now listen to me, Farrington," and, taking his hand, I drew him from his mother and towards myself. "I do not think I shall ever beat you, but you must obey me all the same."

"Obey?" said the spoiled child reflectively, for the sound of the word was new to him.

"Yes! Do you see my dog Juno?" I pointed as I spoke to a big Newfoundland, who lay across the bearskin rug. "If I whistle to her she comes at *once*. She does not loiter about at first and then come. That is what it means to obey."

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"It means to do as you say," said little Lord Farrington, reflectively. "I don't think I shall like that," he added frankly.

"You will have to do it," I said.

My wife had looked uneasy during this conversation, and now, putting out her jewelled hand, she parted Farrington's hair and drew him lovingly towards her.

The boy looked up at her. "What shall I call him?" he said. "Tell me, Mammy."

I waited anxiously for my wife's answer, as the difficulties would be increased ten-fold if she were not of my way of thinking.

"Call him Father," she half whispered; and my heart lightened as I heard the low-toned command.

A cloud came over Farrington's brow, but after a moment he looked me in the face. "I have altered my mind," he said; "I *shall* call you Father now."

"Then you shall be my son," I said, and I bent down and kissed his yellow hair.

The kiss was returned, but it was by Victoria. "Thank you, Edward," she said; and then in my ear she added—"Promise me not to be harsh with him, darling, for it is the only thing I could *never* forgive."

* * * * * * *

Ten days later it was the same story.

"You *must* be gentle with him, Edward," she said, almost passionately. "Remember that my life is bound up in his. Remember, too, that he is only seven. Why, he is a mere baby!"

I answered her soothingly. Although the vagaries of the baby had in the last ten days been such as might have originated with an imp of Satan, and although I had firmly fixed in my own mind the object of conquering him with as little delay as possible, still I temporised.

"Am I likely to be too hard on anything that belongs to you?" I said, drawing her into my arms. "But he must be curbed, darling; he is altogether spoilt and absolutely unruly."

Victoria sighed restlessly. "Oh, I do not deny it, Edward," she answered, withdrawing herself from my arms, "but you are too hard."

"Hard?"

"Yes! hard," she repeated. "All the tenderness you have in your nature seems only given to me."

I turned away after this reproach, pondering; but on examination of myself I found Victoria did me less than justice on this matter, for before very long Farrington began to creep into my heart slowly but surely, and although I still corrected him from time to time, it was as absolutely for his own good as though he had been my own son. I easily mastered him in time, for I was accustomed by nature to rule, and children are quick to feel the subtle influence of character.

One day the quick event came which has made me the lonely man I am.

I taught Farrington to ride. He was, I discovered, terribly nervous and timid, and required a great deal of mingled firmness and persuasion to make him mount at all. I had been on this particular morning arguing with him and coaxing him for nearly half an hour. Every now and then he agreed to get up, but when drawn near the horse he began a kind of wailing cry—"No, father—no, father—no, father!" and I did not like to force him. After about half an hour of this sort of thing, interspersed with all sorts of coaxing and promises, I heard Victoria's step. I saw at once by her face that she thought I had been cruel, and the injustice roused an angry devil in me.

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"Get up, sir, this instant!" I exclaimed, turning suddenly on the terrified boy.

He made absolutely no resistance beyond one imploring look, and allowed me to mount him safely. Part of the lesson, I led him with the leading rein; and towards the end of the lesson, I cantered the pony round, holding him by a long rein used by grooms in exercising. During this part of the performance, Farrington, who lost his head when the pony, becoming excited, broke into a gallop, between terror and clumsiness was thrown. It appeared to be a perfectly simple fall, and although I regretted it owing to his nervousness, it is impossible to teach a child anything of the kind without his probably having several falls which do him no harm at all. As I picked him up, I spoke to him cheerfully. Away from that upbraiding coldness in his mother's eyes all angry feeling against the boy had gone.

"Come, that's famous: next time you won't feel it!"

He made no answer, and afterwards turned so giddy that I was obliged to carry him indoors in my arms. As we neared the door, he whispered something—"Father, am I a coward?"

"No, dear, no."

"Will you love me now as well as Juno, father?" he continued, as I carried him from the park towards the smooth-shaven lawn.

"As Juno?"

"Yes; you always smile at her, but never at me."

"Nonsense—nonsense!" I said, almost roughly, for each of his words wounded me more deeply. "Why, Farrington, of course I love you: do you hear, my child?—I love you."

But his head drooped with a sudden faintness towards my shoulder. I do not think he heard.

Victoria came flying out to the doorway. She made no scene, and kept back her tears. Only her eyes were blue and shining, and she held out her arms.

"Give him to *me*," she said.

"He is too heavy, darling—it was quite a little fall," I said almost pleadingly.

"Give him to *me*," she repeated.

I put him in her arms, and she turned and bore him up the wide staircase. Her dress was a pale blue, and the sunlight through a high staircase window turned her chestnut hair to radiant gold.

Farrington lay inert in her arms, one listless arm hanging down by his mother's side, and his dirty boots touching the soft dainty fabric of her skirt. As they disappeared, a feeling of chilly disappointment settled upon me. Victoria had not seemed to be the same to me lately. Like many gentle and somewhat passive natures, an idea once fixed in her brain clung there obstinately. She believed me cruel, and I had not been more than firm. In time she might grow to hate me, and yet it was difficult to right myself in her eyes. I went to my smoking-room, and remained there, anxious, miserable, and yet sullen.

Presently Victoria came in, and walked straight up to me, laying her hand lightly on my arm. Her blue eyes looked earnestly into mine.

"Edward," she said, "if you are hard again to my fatherless little boy, I will never forgive you."

I seized her hand. "I will not be, Victoria. . . . I did not intend to be."

"You were," said my wife.

"Then forgive me. He is yours, and you shall do what you wish with him . . . only love me, Victoria."

I folded her in my arms. It was like crushing a sweet-smelling, fragile lilac,

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with the petals dropping under a rough touch. I could hold her; but I could not reach her.

In the evening I went up to see the boy.

"Farrington," I said to him, "tell me the truth. Are you afraid of me, boy? Was that the reason you got on the horse to-day?"

"No," said my stepson.

"Why did you?" I repeated, bending over his bed. "I did not mean to alarm you, dear."

Two warm arms were flung round my neck.

"I'm not afraid of you," said Farrington, clinging so tightly as almost to suffocate me. "I love you, dear, dear father."

I have had a good many surprises in my life, but hardly one greater than this sudden declaration. Something seemed to stir warmly at my heart. I laid my hand on the curly head.

"All right, my boy."

"You always say to mother, 'Your boy,'" he said, "but now you say 'My boy:' I like that better."

"Yes, you are my boy," I repeated—"my own dear little boy."

"You look so kind at me now, just as you look at mother," he said, sleepily, as I laid him down.

Alas! we often find a jewel too late, and before we have noticed the shining treasure it has fled. Farrington was taken ill in the night, was sick and feverish, and before morning it was clear there was some internal injury. I shall never forget the look in my wife's eyes as the doctor told us. Even now, and it is twelve years ago, I cannot dwell on these details. He died in my arms, for his mother had fainted and been carried to her own room. I can see the little pinched face, still lovely, now.

"I am your own boy, ain't I?" he asked me once.

"Yes, darling . . . always."

"I've got three fathers," he said rather proudly: "God! . . . and my own father, and you."

Then, as the faintness seemed growing on him, he sighed. "God and you"—as if the two ideas had melted into one in his poor little brain.

He died towards morning.

As I drew near my wife, she trembled, and spread out her hands as a veil.

"Don't be angry, Edward," she said; "but I *can't* bear to see you."

"He forgave me," I said; "he loved me—he died in my arms."

But she turned away sobbing.

It is twelve years ago now, and we have two boys of our own, healthy robust creatures, strong in wind and limb.

Their mother watches over them like a beautiful providence, and often lays her hand on their curly pates. But they have never seen, and I do not think they ever will see, that exquisitely tender look that was kept for *her* boy. Neither do I ever see it. My wife is with me still, beautiful and beloved; but my moonbeam, as I used to call her, never creeps into my arms and lays her head on my shoulder.

"We are too old for nonsense, Edward," she says gently; but that is not the real reason.

No—Victoria has never forgiven me.

LAURA TROUBRIDGE.

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fall naturally into two parts: on the one hand are the verses in English—they are models of English verse; on the other are the poems in dialect, and of them it is not too much to say that they are unique. The great exemplar is Burns, whose achievement is a culmination and whose genius as it were focusses all the vocal talent of a race. But I think it could be shown, and shown easily, that there is nothing to compare in Burns to the wealth of life and humour and fancy that is packed into these *Fo'c's'le Yarns* of Brown's; while in the matter of style, the sovran quality, the Manxman, with his immense vocabulary, his notable feeling for words, his high and fine sense of literature—the Manxman, I say, has nothing to learn of the Scot. Burns, however, has his tradition, and 'tis over a century old already; while Brown is even of them that died o' Wednesday, and his tradition, which he created, is all in front of him; so that 'tis idle, on the face of it, to build comparisons between the two. But to place a good thing one cannot but approach the best; and in Brown's case, far more than in most others, none but the best will serve. For the rest, my appeal to Burns will, I doubt not, move many to laughter in these days, and many to wrath. That is in the nature of things. Fifty years hence the comparison will seem less arbitrary (say) than now, and the conclusion will certainly be held not nearly so impavid as it reads to-day.

In any case here is a poet who is also a man, and who writes, whether in fine English or in the "asynartete octosyllables" of Tom Baynes, like a master; so that his work, whether in English or in Manx, should go straight to the brain and heart of everybody that loves good poetry. That it will do so at once I do not for one moment believe. The manner is too personal, the man too instant, too intent on himself or on what he has to say, too violent, and also too clean-spoken, too desperately given to have nothing dubitable in his utterance. At a first glance he has a kind of likeness to Browning. But come to intimacy, and the shadow flees, the likeness dislimns: you find that the one man does where the other man has but feigned, that books and life have been to the one what books alone were to the other, that the one knew and postulated while the other—curious, eager, impertinent for the most part, mainly inarticulate—only groped and fumbled after knowledge, and was content to fumble and grope in speech as he had done before in thought. All the same, there remains a likeness; and, time and again, in reading Brown you come upon a fancy, an image, half-beautiful and half-grotesque, but realised—realised to the last touch of down on the feather, so to say:—

> This sea was Lazarus, all day
> At Dives' gate he lay,
> And lapped the crumbs.
> Night comes;
> The beggar dies:
> Forthwith the Channel, coast to coast,
> Is Abraham's bosom, and the beggar lies
> A lovely ghost:—

till you rub your eyes as you read, and think:—"Hullo! here's Browning, doing it—but doing it!—doing it as he never did it before!" As to their gospel, it is substantially the same. But Browning preaches it, even "local-preaches" it, as in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, and *Cleon*, and that *Death in the Desert* in which he seeks—a strange ambition, surely!—to convert Strauss—or is it Renan?—to the turn of thought and the way of belief of good, fair-living, high-thinking Clapham. Brown's, on the other hand, is blazoned or implied in all he does; and in all he does the Teacher

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and the Poet are one. 'Tis a true man's optimism that bears him up and through and on: there is nothing servile about it, nothing slavish, nor spasmodical, nor pot-valiant. He lives and does and suffers—ah, how he suffers! * But if there be wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is always the man behind; and in the man there is always the optimist: and the lesson to be learned from both is constant and inalterable. As for Tennyson, he imitates that unrivalled writer of verses a little languidly, a little distantly in *Bella Gorry*. But when, when can we imagine our unrivalled writer of verses telling such a story as Bella Gorry's? Having all his work before us, the answer is easy. And the answer is, in one word, "Never." He could never have told such a story, because, in despite of *Rizpah*, he was never interested—not really interested—in maternity, but only in the processes, charming or not, by which maternity becomes possible. Brown, however, has done the thing—"Nursing the baby!" So Parson Gale—for all time; and has done it in verse which in its languid intolerance of difficulties is, while entirely self-sufficing, by no means a bad criticism of Tennyson's own. That for the larger lines, the big outward semblances: when it comes to comparisons, achievements, intricacies, I think there is scarce one alive (so besotted am I in my view of the reading Briton!)—I think there is scarce one alive who reads verse habitually, and knows the difference between truth and falsehood, but will prefer Brown's *Chalse a Killy* before the old, thrice-laurelled Laureate's *May Queen*. Tennyson makes a pretty, sentimental picture, and runs you on a May Queen that never could have been in any circumstances regnant on this globe. Brown, on the other hand, takes his Chalse, and carries him through all sorts of strange, ridiculous experiences:—

> And I did play upon a comb:—

and makes you love and pity him long or you are done with the verse in which he's celebrate. Surely in the presence of such a brave, pathetic reality the May Queen, with Robin, and the silver-haired parson, and the garden-tools ("upon the grannary floor"), even the matchless touches of dumb nature:—

> When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
> On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bullrush in the pool:—

surely these are nothing? I am speaking still of Brown's English verses. But if I turn to dialect, and bring out the incomparable *Mater Dolorosa*, where, I ask, is Tennyson then? 'Tis but thirty to forty lines of half-Manx, half-English speech; it is only the wail of a woman with her true time gone for nothing, and her weary womb, and her baffled breast clamant—clamant! Yet out of this book of Brown's I look for its like in vain.

He loved to live. It was good to him to be himself alive, and to steep himself in life as it was revealed to him in the breathing, sentient, passionate environment of which he was the centre. There is scarce one of these English poems of his but is the cry of a living man. However strait and severe its form, the soul of it tingles and throbs with being; and where the utterance is personal—as in the *Epistola*, and *Aber Stations*, and the *Sunset at Chagford*—the effect is poignant in the extreme. There are moments, indeed, when that odd confession of his, "I am a born sobber," recurs to your mind with an insistence that is not wholly agreeable: when you pause, in fact, to wonder to what heights of

* See *Aber Stations* and the thrice-admirable *Epistola ad Dakyns*, and the daring, the grotesque, the wonderful and taking *Dartmoor: Sunset at Chagford* (a piece he never revised for press), with many things besides.

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self-revelation he would have risen had he not been the artist, above all the humorist, he was. I believe that, in his heart of hearts, he was not averse from "wallowing naked in the pathetic"; but I am sure that, if this were so, his inexhaustible humour, his fine sense of things as they are, that solemn and chastened joy in the Abstract Fool which he confesses that he had, his abounding humanity, his unending interest in the comedy of life—these kept him straight. And thus it was that, if times there came, when he let himself go, and made as if he beat out his heart against the wires of the cage in which, by God's will (that was an essential in his theory of the world), he was cabinned, he was never so lost to good literary manners that the glimpse of a landscape or the consciousness of a character could not, and did not, call him back to his greater and better self. Man and nature, nature and man, romantically and humorously considered: these, in fact, were the two elements in the scene in which he exulted with a right sense of mastery. And it is to note that he selected neither, but took them both as they came to him, like the strenuous optimist he was. God had made things so, and therefore things were to be accepted and treated as God made them: the rough with the smooth, storm with shine, the harlot with the maid, what ought to be but isn't with what shouldn't have been but is. Hence, I take it, his indefatigable interest, whether humorous or tragic, in the thing called character. He wanted it, anyhow and anywhere; but he preferred it as it is: not altogether good nor altogether bad. If he light on a kind of saint—as in Parson Gale—he does him all the honour he can; but all the reverence he shows for Parson Gale and all the delight he has in Parson Gale do not for a moment prevent him from telling the squalid underside of the Parson's life with Mrs. Gale (*Christmas Rose*). It is just this blessed gift of seeing people as they are, and not as they ought to be, which makes Brown the man of men, and so the poet among poets that he is. Take *Peggy's Wedding*, for instance, and you will see at once that it is imitated from Swift; but you will also see, if you have any taste of letters in you, that it is infinitely better art than Swift's, in that it gives you, with a touch of farce perhaps, but with not so much as the hint of a departure from the big lines of human nature, two characters whom you have never met before, but whom you will know to your dying day. And that sequence of portraitures called *In the Coach*—is there anything like them elsewhere? And is there any fault to find with them for what they are? And the *Mater Dolorosa*—the poor, half-articulate creature, with her frustrated instinct, and her aching bosom, and her reeling brain—who is there, as I said before, that has done the like for us? Not Tennyson, or he had been an even greater poet than he was; and not Browning, or he'd have reeled you off some fifty pages of blank verse, with a cry or two here and there, and a dagger or a bowl to wind up withal. Societies would certainly have raged together over the discrepancy between what the heroine said and what her historian obviously intended to have it thought she meant; and, about these high matters, we might, were the poet still alive, be fighting, fighting evermore. That, though, is not Brown's way at all. He does not sit down to write—or, rather, half-write—the facts, and all the facts that develop from them, and all the developments from those developments as nearly exhibited as a flux of words and a partial understanding of the central circumstance will permit. Not a bit of it. Forty lines or so, and his effect is complete. *He* deals with nothing but essentials; and his *Mater Dolorosa* is an achievement apart in our various and noble literature. That it's the result of "wallowing" as aforesaid may be cheerfully conceded. Stevenson did not so wallow: knowing his own talent as he knew it—and he knew it as a runner knows his pace, or a cricketer his best hit—he was

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certainly right. But Shakespeare did; so did Dickens; so did Scott. And I conceive that Brown, could we but come at him now, would far rather sin with these — Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, to name no more — than be saved with Stevenson.

The moral of this, however, is by the way: is only polemic, literary polemic — polemic, that is, which is found at the end to have its source, its roots, its "strong foundations" in the quality called *taste*, and is therefore a thing disputable by everybody who does not happen to see eye to eye, or rather to feel stomach and stomach with the original opinionist. In the circumstances it is better to go on with the consideration of Brown the poet, and especially the poet of *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, the rough-and-ready verses,* into which he expressed, not merely all the Manxman in him but also, all his humour, all his passionate love of nature, all his unrivalled sense of character, all his theory of life and the world and time, and therewith as much of the experience and the results, observed and apprehended, of his long and varied and peculiar life as the number of lines he wrote would hold. It is in some sort to their disadvantage that they are written in dialect; for the public which reads verse is easily frightened from its purpose, and had far liefer read plain English than (let us say) good Scots: so that, other qualities apart, Burns—even Burns!—can never capture or control in any latitude south of his own midden a fortieth, even a five-hundredth, part of that public—many-mooded, indiscriminating, fulsome—which is as it were the natural inheritance of Byron or Tennyson, or even Keats. And the worst is, that Brown being a convinced and resolute artist, the public gets no help from him. He does not write Manx as Barnes wrote Dorsetese: he does not, that is, write English verses with a local accent, but otherwise with "two gowns and everything handsome about them." On the contrary, his syntax and his prosody are the island's own, and he will bate you no ace of her claim to be heard on her own peculiar conditions in her own especial terms. Barnes, I take it, wrote in English, and added the local accent (as, by the way, at times did Burns); so that, if you feel not equal to an encounter with his rustic—so-called rustic—Muse, you have but to order her to change her shoes and stockings, and get out of that apron, and the like, and she falls at once to her native tongue, which is clean Wordsworthian English. Brown's Tom Baynes—"Old salt, old rip, old friend!"—is not a bit like this. In his use of Manx-English he is just as much Manx and just as little English as his author: who, indeed, invented him as a sort of escape-pipe for the mingled steam of English and Manx which was constantly generating in his own boiler. The effect is as remarkable as I know in verse; and I see no earthly reason why that select and careful public, which is addicted to the reading of verse, should not put in its spoon and sup with the best of us. The dialect is, no doubt, an hindrance and an offence. But, after all, a dialect is soon mastered: and once you realise that "priddhas" = *potatoes*, that "pin-jane" = *curds and whey*, that "arrim" and "gorrim" are only localisms for *at him* and *got him*, that "at" is a kind of preposition-of-all-work, and means *at* or *by* or *about*, exactly as the speaker wills, there is little indeed in Brown the Manxman to keep you at a halt. And there are such worlds to bring you on! Open the *Yarns* where you will, it matters not: the book being the *Yarns*, you are ever assured of some matchless expression of something—a bee in a flower, an easy pipe, a night in the cells, a sailor's home, a fugue of Bach's, a man in drink, a woman in love, white witchcraft and

* So they seem. But to look carefully into their structure and consider the means by which they achieve their effect is to see that they are a result of conscious and deliberate art.

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black, the pool at Bethesda, a storm at sea, a carted harlot, a summer dawn, a milking, a perfect priest—*que sçays-je?* The *Yarns* are rich as life itself in character, emotion, experience, tragedy, farce, comedy, fact; and there is none of their innumerable details but is presented with an assurance, an understanding of essentials, a mastery of means that stamp its presentation as literature. As for poetry, what is poetry? "The only words in the only order"? So be it! Apply the test to these *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, and you will find at once that, given the dialect, they also are poetry, and poetry of the most authentic strain. 'Tis small wonder to me that he who made them believed that they would triumph in the end. He thought they would nourish and enkindle and bring on the great Manx poet. I do not agree with him there. I also believe in them, but I believe in them for themselves. We may be wrong: he, the master, I, the pupil—we may both be wrong. What is certain is that if the great Manx poet ever come along, here is as rare and fortifying a compost for him to nuzzle his genius in, as poet ever had.

After all, though, talking about Brown the poet is useless. There is nothing for it but reading him: in his English, first, certainly—in all his heights and deeps, in all his brilliancies and in all his "wallowings." High or low, radiant or despondent, here is a poet anyhow. You love the style, or you do not; but, anyhow, here is a poet. A poet in English. Then comes what I think the best of all the Browns we have—the Brown of the Manx things and the *Yarns*. Herein is vastly more than there is in most of the verse written of late about especial neighbourhoods, by rhymesters of all grades of talent and accomplishment, from the departed Laureate downwards. And the end is, simply:—"Master his dialect, and read." Master his dialect, such as it is, and become a worshipper of Brown. After all, his Tom Baynes is infinitely more literary than most of our Laureates have been, and has, besides, a very great deal to say that few indeed among our Laureates have had the wit to conceive; seeing that Tom Baynes is the most of that was written on the heart of T. E. B. Yes: that is so. And no better man, I think, has lived, and not many that were stronger or more helpful to his kind.

W. E. H.

NOTE.—In an article about prize-fighters and other worthies contributed not long ago to this Magazine, I did the *Dictionary of National Biography* some wrong. Speaking on imperfect information, I said that it (the *D.N.B.*) had done itself less than justice in the matter of sport. Mr. Sidney Lee protests against the assumption; and I am very glad to give his protest the fullest publicity I can, and to note that several names whose absence I bewailed in print are actually present in the book. So far, then, I was mistaken, and I hasten to acknowledge my mistake. All the same, having looked into the matter for myself, I cannot but come to the conclusion that, in this matter of sport, the *D.N.B.* has not been altogether so well guided as it might have been. To take the P.R. only: we get Broughton, and Mendoza, and Jackson, and Sayers, and Paddock, and Painter, and Spring. But we do not get men so eminent in their line of life as Slack, nor Hen Pearce, nor the Evanses (*père et fils*), nor Dick Curtis, nor Owen Swift; and, what is worse, we have never a word of either Jem Belcher or Jack Randall—all things considered, the two greatest fighters that ever stripped. So that my apology is offered, and must be accepted, with reservations.

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CANVASSING—SOME OF ITS LESSONS—A GREAT DISCOVERY—POLITICS AND LETTERS—"THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING"—"CUNNING MURRELL"—"A BREAKER OF LAWS"—NELL GWYNN—ADIEU.

I, WITH a cheerful voice and an ingratiating smile: "Is Mr. Tickler at home?"

A lady, with evident and fully justified annoyance at being disturbed in the performance of her household duties: "No."

I, more cheerful and ingratiating: "Do you know when he will be at home?"

The lady, suspiciously: "No."

I, with careless bonhomie: "I only wanted to talk to him about the election."

The lady, reassured but bored: "Oh!"

I, as cheerfully as possible: "Do you know if he takes any interest in politics?"

The lady: "No; he never mentions them."

I, with polite deprecation: "Well, if you don't mind, I should like to leave this card for him."

The lady takes the card without interest or comment.

I, with perfect sincerity: "I must apologise for taking up your time."

The lady, half shutting the door: "It don't matter."

I: "Thank you."

The door is shut, and I descend my fiftieth flight of steps.

YOU perceive, intelligent reader, that I have been canvassing. I do not offer my share in the foregoing dialogue as an example to be imitated by other canvassers. I fear I was remarkably inefficient. The fact is, I was weighed down all the time by the sense that I was an intruder and a nuisance. It seemed to me rather monstrous that I should call on presumably hard-working strangers and disturb them in their domestic tasks or hardly earned domestic leisure by (from their point of view) a probably self-interested request, or (again from their point of view) an uninteresting discourse. It seemed to me to be an essentially feminine occupation. However, I do not propose to discuss the ethics or expedience of canvassing. Nor will I discuss my experiences in relation to democracy. My opinion of the intelligence and political information possessed by the average voter

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was confirmed: that is all I will say. But I made certain observations of a human and social nature which I should like to repeat to you.

WE are often told of the bad manners of the English middle classes, or lower classes, or whatever the offensive description may properly be of the people with whom I am now concerned. I went down one side of a long street in a poor district of London. The houses were small, but not overcrowded: either one family only, or at most a lodger or two, was the rule. They were rented in the majority of cases by skilled workmen, so far as I could gather. Well, I can say at once that my reception was almost invariably more courteous than, in my opinion, I had any right to expect. The lady of my dialogue, in fact, is not a fair specimen, though I do not conceive that I have any reason to complain of her. For consider the position. Their knowledge of human nature no doubt informed the people I visited that, however strong a man's political principles may be, it is extremely unlikely that he should take the trouble—and it is pretty laborious—of canvassing except for a personal motive. It so happened that I was not even personally acquainted with the candidate I was advocating, but they could not know that. (Not to make too much of my political zeal, I must confess that I only canvassed for one afternoon.) So, then, I, a stranger who had never done anything to oblige them in the world, came and asked them, avowedly for an impersonal but to their minds for a personal reason, to take a definite amount of trouble. Yet not one complained that I was intruding or unduly occupying his time. Many of them argued and most of them joked pleasantly with me. Even the men who had made up their minds in a contrary sense to that which I desired were merely politely firm in their refusal to reopen the subject. And when the wife of an absent husband had to assure me that he was going to vote for the wrong man, she did so with a good-natured air of regret. When next I hear a man speak of the bad manners of this class, I shall think, if I do not say, that his own manners are worse for abusing people he knows nothing about.

OF course some of the voters adopted an air of superiority towards me: that was the least I could expect from our relative positions. A man would lean back in his chair and invite me to display my arguments with an air of amused toleration which was a little hard to bear. Human vanity is a pretty constant thing. In votes it is chiefly apparent in

a pride of having no opinions at all. "I'm impartial," said an intelligent voter to me; "if your man's views coincide with mine, he shall have my vote." I lauded the fairness of this decision, and ventured to inquire in a general way what his views were. "Ah," said he, with a look of mingled cleverness and importance, "I

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haven't made up my mind: I'm impartial." "Glorious democracy!" said I to myself, "and happy England!"

ONE great discovery I made which I hasten to announce to the world. We are always told by contemporary writers of fiction and other things that people who live in the poor parts of London, in long rows of little houses, are all exactly the same in habits and points of view and cultivation. We are always invited to deplore the hideous monotony of this society. The statement is plausible: it seems so natural to argue from similar dwellings to similar inhabitants. But it is not true. My friends, we have been taken in. Either those contemporary writers did not know, or they deceived us for their own convenience. In my one afternoon of canvassing, in one street, I came upon any number of different types, in education, in standards of life, in points of view. Of course there was a material sameness: furniture and mural decorations were much alike. So they are in Mayfair and Belgravia and Bloomsbury. But education and intelligence differed vastly, and — to rely for once on a brief but I hope intelligent observation — so did character and antecedents. One man had clear and coherent opinions on the political situation. The next expressed the worst possible political foolishness: he said he would only vote for a good speaker. In the next house but one was a gentleman by education and breeding: like most people of education and breeding whose position forbids political ambition, he declined to trouble himself. No, my dear colleagues who write about the monotony of these streets, it will not do. There is far more monotony, spiritual and intellectual, in Piccadilly and Pall Mall.

I FIND a connecting-link, which enables me to pass smoothly from the General Election to books, in Mr. Gilbert Parker, who has just published "The Lane that had no Turning," and has just been elected for Gravesend. I hope sincerely that the latter event is the beginning of a distinguished career in politics, partly because I wish success to Mr. Parker personally, and partly because it would please me that a man of letters should do something notable in real life. I daresay the writing of books is the better part, and may reach eventually to a wider sway over one's fellow-creatures. It may be a less irritating and more interesting game than politics. But to achieve a direct and visible influence and power over one's fellow-men is at least a game on a larger scale while one is playing it. I am never quite sure if it is a genuinely optimistic temperament or weak self-deception when a man claims all the honours for his own calling in life. For my part I am free to confess that politics, if only one is in a position to play it in the right way, is a more attractive game than inventing characters or criticising other people's characters or making epigrams and paradoxes. I confess I would rather be in the Cabinet than have my books consistently praised by the *Athenæum*. At least, I think that political ambition is a sane thing in a man, and that he is wise, if he can, to give himself a chance of achieving it. I can think of no Englishman of this generation who has first commenced another and afterwards made the least impression on public affairs; so that Mr. Parker's success, if he makes it, will be unique.

BUT I really must leave off talking about politics. "The Lane that had no Turning" (Heinemann) treats of those French Canadians whom Mr. Parker has in a way made his literary property. It is a short story, some eighty pages or so; but its conception is a large one—the devotion of a strong woman to a weak one, and how by

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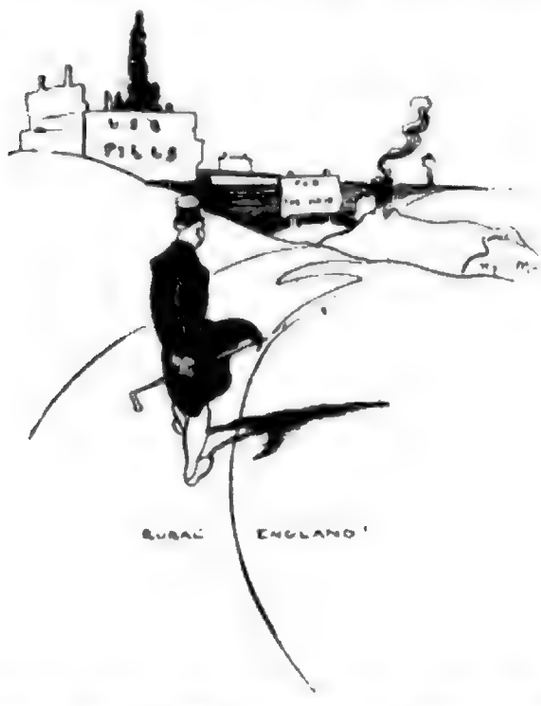
strength of character she conquered a man only less strong than herself. That is the human motive of the story. The mechanism of it is both ingenious and dramatic—the best thing in both respects, I think, that Mr. Parker has done. The rest of the book consists of a number of shorter stories, humorous and pathetic, about the same naïve and gracious French Canadians, with a chorus, as it were, of the same two or three characters whom one gets to know intimately. It is a charming book, and the only fault I have to find with it is a remark in the dedication to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The book "contains the first things I ever wrote out of the life of the province so dear to you, and the last things also that I shall ever write about it." I sincerely trust that Mr. Parker will break this promise: he may be sure that Apollo will laugh at the perjury.

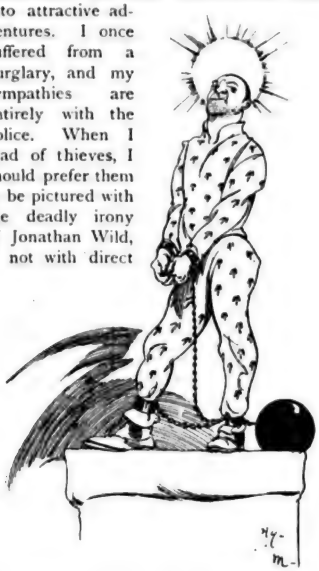
I LIKED Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Cunning Murrell" (Methuen) better than his books about London slums, but I am not sure that I can give it such high marks. Its tone is kinder, more genial and mellow; and I like geniality and mellowness. But it is not so valuable a human document. Mr. Morrison has studied the slums with his own eyes. In his last book he goes to the Essex of fifty years ago; and though he knows the Essex of to-day well—and in



some parts it has altered, no doubt, very little in the interval—still, after all, he is drawing on probable inference, and not wholly on observation. However, it is interesting and suggestive reading. "Cunning Murrell" himself was a wise old man, who told fortunes and cured mishaps to man and beast and discovered witches. The latter accomplishment seems to have been the chief source of his influence—and the chief cause of the widespread mischief he did. He was not of course a conscious impostor; he believed in himself and spent all his spare time in making hieroglyphical calculations. Mr. Morrison is afraid that some of his readers will not believe in the possibility of such a character and of the superstitions among which he lived, but he has certain and documentary evidence for the man and the superstitions, and no one acquainted with rural England in out-of-the-way districts will refuse him credit. But the fact should give pause to anybody whose superficial optimism induces him to think that fresh air and simple lives necessarily mean happiness. Squalor and hardship are perhaps uglier causes of meanness and oppression than superstition is, but the resulting unhappiness is much the same. In this book we see how Murrell, by casting on a good old woman the imputation of witchcraft, made some years of her life torture, and would—but that Mr. Morrison, by an extraordinary act of forbearance, makes things come right—have permanently unhinged her mind. I have read few more poignantly painful scenes than one in which this poor old woman, in the beginning of the persecution, offers a child some fruit, and the child runs away, shouting that she is a witch. After a time she began to think she *was* a witch, a result which may be paralleled by numerous cases of witch trials in the old days. This part is almost too painful, but there are plenty of happy scenes too. The book contains many quaint and individual characters, and is written in Mr. Morrison's best manner which is simple and strong.

THE only thieves I have personally met have been thieves on a large scale and honoured by society. I am unable therefore to deny the likelihood of the hero of Mr. Pett Ridge's "A Breaker of Laws," who was an ordinary pickpocket and burglar in a small way of business, and at the same time a careless, rollicking, humorous fellow, admired by his wife and child. But I am not sure it is to the interests of law and order

that thieves should be represented so sympathetically and their achievements made into attractive adventures. I once suffered from a burglary, and my sympathies are entirely with the police. When I read of thieves, I should prefer them to be pictured with the deadly irony of Jonathan Wild, if not with direct denunciation, rather than with Mr. Pett Ridge's light-hearted geniality.



I REFRAINED for some time from going to see *English Nell*, because I happen to know something of the times and Court of Charles the Second, and Mr. Anthony Hope's "Simon Dale" was not, if I may say so without offence, an accurate picture of them. I expected that my erudition would be annoyed. But I am extremely glad that I did not refrain altogether, for I should have missed a piece of very remarkably fine comedy by Miss Marie Tempest. I have hardly ever seen an actress throw herself so entirely, with such good will, into a part. She was a thousand times more like Nell Gwynn than was the Nell of Mr. Hope's book. Of course the real Nell cannot be put straight on to the stage in the habit as she lived. At least she must be taken in her most decorous moments. Even if Mr. Hope could have written, Miss Tempest could not have spoken, the sort of naked wit, racy of elemental life and calling things by their proper names, for which Nelly was famous. Our refinement—since we are determined to call it so—forbids. But Nell's spirit, the audacity, the fun, the human geniality of her—that Miss Tempest achieved with remarkable skill and fulness. She was good, too, on the serious side—but in that, I confess, I have little historical belief. Nell Gwynn was good-hearted and so forth, but she took a robust view of love and all that. She was not a sentimentalist. The play was not, I thought, a good one—it assumed a knowledge of the book—and not accurate in its presentation of Nell's importance and position at the Court. She was never put on a level with the King's recognised favourites, and could hardly have bullied important courtiers to the extent Mr. Hope supposes. Also I rather resented the way in which Charles the Second—cleverly played and splendidly made up by Mr. Cooper—seemed to be a general butt. But Miss Marie Tempest was delightful throughout.

I MUST write another time of other books and plays. Another time—alas! no. This is the last *causerie*—confound that word for the last time!—I shall write in THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE. I hope you have not been too dreadfully bored.

G. S. STREET.

END OF VOL. XXII.

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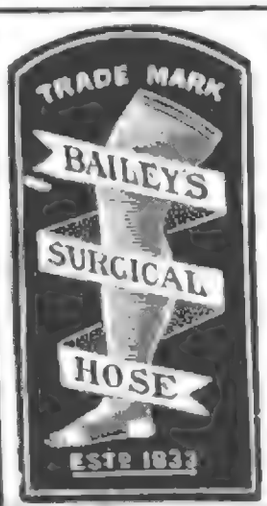

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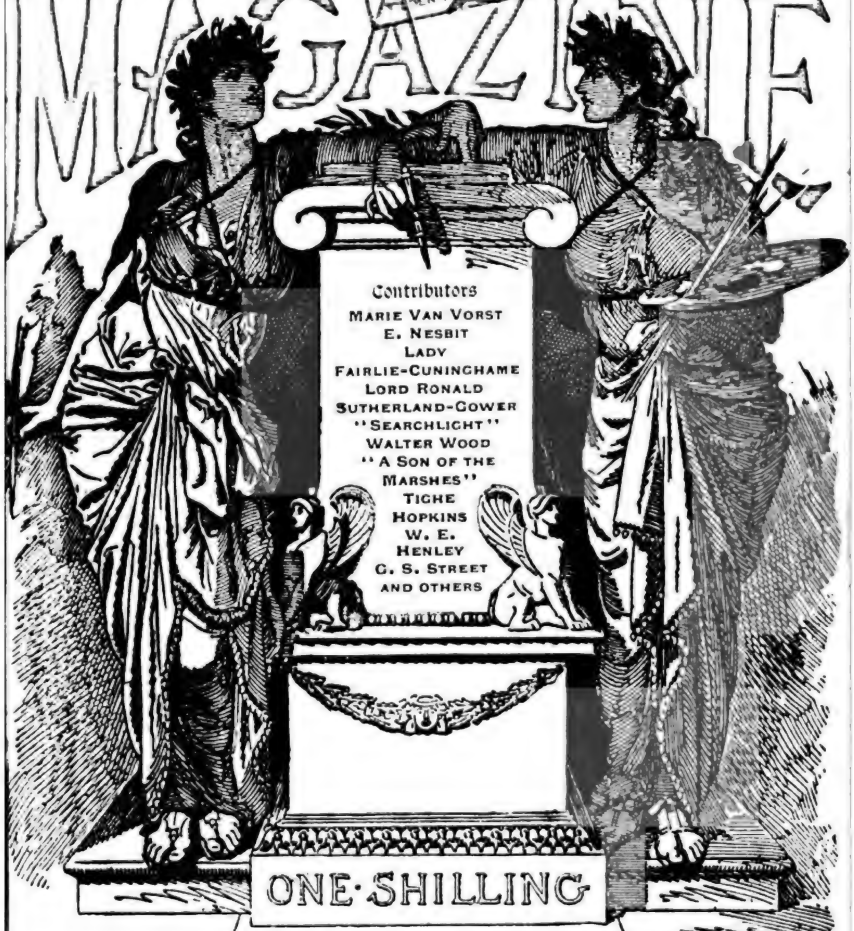
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LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND-GOWER
"SEARCHLIGHT"
WALTER WOOD
"A SON OF THE MARSHES"
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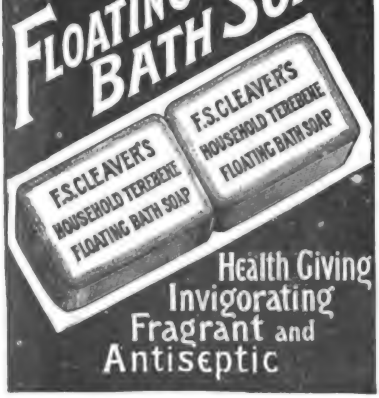

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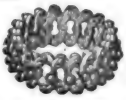
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